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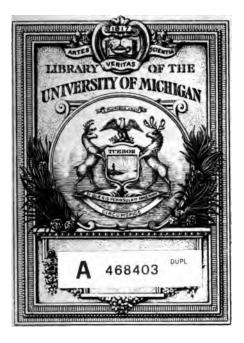
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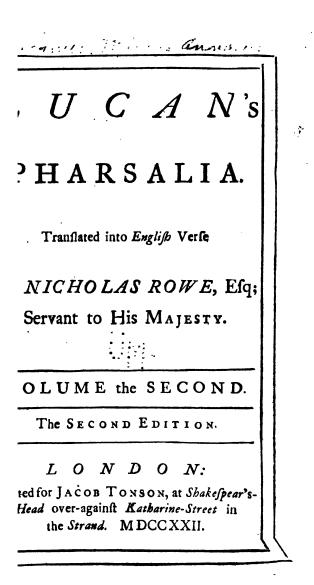
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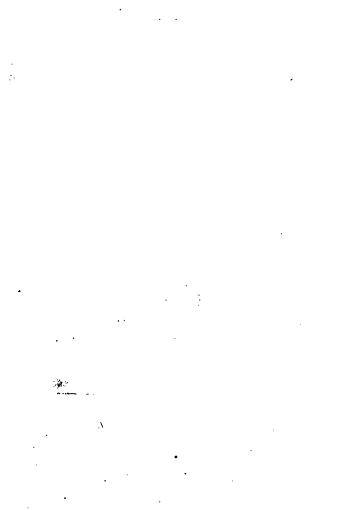
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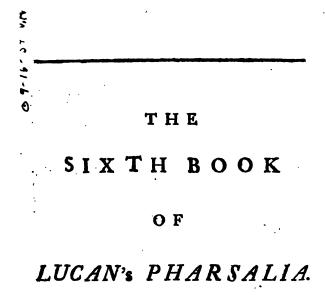


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The ARGUMENT.

Cæsar and Pompey lying now near Dyrthachium, after feveral Marches and Counter-Marches, the former with incredible Diligence runs a vast Line, or Work, round the Camp of the latter. This, Pompey, after suffering for want of Provisions. and a very gallant Reliftance of Screve, a Centurion of Calar's, at length breaks thro'. After this, Calar makes another unsuccessful Attempt upon a Part of Pompey's Army, and then marches away into Theffaly: And Pompey, against the Persuafion and Counsel of his Friends, follows him. After a Description of the ancient Inhabitants, the Boundaries, the Mountains, and Rit vers of Theffaly; the Poet takes Occasion from this Country, being famons for Witchernft, so introduce Sextus Pompeius, inquiring the Event of the Civil War from the Sorcerefs Eriaho.



L U C A N's

PHARSALIA.

BOOK VI.



OW, near encamp'd, each on a neighb'ring Height,

The Latian Chiefs prepare for fudden Fight. The rival Pair feem hitherbrought by)

Fate,

As if the Gods wou'd end the dire Debate, And here determine of the Roman State. Cafar, intent upon his hoffile Son, Demands a Coaqueft here, and here alone; Neglects what Laurels Captive Towns might yield, And foorns the Harveft of the Gracias Field.

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LUCAN's BookVI.

impatient he provokes the fatal Day, Ordain'd to give Rome's Liberties away, And leave the World the greedy Victor's Prey. Eager, that laft, great Chance of War he waits, Where either's Fall determines both their Fates. Thrice, on the Hills, all drawn in dread Array, 14 His threat'ning Eagles wide their Wings difplay ; Thrice, but in vain, his hostile Arms he shew'd, His ready Rage, and Thirst of Latian Blood. But when he faw, how cautious Pompey's Care, Safe in his Camp, declin'd the proffer'd War; 28 Thro' woody Paths he bent his fecret Way, And meant to make Dyrrhachium's Tow'rs his Prey. This Pompey faw; and fwiftly that before, With fpeedy Marches on the fandy Shore: 'Till on Taulantian Petra's Top he stay'd, Shelt'ring the City with his timely Aid. This Place, nor Walls, nor Trenches deep can boaft, The Works of Labour, and expensive Cost. Vain Prodigality! and Labour vain! Loft is the lavish'd Wealth, and loft the fruitless Pain! ; What Walls, what Tow'rs foe'er they rear fublime, Must yield to Wars, or more deftructive Time;

Ver. 25. Taulantian Petra.] The Taulantii wer People of Macedonia, possessing the Country between pollonia and Dyrrhachium; and Petra was a Mountair Ridge of Rising-Grounds, near the latter of these Pla Ver. 27. This Place.] Dyrrhachium.

While Fences like Dyrrhachism's Fortreß, made, Where Nature's Hand the fure Foundation Isid, And with her Strength the naked Town asray'd, Shall ftand fecure againft the Warrior's Rage,: Nor fear the ruinous Decays 'of Age. Guarded, around, by fleepy Rocks it lies, And all Accefs from Land, but one, denies. No vent'rous Veffel there in Safety rides, But foaming Surges break, and fwelling Tides Roll roaring on, and waft the craggy Sides: Or when contentious Winds more rudely blow, Then mounting o'er the topmoft Cliff they flow; Burft on the lofty Domes, and daft the Town below.

Here Cafar's daring Heart waft Hopes conceives, 46 And high with War's vindictive Pleafures heaves; Much he revolves within his thoughtful Mind, How, in this Camp, the Foe may be confin'd, With ample Lines from Hill to Hilli defign'd. Secret and fwift he means the Task to try, 51 And runs each Diftance over with his Eye. Vaft Heaps of Sod and verdant Turf are brought; And Stones in deep laborious Quarries wrought; Each Greeian Dwelling round the Work fupplies, 55 And fudden Ramparts from their Ruins rife.

Ver. 55. Each Grecian Dwelling.] Macedonia, where the Two Armies then lay, was always reckon'd a Part of Greece,

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LUCAN'S Book VI.

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With wond'row Strength the flable Mound they rear, Such as th' impensions Raim ein never fear, Nor hoftile Might o'erturn, nor forceful Engine tear. Thro' Hills, refinitels, Cefar plains his Way, 60 And makes the rough unequal Rocks obey. Here deep, beneath, the gaping Trenches lie, There Forts advance their airy Turrets high, Around vaft Tracts of Land the Labours wind, Wide Fields and Forests in the Circle bind, And hold as in a Toil the falvage Kind. Nor even the Foe too firictly pent remains, At large he forages upon the Plains; The valt Enclosure gives free Leave around, Oft to decamp, and fhift the various Ground. 70 Here, from far Fountains, Streams their Channels trace, And while they wander thro' the tedious Space, Run many a Mile their long extended Race: While fome, ouite worn and weary of the Way. Sink, and are lost, before they reach the Sea: 75 Ev'n Celar's felf, when thro' the Works he goes, Tires in the midit, and flops to take Repole. Let Fame no more record the Walls of 2voy, Which Gods slone cou'd build, and Gods defiroy;

Ver. 64. Around vaft Tracts.] This vaft Line, which Cafar drew to enclose Pompey, was Fifteen Miles in Compals; fo that it was impossible for him to man every Part of it; and indeed it was fo large, that it was some time before Pompey felt the Want of Forrage.

Nor

Nor let the Parthian wonder, to have feen The Labours of the Babylonian Queen: Behold this large, this spacious Tract of Ground! Like that, which Tigris, or Orontes bound; Behold this Land! that Majefty might bring, And form a Kingdom for an Eastern King; Behold a Latian Chief this Land enclose, Amidit the Tumult of impending Foes: He bad the Walls arife, and as he bad they role. 'But ah! vain Pride of Pow'r ! ah! fruitless Boast! Ev'n these, these mighty Labours are all lost! A Force like this what Barriers cou'd withstand? Seas must have fled, and yielded to the Land; The Lovers Shores united might have flood, Spight of the Helle(pont's oppofing Flood; While the Ægaan and Ionian Tide, Might meeting o'er the vanquish'd Isthmus ride, And Argive Realms from Corinth's Walls divide; This Pow'r might change unwilling Nature's Face, Unfix each Order, and remove each Place.

Ver. 81. The Labours of] He means the famous Walls of Babylon, built by Semiramis.

yer. 91. A Force like shis.] Or rather a Diligence, Labour, and Work like this of Cafar's.

Ver. 93. The Lovers Shores.] Seflos and Abydos, where Leander and Hero liv'd. The Ægean and Ionian are the two Seas on each Side the Ifthmus of Carinth.

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Here

9 80

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Here, as if clos'd within a Lift, the War Does all its valiant Combatants prepare ; Here ardent glows the Blood, which Fate ordains To dye the *Libyan* and *Emathian* Plains; Here the whole Rage of civil Difcord join'd, Struggles for room, and fcorns to be confin'd.

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Nor yet, while Calar his first Labours try'd, The warlike Toil by Pompey was defcry'd. So, in mid Sicily's delightful Plain, Safe from the horrid Sound, the happy Swain Dreads not loud Scylla barking o'er the Main. So, Northern Britains never hear the Roar 111 Of Seas, that break on the far Cantian Shore. Soon as the rifing Ramparts hoftile Height, And Tow'rs advancing, ftruck his anxious Sight, Sudden from Petra's fafer Camp he led, 115 And wide his Legions on the Hills difpread; So, Cafar, forc'd his Numbers to extend, More feebly might each various Strength defend. His Camp far o'er the large Enclosure reach'd, And guarded Lines along the Front were ftretch'd; 120

Ver. ro3. The Libyan.] Alluding to the War in Africa, Supported after Pompey's Death by Case and Juba.

Ver. 112. The Cantian Shore.] The Original is Rutupina Listora; the ancient Rutupina, or Rutupia, is Richborow near Sandwich in Kent.

Ver. 119. His Camp.] Pompey's.

Far

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For 25 Rome's diftance from Aricia's Groves, . (Aricia which the chafte Diana loves) Far as from Rome old Tyber feeks the Sea,-Did he not wander in his winding way. 124 -While yet no Signals for the Fight prepare, Unbidden, some the Jav'lin dart from far,. And skirmishing, provoke the ling'ring War. But deeper Cares the thoughtful Chiefs diftrefs, -And move, the Soldiers Ardour to repress. Pempey, with fecret anxious Thought, beheld, 1300 How trampling Hoofs the rifing Grafs repell'd; Wafte lie the ruffet Fields, the gen'rous Steed Seeks on the naked Soil, in vain, to feed ? : Loathing from Racks of husky Straw he turns, And, pining, for the verdant Pasture mourns. 1157 No more his Limbs their dying Load fuftain, ... Aiming a Stride, he falters in the Strain, And finks a Ruin on the with'ring Plain: Dire Maladies upon his Vitals prev. Diffolve his Frame, and melt the Mais away. 140 Thence deadly Plagues invade the lazy Air. Reck to the Clouds, and hang malignant there in

Ver. 121. Far as Rome's Diffance.] About Fifteen Miles from Aricia. See the Notes upon the former Part of the Third Book.

From

LUCAN'S Book VI.

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From Nefis, such, the Seguen Vapours rife, And with Contagion mint the purer Skies; Such do Typhaus' steamy Gaves convey, 145 And breath blue Poifons on the golden Day. Thence liquid Streams the mingling Plague receive, And deadly Potions to the Thirity give: To Man the Milchief foreads, the fell Dificale In fatal Draughts does on his Entrails Heize. 1'40 A rugged Scurf, all loathforme to be feen, Spreads, like a Bark, upon his filken Skin ; Malignant Flames his fivelling Eye-balls dart, And feem with Anguish from their Seats to start; Fires o'er his glowing Checks and Vifage ftray, · 3\$5 And mark, in crimfon Streaks, their barning way; Low droops his Head, declining from its height, And nodds, and totters with the fatal Weight, With winged hafte the fwift Deftruction Ries, And fcarce the Soldier fickens e'er he dies: 760 Now falling Crouds at once refign their Breath, And doubly taint the noxious Air with Death. Careless their putrid Careaffes are friend; And on the Earth, their dank unwholeforn Bed, The Living reft in common with the Dead.

Ver. 143. From Nefis.] Nefis is a little Island in the Gulph of Naples, now called Nefita.

Ver. 145. Typhoeus' fleamy Caves.] In the Island of Isarime,

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Here note the last Function Rites receive; 166 To be call forth the Camp, is all their Friends can give. At length kind Heav'n their Sorrows bad to ceafe, And flaid the Peffilential Foe's increase; Freth Breezes from the Sea begin to rife, While Boreas thro' the lazy Vapour flies, And fweeps, with healthy Wings, the rank polluted Skies. Arriving Veffels now their Freight unload, And furnish pleateous Härvests from abroad: Now sprightly Strength, now chearful Health returns, 175 And Life's fair Lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.

But Cafer, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high, Feels not the Mifchief of the fluggish Sky: On Hills fublime he breaths the purer Air, And drinks no Damps, nor pois'nous Vapours, there. 180 Yet Hunger keen, an equal Plague is found; Famine, and meagre Want beliege him round: The Fields, as yet, no hopes of Harvest wear, Nor yellow Stems difclose the bearded Ear. The featter'd Vulgar fearch around the Fields, 185 And pluck whate'er the doubtful Herbage yields;. Some strip the Trees in ev'ry neighb'ring Wood, And with the Cattle fhare their graffy Food. Whate'er the foft'ning Flame can pliant make, Whate'er the Teeth, or lab'ring Jaws can break; 190 What

LUCAN'S Book V

What Flefh, what Roots, what Herbs foe'er they get, Tho' new, and ftrange to human Tafte as yet, At once the greedy Soldiers feize and eat. What Want, what Pain foe'er they undergo, Still they perfift in Arms, and close befet the Foe.

At length, impatient longer to be held. Within the Bounds of one appointed Field, O'er ev'ry Bar which might his Paffage stay, Pompey refolves to force his warlike Way.; Wide o'er the World the ranging War to lead, And give his loofen'd Legions room to fpread. Nor takes he mean Advantage from the Night, Nor steals a Passage, nor declines the Fight; But bravely dares, difdainful of the Foc, Thro' the proud Tow'rs and Ramparts Breach to go, : Where thining Spears, and crefted Helms are feen, Embattel'd thick to guard the Walls within ; Where all things Death, where Ruin all afford, There Pompey marks a Passage for his Sword. Near to the Camp a woody Thicket lay, Close was the Shade, nor did the Greensword Way, With fmoky Clouds of Duft, the March betray. Hence, fudden they appear in. dread Array, Sudden their wide extended Ranks difplay; At once the Foe beholds with wond'ring Eyes, Where on broad Wings Pompeian Eagles rife; [furprize At once the Warriors Shouts and Trumpet-founds

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Scarce was the Sword's Destruction needful here. So fwifty ran before preventing Fear; Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant fome 220 Stood, but to meet in Arms a nobler Doom. Where-e'er they flood, now featter'd lie the Slain, Scarce yet a few for coming Deaths remain, And Clouds of flying Javelins fall in vain. Here fwift confuming Flames the Victors throw, 225 And here the Ram impetuous aims a Blow; Aloft, the nodding Turrets feel the Stroke, And the vaft Rampart groans beneath the Shock. And now propitious Fortune feem'd to doom Freedom and Feace, to Pompey, and to Rome; 230 High o'er the vanquish'd Works his Eagles tow'r, And vindicate the World from Cafar's Pow'r.

But, (what nor Cefar, nor his Fortune cou'd)What not ten Thoufand warlike Hands withftood,Sceva refifts alone; repels the Force,235And ftops the rapid Victor in his Courfe.Sceva ! a Name e'erwhile to Fame unknown,And firft diffinguifh'd on the Galliek Rhone;There feen in hardy Deeds of Arms to fhine,He reach'd the Honours of the Latian Vine.240

Ver. 240. The Latian Vine.] The Vitis, or Rod made of a Vine, was the Badge of the Centurion's Office, which they bore in their Hands, and with which the Soldiers used to be corrected for leffer Offences.

Daring

to LOCAN's Book VI.

Daring and Bold, and ever prone to Ill, Inur'd to Blood, and active to fulfil 'The Dictates of a lawless Tyrant's Will; Nor Virtue's Love, nor Reafon's Laws the knew, But carefels of the Right, for Hire his Sword he drew. 245 Thus Courage by an Impious Caufe is curft, And he that is the braveft, is the worft. Soon as he faw his Fellows fhun the Fight, And feek their Safety in ignoble Flight, Whence does, he faid, this Coward's Terror grow, 250 This Shame, unknown to Cafar's Arms 'till now? Can you, ye flavish Herd, thus tamely yield? "Thus fly, unwounded, from this bloody Field? Behold, where pil'd in flaughter'd Heaps on high, Firm to the laft, your brave Companions lie; 255 Then blufh to think what wretched Lives you fave, From what Renown you fly, from what a glorious Grave-'The' facred Fame, the' Virtue yield to Fear, Let Rage, let Indignation keep you here. We! we the weakeft, from the reft are choic, 260 To yield a Paffage to our fcornful Foes! Yet, Pompey, yet, thou Thalt be yet withflood, And flain thy Victor's Laurel deep in Blood. With Pride, 'tis true, with Joy I shou'd have dy'd, 'If haply I had fall'n by Celar's Side; But Fortune has the noble Death deny'd.

Then

VI. PHARSALIA. 17

mpey, thou, thou on my Fame fhalt wait, 1 be Winnefs, and applaud my Fate. ush we on, difdah we now to fear, and Wounds let cviry Bofom bear, : keen Sword be blant, be broke the pointed Sp , the Clouds of dufty Battel rife! ow the Shout runs ratt'ling thro' the Skies! ant Legions catch the Sounds from far, in liftens to the thundring War. 275 es, he comes, yet e'er his Soldier dies, thing fwift the winged Warrior flies: in to Death, to Conqueit, hafte away; we full, for Cafar wins the Day. oke, and firait, as at the Trumpet's Sound, 280 ed Wartisch ha ev'ry Breaft was found; from Flight, the Youth admiring wait, : their daring Fellow-Soldier's Fate, haply Virtue might prevail, , beyond their Hopes, do more than greatly fail. on the tott'ring Wall he rears his Head, 286 ighter'd Carcaffes around him foread; vous Arms uplifting thefe he throws, is oppreffive, on afcending Foes. cre Materials for his Fury lie, 200 he ready Ruins Arms fupply: fierce Self he seems to aim below, to flicot, and dying that a blow.

Now

LUCAN's BookVI.

Now his tough Staff repels the fierce Attack, And tumbling, drives the bold Affailants back: Now Heads, now Hands he lops, the Carcais falls, While the clench'd Fingers gripe the topmoft Walls: Here Stones he heaves; the Mais defcending full, Crushes the Brain, and thivers the frail Scull. Mere burning pitchy Brands he whirls aroun d; Infix'd, the Flames hifs in the liquid Wound, Deep drench'd in Death, in flowing Crimfon drown'd-And now the fwelling Heaps of flaughter'd Foes, Sublime and equal to the Fortrefs rofe; Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he fprung, 305 And that himfelf amidit the hoftile Throng. So daring, fierce with Rage, fo void of Fear, Bounds forth the fpotted Pasd, and foorns the Hunter's [Spear. The clofing Ranks the Warrior strait enfold, And, compais'd in their freely Circle, hold. 2.10 Undaunted still, around the Ring he roams, Fights here and there, and ev'ry where o'ercomes;. "Till clog'd with Blood, his Sword obeys but ill. The Dictates of its vengeful Mafter's Will; Edgelefs it falls, and the it pierce no more, 315 Still breaks the batter'd Bones; and bruises fore. Mean time, on him, the crouding War is bent, And Darts from ev'ry Hand, to him are feat: It look'd, as Fortune did in Odds delight, And had in cruel Sport ordain'd the Fight; 320

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A wond'rous Match of War the feem'd to make. Her Thousands here, and there her One to stake; As if on knightly Terms in Lifts they ran, And Armies were but equal to the Man. A thousand Darts upon his Buckler ring, 329 A thousand Jav'lins round his Temples fing; Hard bearing on his Head, with many a Blow, His steely Helm is inward taught to bow. The miffive Arms, fix'd all around he wears, And ev'n his Safety in his Wounds he bears, Fenc'd with a fatal Wood, a deadly Grove of Spears. Ceafe, ye Pompeian Warriors! ceafe the Strife, Nor, vainly, thus attempt this fingle Life; Your Darts, your idle Jav'lins cast aside, And other Arms for Scava's Death provide: 335 The forceful Ram's relifiels Horns prepare, With all the pondrous vaft Machines of War ; Let dreadful Flames, let maily Rocks be thrown, With Engines thunder on, and break him down, And win this Celar's Soldier, like a Town. At length, his Fate difdaining to delay. He hurls his Shield's neglected Aid away, Refolves no Part whate'er from Death to hide, But stands unguarded now on ev'ry Side. Encumber'd fore with many a painful Wound, 345 Tardy, and stiff he treads the hostile Round;

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ADI LUCAN'S BOOMVL

Gloomy and here his Eyes the Groud furvey, . Mark where to fix, and fingle out the Prey. Such, by Getulian Hungers compase'd in, The vaft unwieldy Elephant is feen : All cover'd with a feely show'r from far, Roufing he flinkes, and floods the featter'd War; In vain the differnt Troop the Fight renew, And with fresh Rage the Aubborn Foe purfue ; Unconquer'd fill the mighty Salvage flands, And fcorns the Malice of a shouland Hends. Not all the Waunds a thougand Darts can make, Tho' all find Mard, a fingle Life can take. When lo! addreft with fome fuccessful Vow, A Shaft, fure flying from a Gratas Bow, 300 Seneath the Warsior's Brow twis feen to light, And funk, decy piereing the loft Orb of Sight. But he (fo Rage infpir'd, and mad Dildon) Remorfelefs fell, and fenfelefs of the Pain, 364 Tore forth the bearded Arrow from the Wound, With ftringy Nerves befmmar'd and wrapp'd around, And flamp'd the gery Jelly on the Ground. So in Pannonian Woods the growling Bear Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the Hunter's Spin, Turns on her Wound, runs madding round with Pain. And catches at the flying Sinft in vain. 37.3 Down from his weden Hollow an the Blood, tuddileous o'er his mangled Vifage flow'd;

Deform'd

Deformed each awful, each feverer Grace, And veil'd the manly Terrors of his Face. 275 The Victors raife their joyful Voices high, And with loed Triumph firike the vauked Sky: Not Celar thus a general foy had ipread, Tho' Calm's Self like Scave thus had bled. Anxious, the wounded Seldier, in his Breaft, The rising Indignation deep repreft, And thus, in humble Vein, his haughty Foes addreft: Here let your Rage, ye Romans, ceafe, he faid, And lend your Fellow-Citizen your Aid; No more your Darts nor ufelels Jav'hins try, Thefe, which I bear, will Deaths enow fupply, Draw forth your Weapons, and behold I die. Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet My Doom beneath the mighty Pompey's Feet: 'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in Arms, 'tis true, But I renounce that glorious Fate for you. 301 Fain wou'd I yet prolong this vital Breath, And quit ev'n Cafar, fo I fly from Death. The wretched Aubus liften'd to the Wile. Intent and greedy of the future Spoil; 39F Advancing fondly on, with heedless Eafe,

He thought the Captive and his Arms to feize, When, e'er he was aware, his thund'ring Sword Deep in his Throat, the ready Scava gor'd.

h'mus W

22 LUCAN'S BookV

Warm'd with the Slaughter, with fresh Rage he burns, And Vigour with the new Success returns. 40I So may they fall (he faid) by just Deceit, Such be their Fate, fuch as this Fool has met, Who dare believe that I am vanquish'd yet. If you would ftop the Vengeance of my Sword, From Ca/ar's Mercy be your Peace implor'd, There let your Leader kneel, and humbly own his Lord Me! could you meanly dare to fancy, Me Bafe, like your felves, and fond of Life to be! But know, not all the Names which grace your Carle, Your reverend Senate, and your boafted Laws, LII Not Pompey's Self, not all for which you fear, Were e'er to you, like Death to Scava, dear.

Thus while he fpoke, a rising Duft betray'd Cafarian Legions marching to his Aid. 439 Now Pompey's Troops with Prudence feem to yield, And to encreafing Numbers quit the Field; Diffembling Shame, they hide their foul Defeat, Nor vanquifh'd by a fingle Arm, retreat. Then fell the Warrior, for 'till then he ftood; 420 His manly Mind fupply'd the want of Blood. It feem'd as Rage had kindled Life anew, And Courage to oppofe, from Oppofition grew. But now, when none were left him to repell, Fainting for want of Foes, the Victor fell. 425

Strait

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Strait with officious hafte his Friends draw near, And raifing, joy the noble Load to bear: To Reverence, and religious Awe inclin'd, Admiring, they adore his mighty Mind, That God within his mangled Breaft enfhrin'd. The wounding Weapons, flain'd with Scava's Blood, 431 Like facred Relicks to the Gods are yow'd: Forth are they drawn from ev'ry Part with Care, And kept to drefs the naked God of War. Oh! happy Soldier, had thy Worth been try'd, 435 In pious Daring, on thy Country's Side! Oh! had thy Sword Iberian Battles known. Or purple with Cantabrian Slaughter grown; How had thy Name in deathless Annals shone ! But now no Roman Paan shalt thou fing, Nor peaceful Triumphs to thy Country bring, Nor loudly bleft in folemn Pomp fhalt move. Thro' crouding Streets, to Capitolian fove, The Laws De ender, and the Peoples Love: Oh haples Victor thou! oh vainly Brave! 445 How haft thou fought, to make thy felf a Slave!

Nor Pompsy, thus repuls'd, the Fight declines, Nor refts encompais'd round by Cafar's Lines;

Ver. 440. Roman Paan.] Paan was properly the Name of Apollo, which the Roman Soldiers used frequently to repeat in their Songs of Victory, which they sung as they accompanied the Triumphs of their Generals.

Ouce

LUCAN'S Book VL

Once more he means to force his warlike War, And, yet retrieve the Fortune of the Day, So when fierce Winds with angry Ocean Grine, Full on the Beach the beating Billows drive; Stable awhile the lofty Mounds abide, Check the proud Surge, and flay the Swelling Tide: Yet refiles fill the Waxes unweary'd roll. 455 Work underneath at length, and fap the finking Mole. With Force renew'd the baffled Warrior beads. Where to the Shore the Jutting Wall extends; There proves, by Land and See, his various Might, . And wins his Paffage by the double Fight. . 460 Wide o'er the Plains diffus'd his Legions range, And their close Camp for freer Fields exchange, So, rais'd by melting Streams of Alaine Soow, Beyond his utmost Margin fwells the Post And loofely lets the foreading Deluge Bow : Where-e'er the weaker Banks oppreft setnest, And fink beneath the heapy Waters weight, Forth guilting at the Breach they burit their Way, And wasteful o'er the drowned Country ftray: Far diftant Fields and Meads they wander o'er, And vifit Lands they never knew before; Here, from its Seat the mould'ring Earth is torn, And by the Flood to other Masters borns

While

While gath'ring, there, it heaps the growing Soil, And loads the Peafant with his Neighbour's Spoil. 475 Soon as afcending high, a rifing Flame, To Calar's Sight, the Combate's Signal, came, Swift to the Place approaching near, he found ۲ S The Ruin fcatter'd by the Victor, round, And his proud Labours humbled to the Ground. 2 Thence to the hoftile Camp his Eyes he turns, Where for their Peace, and Sleep fecure, he mourns, With rancorous Defpight, and envious Anguish, burns. At length refolv'd (fo Rage infpir'd his Breaft) He means to break the happy Victor's Reft; 485 Once more to kindle up the fatal Strife, And defn their Joys, with Hazard of his Life. Streight to Torquatus fierce he bends his Way, (Toremaths near a neighbring Cafile lay) But he, by prudent Caution taught to yield, 490 Trufts to his Walls, and quits the open Field;

Ver. 488. Streight to Torquatus.] When Pompey had forc'd his Paffage thro' Cafar's Lines, Cafar, to repair the Lofs and Difgrace of that Action, attack'd with 33 Cohorts a Caftle of the Enemy's, commanded by Torquanus. He had now beat the Befieged out of the Ditch, when Pompey, hearing of their Diffrence. Cafar's Horfe, fearing to be enclosed, gave way first; which the Foot feeing, and that Pompey was there in Person, fled likewife. If Pompey had made as much Advantage of his Success here, as Lacons infinuates a more cruel Conqueror would have sone, this Action might have decided the War at once.

♥01. II.

There

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There, fafe within himfelf, he flands his Ground. And lines the guarded Rampart ftrongly round. So when the Seamen from sfar defery The Clouds grow black upon the low'ring Sky, Hear the Winds roar, and mark the Seas run high, They furl the flutt'ring Sheet with timely Care, And wifely for the coming Storm prepare. But now the Victor, with relifiels hafte, Proud o'er the Ramparts of the Fort had pafts When fwift defcending from the rifing Grounds, Pompey with lengthining Files the Foe furroands. As when in *Ætna's* hollow Caves below. Round the valt Furnace kindling Whirlwinds blow: Rous'd in his baleful Bow'r the Giant roars. 505 And with a Burft the burning Doluge pours; Then pale with Horros faricks the fludd'ring Swain, To fee the fiery Ruis forcad the Plain. Nor with lefs Horror Ce/ar's Bands behold Huge hoftile dufty Clouds their Rear infold Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to than, Blind with their Fear, full on their Fates they run. Well, on that Day, the World Repose had gain'd, And bold Rebellion's Blood had all been drain'd, Had not the pious Chief the Rage of War refrain'd. Ver: 509. The Ginner rouns.] Enceluders, who was finder

with Lightning, and haid there by Jupiser.

Oh

Oh Rome ! how free, how happy had thou been ! Thy own great Miltrels, and the Nation's Queen! Had Sylla, then, thy great Avenger flood, And dy'd his thirsty Sword in Traitors Blood. ·519 But oh! for ever shalt thou now bemoan The two Extremes, by which theu wert undone, The ruthless Father, and too tender Son. With fatal Pity, Pompey, haft thou fpar'd, And giv'n the blackeft Crime the best Reward. How had that one, one happy Day, with-held 525 The Blood of Utics, and Munda's Field! The Pharian Nile had known no Crime more great Than fome vile Prolemy's untimely Fate; Nor Africk, then, her Fuba had bemoan'd, Nor Scipio's Blood the Punick Ghofts aton'd; Caso had, for his Country's Good, furviv'd, And long in Peace a hoary Patriot liv'd; Rome had not worn a Tyrant's hated Chain. And Fate had undecreed Phar (alia's Plain,

Ver. 518. Had Sylla then.] The' Lucan was rather a Favoarer of Sylla, yet fee how even he paints the Cruelty of his Victories in the Second Book.

Ver. 527. No Crime more great.] That is, Pompey had not been murder'd in Egypt. Juba and Petreius were vanquish'd by, Cafar in Africa, and kill'd each other.

The Scipio meant here, is Corn. Scipio, Father of Pompey's Wife Cornelia, who likewife kill'd himfelf on the fame Occasion in Africk.

Cano's Story is made common, as well as immortal, by Mr. Addison.

But

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But Cafer, weary of th' unlucky Land, 535 Swift to *Emathia* leads his fhatter'd Band; While Pempey's wary Friends, with Caution wife, 'To quit the baffled Foe's Pursuit advise. 'To Isaly they point his open Way, And bid him make the willing Land his Prey. 540 "Oh! never, (he replies) shall Pompey come, Like Cafar arm'd, and terrible to Rome; Nor need I from those facred Walls have fled. Cou'd I have born our Streets with Slaughter red, And seen the Forum pil'd with Heaps of Dead. Much rather let me pine in Scythia's Froft, 546 Or burn on fwarthy Libys's fulr ry Coaft; No Clime, no diftant Region is too far, Where I can banifh, with me, fatal War. I fled, to bid my Country's Sorrows ceafe; 550 And thall my Victories invade her Peace? Let her but fafe and free from Arms remain. And Cefer still thall think the wears his Chain. He fooke, and Eaftward fought the Foreft wide,

The roce, and Eanward sought the Forest while, That rising clouchs Candovis's shady Side; 555 Thence to Emothis took his define'd Way, Referv'd by Fate for the deciding Day.

Ver. 539. 75 Italy.] Which he might cafily have re--corer'd.

Ver. 575. Candevia.] A wild mountainous Country full of Woods, upon the Borders of Macedonia and Ilysicans.

28

Where

Where Eurus blows, and wint'ry Suns arife, Thefalia's Boundary proud Offa lies; 500 ~ But when the God protracts the longer Day, Pelien's broad Back receives the dawning Ray. Where thro' the Lion's ü'ry Sign he flies, Othrys his leafy Groves for Shades Supplies. On Pindus strikes the fady Western Light, When glitt'ring Vefper leads the ftarry Night. 565 Northward, Olympus hides the Lamps, that roll Their paler Fires around the frozen Pole. The middle Space, a Valley low depress'd, Once a wide, lazy, flanding Lake poffels'd; While growing still the heapy Waters shood, 570 . Nor down thro' Temps ran the rafhing Flood : _

Ver. 958. Where Eurus blows.] This Chorographical Defoription of The flat is mostly taken from Herodoms, and agrees, the not altogether, with the Accounts and Maps of the Learned Cellarius. Offa lyes to the Eaft.

Ver. 561. Pelion's broad Back.] This is a literal Tranflation of my Author, tho' according to Cellarius he must be out in his Geography, as well as Aftronomy; for as the Days lengthen the Sun rifes to the Northward of the Eaft; whereas Cellarius places Pelion to the Southward. For the reft, Othrys lyes to the South, Pindus to W. S. W. and Ohympus to the North.

Ver. 568. The middle Space.] He does not feem to mean here all that Region which the ancient Geographers call The faly, but the Fields of Tempe and Pharfalis, and the neighbouring Country, where the principal Scene of Action in this War lay.

B 3

But

LUCAN's Book VI.

But when Aleides to the Task apply'd. And cleft a Paffage thro' the Mountains wide; Guthing at once the thund'ring Torrent flow'd, While Nerens groun'd henceth th' increasing Lead. Then role (oh that is still a Lake had lain !) Above the Waves *Pharfalis*'s fatal Plain, Once fubject to the great Achilles' Reign. Their Chief first landed on the Trojan Coast ; Then Pteleos ran her circling Wall around, And Dorion, for the Mules Wrath renown'd; Then Trachin high, and Melders thool, Where Hercules his fatal Shafts before 'd;

20

Ver. 572. Bus when Aleider.] "The faid Hornites made a Paflage between Offs and Olympus, for the River Peneus to sua into the Sec.

Ver. 579. Phylace,] A City in Phylacis, a Province of Ineffaly; where Protefilaus reign'd, who was the first that landed on the Share of Iroy in the famous Expedition of the Greeks against that Place; and was kill'd, according to the Prediction of the Oracle. Concerning him see Oraid's Epifles, and Metam. Lib. 12.

Ver. 581. Preleos,] Or rather Preleum, & Torva apon the Sca-Coaft in the fame Country,

Ver. 981. Darian,] Or Dation, as Afarafine will have it. There is fome Difpute whether this Place be in Magnetia in Theffaly, or Meffenia in the Pelopenefus. Lucan is plainly of the first Opinion: However that be, near this Place Theoryras, a Thracian Poet, was punished with Blindness by the Muses for daring to contend with them.

Ver. 583. Melibars, A City of Phylicitis.

Trachin,] Or Heracless, in the fame Country. Here liv'd

Lariffa ftrong arole, and Arges, now -585 A Plain, fubmitted to the lab'ring Plow. Here stood the Town, if there be Truth in Fame, That from Basetian Thebes received its Name. Here fad Agave's wand'ring Senfe return'd, Here for her murder'd Son the Mother mourn'd; 590. With streaming Tears the wash'd his ghastly Head, And on the Fun'ral Pile the precious Relick laid.

The gushing Waters various foon divide, And ev'ry River rules a sep'rate Tide; The narrow *Mas* runs a limpid Flood. 595 Evenes blushes with the Centaurs' Blood;

liv'd Philotteses, to whom Hercules at his Death gave his fatal Arnows, without which They could not be taken. Lariffa and Argos were Cities in the fame Country. For the first, fee afterwards in Book 8.

Ver. 188. Boosian Thebes] The sacient Geographers place a City called Thebes in Phthiotis. When Agave, Queen of Timbes in Beoria, had in her Madnets kill'd her Son Penabeas, and cut off his Head, at length recovering her Senfes, the fled into this Country, and bury'd her Son's Head here, and probably gave the Name of Theses to the Place where the fertled.

Ver. 593. The gushing Waters.] From the Clies that were built by the first Inhabitants, the Poet goes on to enumerate the famous Rivers of Theffaly, which were lefe in their proper Channels, after the great Lake was empty'd.

Ver. 199. The narrow AEas.] I find no River of this Name among the ancient Geographers, except one in Maendersia, which falls into the Ionian Sea by Apollonia. Quid indeed makes the River As meet the Penens, and I fuppole Lucan follows him.

Ver. 596. Evenos.] This was a River in Calydonia, Part of Etolia, where Neffes the Centaur attempting to diver That gently mingles with th' Ionian Sea, While This, thro' Calydonia, cuts his Way. Slowly fair Io's aged Father falls, And in hoarfe Murmurs his loft Daughter calls. Thick Achelois rolls his troubled Waves, And heavily the Neighbour Ifles he laves; While pure Amphryfus winds along the Mead, Where Phaebus once was wont his Flocks to feed: Oft on the Banks he fat a Shepherd Swain, And watch'd his Charge upon the graffy Plain. Swift to the Main his Courfe Sperchies bends, And, founding, to the Malian Gulph defeends.

ravifh Deismirs the Wife of Herendes, was kill'd by that Hero.

This River, as likewise *Achelous*, (in the fame Country) are oddly introduc'd among the Rivers of *Theffaly*. But the next,

Ver. 599. Io's aged Father] Inachus is yet more remote, being a River of the Pelopenefus, unlefs we may fuppole fome River of lefs Note in Theffaly, which took its Name from that famous one of the Argives.

For the Story of Jupiter ravishing his Daughter Is, fee Ovid. Meram. Lib. 1.

Ver. 602. The Neighbour Ifles.] The Echinades, now Curzolari.

Ver. 603. Amphryfus,] A River of Theffuly. near which Apollo, when he lay under Jupiser's Difpleature for killing the Cycleps, kept Sheep for Admetus, King of the Country.

Ver. 607. Sperchios,] Now called Agriomela, a River of Phihiotis. It falls into the Sinus Maliacus, at the End of the Euripus or Gulph of Negropont.

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No breezy Air near calm Anames flies,	
No dewy Mifts, nor fleecy Clouds arife.	610
Here Phanix, Melas, and Afopus run,	
And strong Apidamus drives flow Enipeus on.	
A thousand little Brooks, unknown to Fame,	
Are mix'd, and loft in Peneus' nobler Name:	
Bold Titarefus fcorns his Rule, alone,	615
And, join'd to Peners, still himself is known:	
As o'er the Land, his haughty Waters glide,	
And roll unmingling, a fuperior Tide.	
"Tis faid, thro' fecret Channels winding forth,	
Deep as from Styx he takes his hallow'd Birth;	620
Thence, proud to be rever'd by Gods on high,	
He fcorns to mingle with a mean Ally.	

Ver. 609. Anauros.] This and the following Rivers were all of The faly, but of no great Name.

Ver. 612. Apidamas.] The River Apidamas falls into Emipeus.

Ver. 614. — Penens,] Was a River of Note. He was the Father of Daphne, Apollo's Miftrefs.

This Passage of Titarefus, or Titarefus, according to Hamer, falling into the Peneus, and not mingling with its Waters, is taken from that Poet, Iliad. B. 2.

²Ου N έγε Πηταφ συμμίσχεία, &c.

Or where the pleafing Titarcfius glides, And into Pencus rolls his eafy Tides; Yes der the Silver Surface pure they flow, The facred Stream, munix d with Streams below, Sacred and awful! From the dark Abedes Styx pours them forth the dreadful Oath of Gods.

Mr. Pope.

W bea

LUCAN'S BookVL

34

When rifing Grounds uptear'd at length their Heads, And Rivers fhrunk within their oozy Beds; Bebrycians first are faid, with early Care, 623 In Furrows deep to fink the thining Share. The Lelegians next, with equal Toil, And Dolopes, invade the mellow Soil. To thefe the bold Eolide fucceed, Magneses, taught to rein the fiery Steed, And Minye, to explore the Deep, decreed. Here pregnant by Ixion's hold Embrace. The Mother Cloud difclos'd the Centaurs' Race: In Pelesbronian Caves the brought 'em forth, And fill'd the Land with many a monftrous Birth.

Ver. 625. Bebrycians.] I have follow'd the Correction of Grotins in this Place, but upon fecond Thoughts muft confels I think it wrong, and that it ought rather to be, as most Editions have it, Bachicians, from the Lake Bache and Town of the fame Name in Phyloistis. The Behryses were a People in Gallia Narbonenfis. Of the other Names which follow there is nothing particular to be remark'd, but that they were the first lababitants of feveral Parts of The Jahy. Of the Minys only it may be observ'd, that they were the Companions of Falos in his famous Expedition to Colchos in queft of the Golden Fleese.

Ver. 632. Ixion's bold Embrace.] Ixion being in Love with June, embracing a Cloud for her, and begetting the Centaurs upon that Cloud, is a known Fable.

Ver. 634. Pelethronian Caves.] Pelethronians was a Mountain in The [July. Monychus is the Name of a Centaur, as likewife are Rhousens, Pholas, and Noffus. For the latter fee the Note on Ver. 996. of this Book.

Here

Here dreadful Monychus firft faw the Light, And prov'd on Pholoe's rending Rocks his Might; Here talleft Trees uprooting Rhaecus bore, Which baffled Storms had try'd in vain before. Here Pholus, of a gentler human Brealf, Receiv'd the great Alcides for his Gueft. Here, with Brute-fury, luftful Neffus try'd To violate the Herce's beauteous Bride, 'Till juftly by the fatal Shaft he dy'd. This Parent Land the pious Leach confeft, Chiron, of all the double Race the beft: 'Midft golden Stars he ftands refulgent now, And threats the Scorpion with his bended Bow. Here Love of Arms and Battle reign'd of Old,

And form'd the first *Thessalans* fierce and bold: 650 Here, from rude Rocks, at *Neptune*'s potent Stroke, Omen of War, the neighing Courfer broke;

Ver. 646. Chiron.] This Centaur had many good Qualities: He underftood Mufick and Phylick, was the Tutor of Achilles, and afterwards translated into Heaven, made that Sign in the Zodiack which we call Sagittarius, or the Archer, next to Scorpio.

Ver. 651. From Neptune's potent Stroke.] Lucan feems to allude in this Place to the famous Controverly between Neptune and Pallas, when to fhew their Power He produced the first Horse out of a Rock, and She the first Olive-tree out of the Earth: But the Commentators will have this to have happen'd in Attica, and not in The faly. The Truth seems to have been, that the ascient The faly. ans were a bold and hardy People, and that the Centansiand

LUCAN's Book VI.

Here, taught by skilful Riders to fubmit, He champ'd indignant on the foamy Bit. 654 From fair Theffalia's Pegafaan Shore, The first bold Pine the daring Warriors bore, And taught the Sons of Earth wide Oceans to explore. Here, when Itomus held the Regal Seat, The flubborn Steel he first fubdu'd with Heat. And the tough Barrs on founding Anvils beat: In Furnaces he ran the liquid Brass, 651 And caft in curious Works the molten Mafs. He taught the ruder Artift to refine, Explor'd the Silver and the Golden Mine, And stamp'd the costly Metal into Coin. From that old *Æra* Avarice was known, Then all the deadly Seeds of War were fown: Wide o'er the World, by Tale, the Mifchief ran, And those curst Pieces were the Bane of Man. Huge Python, here, in many a fealy Fold, 670 To Cyrrha's Cave a Length enormous roll'd:

30

and Lapithe, Inhabitants of that Country, were the first who underftood the Manage of Horses, and made use of 'em in Battel.

Ver. 058. Itomus,] According to fome the Son of Apollo, to others of Deucalion: He was King of The Jah. Lucan gives him the Honour of finding out the Use and Working of Metals, and Coining Money; but this is difputed by other Authors.

Ver 671. Cyrrha's Caue, In or near the Mountain Parnaffus.

Hence,

Hence, Pythiau Games the hardy Greeks Renown,
And Laurel Wreaths the joyful Victor crown.
Here proud Aleau durft the Gods defie,
And taught his impious Brood to fcale the Sky: 675
While Mountains pil'd on Mountains interfere
With Heav'ns bright Orbs, and ftop the circling Sphere.

To this curft Land, by Fate's appointed Doom, With one Confent the warring Leaders come; Their Camps are fix'd, and now the Vulgar fear, 680 To fee the terrible Event fo near A few, and but a few, with Souls ferene, Wait the difclofing of the dubious Scene. But Sextus, mix'd among the vulgar Herd, Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd: 685 A Youth unworthy of the Hero's Race, And born to be his nobler Sire's Difgrace.

Ver. 672. Pythian Games.] These were infituted to the Honour of Apollo upon his killing the Serpent Python. See the Notes upon Book f.

Ver. 674. Alans] Was the Father-in-Law or reputed Father of Otns and Ephinistes, two of the Giants that made War upon Jupiter, his Wife Iphinuedia being impregnated with these chopping Twins by Neptune. These are those call'd by Virgit Alaida Gamini in the 6th Boak. The Sibyl says,

Hic & Aloidas gemines, immania vidi Corpera.

Here by sh' Alzan Twins (I faw 'em beth) Enormous Bodies of Gigantick Growth; Who day'd in Fight the Thund'rer to defy, Affect his Heav'n, and force him from the Sky. Mr. Dryden). LUCAN'S Book VI

A Day shall come, when this inglorious Son Shall ftain the Trophics all by Pempey won: A Thief, and Spoiler, shall be live confeis'd, 690 And act those Wrongs his Father's Arms redress'd. Ver'd with a Coward's fond Impetience now. He price into that Fate he fears to know ; Nor feeks he, with religious Vows, to move . The Delphick Tripod, or Dodonian Fove; 69f No priefly Augur's Art employs his Cares, Nor Babylonian Seers, who read the Stars; He nor by Fibres, Birds, or Lightning's Fires, Nor any just, the' fecret Rites enquires; But horrid Altars, and Infernal Pow'rs, Dire Mysteries of Magick he explores, Such as high Heav'n and gracious 7000 abhors. He thinks, 'tis little those above can know, And feeks accurit Affistance from below. The Place it felf the impious Means fupplies, 705 While near Hamonian Hags incamp'd he lies: All dreadful Deeds, all monftrous Forms of old,

By Fear invented, and by Falihood told,

Ver. 688. A Day (ball come.] In relation to the Pyracies fupprefs'd with great Glory to himfelf by Pompey, and after his Death renew d and exercised with great Rapine by his Son Sextus in the Sicilian Seas, after he had loft the Battle of Munda in Spain.

Ver. 697. Nor Babylonian Soirs.] The Chaldenns, famous for their Skill in Aftrology. Ver. 706. Harmonian Hags.] Theffaily, call'd likewife

Hamonia, was famous for Witches.

What-

38

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Whate'er transcends Belief, and Reason's View, Their Art can furnish, and their Pow'r makes true. 710 The pregnant Fields a horrid Crop produce, Noxious, and fit for Witchcruft's deadly Ufe: With baleful Weeds each Mountain's Brow is hung. And lift'ning Rocks attend the Charmer's Song." There, potent and mysterious Plants arise, 715. Plants that compel the Gods, and awe the Skies; There, Leaves unfolded to Medea's View, Such as her native Colchos never knew. Soon as the dread Hamonian Voice alcends. Thro' the whole vaft Expanse, each Pow'r ettends; 720 Ev'n all those fullen Deities, who know No Care of Heav'n above, or Earth below, Hear and obey. Th' Affyrian then, in vain, And Memphian Prieste, their local Gods detain; From ev'ry Altar loofe at once they fly, 725 And with the ftronger Foreign Call comply. . The coldest Hearts Theffalian Numbers warm, And ruthlefs Bofoms own the potent Charm;

With monitrous Pow'r they rouse perverie Defire, And kindle into Luft the wint'ry Sire:

730

Ver. 724, Their local Gods.] Gods who were particularly worthipp'd in particular Places by Votaries of their own, who yet durit not refuse to forfake those Places when they were call'd by the Theffaliers Inchantments.

Where

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Where noxious Cups, and pois'nous Philters fail, More potent Spells and myftick Verfe prevail .--No Draughts fo ftrong the Knots of Love prepare, Cropt from her Younglings by the Parent Mare. Oft', fullen Bridegrooms, who unkindly fled 735 From blooming Beauty, and the genial Bed, Melt, as the Thread runs on, and fighing, feel The giddy whirling of the Magick Wheel. Whene'er the proud Enchantress gives Command, Eternal Motion Rops her active Hand; 740 No mere Heav'n's rapid Circles journey on, But universal Nature stands foredone: The lazy God of Day forgets to rife, And everlafting Night pollutes the Skies.

Ver. 733. The Knots of Love.] These are little Excreicencies of Flesh upon the Forehead of Foals, which the Mares bite off as soon as they are foal'd; and if they are i prevented, and these Knots cut off, 'tis faid they will not fuffer their Foals to fuck, but hate 'ern, and drive 'ern' away. This is mention'd as an Ingredient for Love-Potions in Virgil's 4th *Eneid*.

------ Nascentis equi de fronte revulsus, Et matri prareptus amor.

And cuts the Forehead of a new-born Feal, Robbing the Mother's Love. Mr. Dryden,

Ver. 737. Melt, as the Thread.] This magical Prevalence, ever hard-hearted Men in Love-Matters, was, by winding or unwinding Threads off or upon Wheels, and probably muttering fome Spell over them as they wound or unwound. See Virg. in the 8th Eclogue.

Jove

40

VI. PHARSALIA. 41

onders, to behold her fhake the Pole, 745 confenting, hears his Thunders roll. vith a Word, the hides the Sun's bright Face, s the wide Atherial Azure Space: anon, the shakes her flowing Hair, it the flormy low'ring Heav'ns are fair: 750 fhe calls the golden Light again, uds fly fwift sway, and stops the drizly Rain. : Calms, the bids the Waves run high, oths the Deep, the' Boreas thakes the Sky; /inds are hufh'd, her potent Breath prevails, 751 1 the Bark, and fills the flagging Sails. have run back at Murmurs of her Toague, rents from the Rock fulpended hung. t the Nile his wonted Seafons knows. Line the frait Mander flows. 76e rush'd with headlong Waters down, 'n unwillingly the fluggifh Rhome. ountains have been levell'd with the Plain, from Heav'n has tall Olympus lain. Crystal has been known to melt. 76**5** hins Snows a fudden Summer felt.

159. No more the Nile.] This River encreases and always at the same Times of the Year. See afin the 10th Book. The Mander is famous for ted Turnings and Windings. Grav is naturally flow, and the Rhome rapid. 765. Riphzen Cryffal.] Ice upon the Ripham as in the extream Northern Parts both of Encret

42 LUCAN's BookVI.

No longer preft by Cynthia's moifter Beam, Alternate Tethys heaves her fwelling Stream; By Charms forbid, her Tides revolve no more, But fhun the Margin of the guarded Shore. 77 The pondrous Earth, by Magick Numbers frook, Down to her inmost Centre deep has shook ; Then rending with a Yawn, at once made way, To join the upper, and the nether Day ; While wond'ring Eyes, the dreadful Cleft between, 775 Another flarry Firmament have feen. Lach deadly Kind, by Nature form'd to kill, Fear the dire Hegs, and execute their Will. Lions, vo them, their nobler Rage fubmit, And fawning Tigers couch beneath their Feets For them, the Snake foregoes her wint'ry Hold, And on the hoary Froft untwines her Fold: The pois'nous Race they Arike with Aronger Death, And blafted Vipers die by human Breath.

What Law the heav'nly Natures thus confirmins, 785 And binds ev'n Godheads in refiftles Chains? What wond'rous Pow'r do Charms and Herbs imply, And force 'em thus to follow, and to fly? What is it can command 'em to obey? Do's Choice incline, or awful Terror fway? 790 Do fecret Rites their Deities atone, Or Mystick Piety to Man unknown?

Do

o firong Inchantments all Immertals brave?	
r is these one determined God their Slave?	7 94
ac, whole Command obedient Nature awer,	?
ho, fubjeet Aill himself to Magick Laws,	~ >
Its only as a Service fecond Caufe?	.).
agick the flarry Lamps from Heav'n can tear,	
nd shoot 'em gleaming thro' the dusky Air;	
m blot fair Cynthia's Countenance ferene,	800
ad poilon with foul Spells the Silver Quern :	
ow pale the ghalily Goddels farinks with Dread,	÷
ad now black dimeaky Fires involve her Heads	•
: when Earth's onvious interpoling Shade,	
its off her beany Brother from her Aid:	log
eld by the charming Song, the Arlves in vain,	. i
ad labours with the isag-purfuing Pains	. :1
il down, and dewsward fill, compell'd to come,	
a hallow'd Nerbs the Aneds her fatal Form.	809

Ver. 794. One determin'd God.] The Poet feems to ude have to that God whom they call'd Demogorgen, ho was the Father and Creator of all the other Gods: ho, tho' kimfelf was bound in Chains in the loweft Hell, as yet to terrible to all the others, that they could not ar the very Mention of his Name; as appears towards e End of this Book. Him Lucan fuppofes to be fubject the Power of Magick, as all the other Deities of what a forver were to him.

Vcr. 809. Her facal Found.] The Ancients fancy'd the oon to be drawn down from Heav'n by Witchcraft, hen she was eclipsed: and that at those Times she shed

ð

44 But thefe, as Arts too gentle, and too good, Nor yet with Death, or Guilt enough embrew'd, With haughty Scorn the fierce Ericity view'd. New Mischief the, new Monsters durit explore, And desk in Horrors never known before. From Towns, and Holpitable-Roofs fac flics, 84 And ev'ry Dwelling of Mankind defies; Theo' unfrequented Defarts lonely roams, Drives out the Dead, and dwells within their Totube. Spight of all Laws, which Heav'p, or Nature know, The Rule of Gods above, and Man below; £ы Grateful to Hell the living Hag defcends, And fits in black Affemblies of the Fiends. Dark matted Elf-locks dangling on her Brow, Filthy, and foul, a loathfome Burthen grow: Ghaftly, and frightful-pale her Face is feen, 82 Unknown to chearful Day, and Skies ferene:

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And the blue forky Flame at Midnight flies, Then, forth from Graves, the takes her wicked Way, And thwarts the glancing Light'nings as they play. 81

But when the Stars are veil'd, when Storms arife,

a fort of venomous Juice upon some particular Plant which was of great Use in Magick.

Ver. 822. And fits in black Affemblies,] Which no ! ying Greature, belides herfelf, could do.

When

here-e'er fic breaths, blue Poifons round her fpread, he with'ring Grafs avows her fatal Tread, ad drooping Ceres hangs her blafted Head. or holy Rites, nor suppliant Pray'r she knows, or feeks the Gods with Sacrifice. or Vows: 835 hete'er the offers is the Spoil of Urns, ad Funeral Fire upon her Altars burns; or need the fend a fecond Voice on high, ar'd at the first, the trembling Gods comply. Oft' in the Grave the Living has the laid, id bid reviving Bodies leave the Dead: t' at the Fun'ral Pile fhe feeks her Prey, id bears the imoaking Aihes warm away; atches fome burning Bone, or flaming Brand, id tears the Torch from the fad Father's Hand; 845 izes the Shroud's loofe Fragments as they fly, id picks the Coal where clammy Juices fry. t when the Dead in Marble Tombs are plac'd, here the moift Carcale by Degrees shall waste, sere, greedily on cv'ry Part the flies, 850 ips the dry Nails, and digs the goary Eyes. Teeth from Gibbets gnaw the firangling Noofe. id from the Crois dead Murderers unloofe :

Ver.823. Ceres.] The Goddels of Husbandry, Com, de. Ver. 845. From the (ad Father's Hand.) The nearest of n to the Deceased always set Fire to the Funeral Pile. These Actions of Britisho were reckon'd as the greatest pieties among the Ancients.

4S

LUCAN'S BOOLN

46

Her Charme the Use of Sundry'd Marrow find, And husky Entrails wither'd in the Wind; Oft' drops the ropy Gere upon her Tongue, With cordy Sinews off her Jaws are farung, And thus fuspended oft' the fikhy Hag has hung. Where-e'er the Battle bleeds, and Slaughor lies, Thither; preventing Birds anti Bears, the hies ; -Nor then content to feize the ready Preys From their fell Jaws the tears their Food away: She marks the hungry Wolf's pernicious Tooth, And joys to rend the Moriel from his Mouth. Nor ever vet Remorfe cou'd stop her Hand, When human Gore her curied Rites demand. Whether fome tender Infant, vet unborn, From the lamenting Mother's Side is torny Whether her Purpose asks some bolder Shade. And by her Knife, the Ghoft fire wants, is made; Or whether, curious in the choice of Blood, She catches the first gushing of the Flood; All Mifchief is of ufe, and ev'ry Murder good. When blooming Youths in early Manhood die, She stands a terrible Attendant by ; The downy Growth from off their Cliceks the team Or cuts left-handed fome felected Hairs. Oft' when in Death her galping Kinded lay, Some pious Office wou'd the feign to pay;

Ver. 879. Some pious Office,] As receiving the lak Breath of the dying Perfon.

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hile close hov'ring o'er the Bed fac hung, 180 pale Lips, and cropt the quivring Tongues in hoarle Murmurs, e're the Ghoft cou'd ge. 'd fome Meffage to the Shades below. ame like this around the Region forcad, we her Pow'r, the younger Pompey led. 88 r. half her fable Course the Night had run. w beneath us roll'd the beamy Sung the vile Youth in Silence crofs'd the Plains led by his wonted worthlefs Train. Ruins wafte and old, long wand ring round, 7 upon a Rock, the Hag they found, , as it chanc'd, in fullen Mood the fate, . ring upon the War's approaching Fate: t fame Hour, the ran new Numbers o'er. pells, unheard by Hell it felf before; il, leaft wavring Definy might change, id the War in differt Regions range, harm'd Pharfalia's Field with early Care, tep the Warriers and the Shughter there. sy her impious Asts in Triample reign, tist in the Plenty of the Slain: nany a Royal Ghoft fac may command dead Hero's with a ruthless Hind. tob of many an Urn Helperia's mourning Land

Already

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Already the enjoys the dreadful Field, 995 And thinks what Spoils the rival Chiefs shall yield; With what fell Rage each Coarfe fhe fhall invade, And fly rapacious on the profirate Dead. To her a lowly Suppliant, thus begun The noble Pompey's much unworthy Son. Hail! mighty Miftrels of Hamonian Arts, To whom ftern Fate her dark Decrees imparts: At thy Approving, bids her Purpose fland, Or alters it at thy rever'd Command. From thee, my humbler awful Hopes prefume 915 To learn my Father's, and my Country's Doom: Nor think this Grace to one Unworthy done, When thou shalt know me for great Pompey's Son; With him, all Fortunes am I born to fhare. His Ruin's Partner, or his Empire's Heir. 919 Let not blind Chance for ever way'ring fland, And gwe us with her unrefolving Hand: I own my Mind unequal to the Weight, Nor can I bear the Pangs of doubtful Fate: Let it be certain what we have to fear. 915 And then-----no matter-----Let the Time draw

Ver. 906. The Rival Chiefs.] Cafar and Pompey.

Ver. 920. His Empire's Heir.] I don't know whether the Word Empire is not a little too firong; it is intended to mean no more than that legal Power Pompey was poffeli'd of.

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Oh

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thy Charms this Truth from Heav'n compel, ce the dreadful Stygian Gods to tell. ath, all pale and meagre, from below, om her felf her fatal Purpofe know; 020 in'd by thee, the Phantom shall declare the decrees to strike, and whom to spare. er can thy Skill divine forefee, he blind Maze of long Futurity, more worthy of thy Arts, and thee. 'd that her magick Fame diffufely flies, with a horrid Smile, the Hag replies. t thou, oh noble Youth, my Aid implor'd, lefs Decifion of the Sword : ids, unwilling, thou'd my Pow'r confefs, 040 own thy Wifhes with a full Succeis. hou defir'd fome fingle Friend to fave, ad my Charms with-held him from the Grave; i'd thy Hate fome Foe this inftant doom, , tho' Heav'n decrees him Years to come. en Effects are to their Caufes chain'd. verlafting, mightily, ordain'd;

938. Oh noble Youth!] Tho' Lucan gives Sextus is a vile Character, it is not improper, for the that fpeaks here, to call him Noble; nor for the ldier, whom fhe railes to Life afterwards, to do e. 947. From Everlashing.] I have observed in the

947. From Everality of I have obleved in the Lucan, that he was a Difciple of Cornutus the . II. C Stoick

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When all things labour for one certain End, And on one Action center and depend : Then far behind, we own, our Arts are caft, 50. And Magick is by Fortune's Pow'r furpals'd. Howe'er, if, yet, thy Soul can be content, Only to know that undifclos'd Events My potent Charms o'er Nature shall prevail, And from a thousand Mouths extort the Tale: 955. This Truth the Fields, the Floods, the Rocks thell tell. The Thunder of high Heav'n, or Groans of Hell, Tho', still, more kindly Oracles remain, Among the recent Deaths of yonder-Plain. Of these a Corfe our mystick Rites shall raise. 960. As yet unfhrunk by Tuan's parching Blaze; So shall no Maim the vocal Pipes confound, But the fad Shade shall breathe, distinct in human Sound

, While yet fie fpoke, a double Darknefs fpread, Black Clouds and murky Fogs involve her Head, While o'er th' unbury'd Heaps her Footflops tread.

Stoick Philosopher, of which this, and many other Paifages in this Poem, are Proofs. It is true he talks immarny Places of the wanton and unaccountable Dispotal of Things below by Fortune and the Gods: Yet that does not hinder us from fuppoling all those Dispotals necessarily, pre-ordin'd. Nay, I have heard it affirm'd by a Gritick, who I trink underflands this Author very well, that where ever he names Fortune he means Fate. How far that may be made good I don't know.

Ver. 959. The recent Dirath;]' Occasion'd by, fome-Skirmilles of Partics from the two Armies.

Wolves

Wolves howl'd, and fled where e'er the took her Way, And hungry Vulturs left the mangled Frey; The Salvage Race, abath'd, before her yield, And while the culls her Prophet, quit the Field: 978 To various Carcaffes by turns the flies, And, griping with her gury Finger's, tries; 'Till one of perfect Organs can be found; And fibrous Lungs uninfur'd by a Wound: Of all the flitting Shadows of the Shin, 975 Fate doubts which Ghoft shall turn to Life again. At her flrong Bidding (fuch-is her Command) Armies at once had left the Styrian Strand's Hell's Multitudes had waited of her Charlins-And Legions of the Dead had rish to Arms. 980 Among the dread of Carnage Iffew d'around, One, for her Purpose fit, at length the found; In his pale Jaws a ruffy Hook the hing, And dragg'd the wretched liters Load along! Anon, beneath a craggy Cliff fhe flay d, And in a dreaty Delve her Burthen laids There evermore the wicked Witch delights To do her Deeds accurs'd, and practife-helliff Rites: Low as the Rollins where Stygian fore is crown'd,

Subfides the gloomy Vale within the Groundy 93

Ver. 989. Siygian Jove.] Plato: So Virgil cally [Pro] V ferpine Internal Juno.

C 2

J2. LUCAN's Boo	k VI.I
A downward Grove, that never knew to rife,	
Or shoot its leafy Honours to the Skies,	i la l
From hanging Rocks declines its drooping Head,	· •
And covers in the Cave with dreadful Shade;	
Within, Difmay, and Fear, and Darkness dwell,	9 95
And Filth obscene besmears the baleful Cell.	· •
There, lasting Night no beamy dawning knows, .	- 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1
No Light but fuch as magick Flames disclose;	2 N
Heavy, as in Tanarian Caverns, there	
In dull Stagnation fleeps the lazy Air.	1.000
There meet the Boundaries of Life and Death,	<u>.</u> •
The Borders of our World, and that beneath;	1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 -
Thither the Rulers of th'Infernal Court	
Permit their airy Vallals to refort;	e sur A
Thence with like Ease the Sorceress cou'd tell,	1005
As if defcending down, the Deeds of Hell.	
And now the for the folemn Task prepares,)
A Mantle patch'd with various Shreds she wears,	and S eas
And binds, with twining Snakes, her wilder Hair	s
All pale, for dread, the daftard Youth the fpy'd,	1010
Heartless his Mates flood quiviring by his Side.	1 A.

Ver. 999. Tzenarian Caverns.] Tenarus, Tenarus, or Tenarium (for it is written all these several Ways) was a Promentory of Laconia in Peloponesus, and near it a Town of the same Name. The Promontory is now call'd Cape Metapàn in the Morea. Here was a Cave or deep Hole very tamous among the Ancients, as being suppos'd to be one of the Mouths of Hell, thro' which Hereales drag'd Cerberus up to the Light.

Å.

Be

Be bold! (fhe cries) difmifs this abject Fear; Living, and Human, shall the Form appear, And breath no Sounds but what ev'n you may hear. How had your vile, your coward Souls been quell'd, Had you the livid Stygian Lakes beheld; 1016 Heard the loud Floods of rolling Sulphur roar, And burft in Thunder on the burning Shore? · Ead you furvey'd yon' Prison-house of Woe, And Giants bound in Adamant below? 1020 Scen the vaft Dog with curling Vipers fwell, Heard fcreaming Furies, at my coming, Yell, Double their Rage, and add new Pains to Hell? This faid ; She runs the mangled Carcafs o'er, And wipes from ev'ry Wound the crufty Gore; 1025 Now with hot Blood the frozen Breaft the warms. And with ftrong Lunar Dews confirms her Charms. Anon, the mingles ev'ry monstrous Birth, Which Nature, wayward and perverse, brings forth. Nor Entrails of the footted Lynx fhe lacks, 1030 Nor bony Joints from fell Hyana's Backs; Nor Deer's hot Marrow rich with fnaky Food; Nor Foam of raging Dogs that fly the Flood.

Ver. 1027. Lunar Dews.] See above Note on Ver. 809. Ver. 1032. Snaky Food.] It was an ancient Tradition, that Deer, when they were grown old, had a Power of drawing Serpents out of their Holes with their Breath; which they afterwards kill'd and cat, and thereby renew'd their Youth. . Ven. 1033. Fly the Flood.] This Symptom not

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vlao

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Her Store the tardy Rappers, Supplies, With Stones from Eagles warm, and Diggons Eyes Snakes that on Pinions cut their givy way, ; tog6 And nimbly o'ar Arabian Deferts prey; The Viper bred in Frythram Streams, To guard in colly Shells the growing Gens; The Slough by Libye's berned Screent caft, With Afhes, by the dying Phanix plac'd . On od'rous Altars in the fragrant Eaft. To these the joins dire Drugs without a Name, A thousand Poisons never known to Fame; Herbs o'er whole Leaves the Hag her Spells had fun And wet with curled Spittle as they (prung ; 2010 With ev'ry other Mischief most abbourd, Which Hall, or work Ericity, gou'd afford.

At length, in Murmuss hoasie her Voice suss hoard, Her Voice, beyond all Blants, all Magiak fear'd, And by the loweft Stygies Gods texes'd.

only attends upon mad Dogs, but those that are bitten by 'em.

Ver. 1034. Remora,] A Fish that flicks to the Bottom of Ships, and hinders their Way.

Ver. 1035. What stores.] What we call Eagle. Stones, faid to be found in the Neits of Eagles. The Eyes of Dragons, pulseriz'd and mix'd with Hony, were faid to be itled for anointing the Eyes, in order to fortify 'am for beholding Spectres or Ghosts.

War. 1098. The Yapr.] It was reported among the Ancients, shat in the Red or Fusionan Sec. a Viper breads in the fame Shell where the Pearls grow; but I don't gemember

Her gabling Tongue a muttiring Tone confounds, Difcordant, and unlike to human Sounds -It feem'd, of Dogs the Bark, of Wolves the Howl, The doleful skreeching of the Midnight Dwl; 1055 The Hifs of Snakes, the hungry Lion's Boar, The Bound of Billows beating on the Shore; The Groan of Winds amongst the leafy Wood, And Burft of Thunder from the rending Cloud: IOTQ. 'Twas thefe, all thefe in one. At length the breaks Thus into Magick Verfe, and thus the Gods befpeaks, · Ye Furies ! mil thou black accuried Hell! Ye Woes! in which the Dann'd for over dwell; Chaos, the World, and Form's eternal Poe! And thou fole Arbiter of All below, 1065 Place | whom ratifiels Fates a God orden. And doom to Immortality of Pain; Ye fair Elyfam Manisons of the Black, Where no Theffalian Charmer hopes to reft+ Styx ! and Per/ephone, compell'd to fly 1070 Thy fruitful Mother, and the chearful Sky? "Third Henne ! by whom my Whifpers breathe -My fecret Purpole, to the Shades beneath ;

smember to have met any modern Confirmation of this Piece of Natural Hiftory.

Ver. 1064. Chan,] Or Confusion.

Ver. 1072. Third Hecate.] This Goddels was call a Lame in Heaven, Dimes upon Easth, and Perfeptione or C 4 Profer-

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Thou greedy Deg, who at th'infernal Gate, In everlasting Hunger, still dost wait! 1075 And thou old Charm, horrible and hoar! For ever lab'ring back from Shore to Shore; Who murm'ring doft in Weariness complain, That I fo oft demand thy Dead again; Hear, all ye Pow'rs! If e'er your Hell rejoice, 1080 In the loy'd Horrors of this impious Voice; If still with human Flesh I have been fed. If pregnant Mothers have, to please you, bled; If from the Womb these ruthless Hands have torn Infants, mature, and ftruggling to be born; 1085 Hear and obey! Nor do I ask a Ghost, Long fince receiv'd upon your Stygian Coaft; But one that, new to Death, for Entrance waits, And loiters yet before your gloomy Gates. Let the pale Shade these Herbs, these Numbers hear, And in his well-known warlike Form appear. 1001

Proferpina in Hell. In the Pagan Theology it was very usual for their Gods to have many Names, as well as many Offices. This Piece of Superstition is exactly copy'd from 'em, by the Papists, in the several Employments which are assign'd to their Saints.

Ver. 1074. Greedy Dog,] Cerberns.

Ner. 1082. With human Flesh I have been fed,] To make my self more agreeable to you.

Ver. 1090. Thefe Herbs, thefe Numbers bear.] The Original is,

Licet has exaudiat herbas.

Hae

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Here let him ftand, before his Leader's Son, And fay what dire Events are drawing on : If Blood be your Delight, let this be done.

Foaming fhe fpoke: Then rear'd her hateful Head, 1095 And hard at hand beheld th' attending Shade. Too well the trembling Sprite the Carcaís knew, And fear'd to enter into Life anew; Fain from those mangled Limbs it wou'd have run, And, loathing, frove that House of Pain to fhun. 1100. Ah! Wretch! to whom the cruel Fates deny That Privilege of human Kind, to die! Wroth was the Hag at lingring Death's Delay, And wonder'd Hell could dare to difobey; With curling Snakes the fenseless Trunk fhe beats, 1105 And Curfes dire, at ev'ry Lafh, repeats; With Magick Numbers cleaves the groaning Ground, And, thus, barkt downwards to th' Abys profound.

Ye Fiends Hell-born, ye Sifters of Defpair! Thus? is it thus my Will becomes your Care? Still fleep those Whips within your idle Hands, Nor drive the loit'ring Ghost this Voice demands? But mark we well! my Charms, in Fate's defpight, Shall drag you forth, ye Siggian Dogs, to Light;

Ver. 1114. Ye Stygian Degs.] The Furies. As if the would fay, I will call you by your most derested Name.

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Thro'

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Thro' Vaults, and Tombs, where now fecure you roun, My Vengeance that puntue, and chace you idome. And thou, oh! Hesats, that dar's to sife, Various and alter'd to immortal Eyes. No more that yell thy Hornors in diffuife: Still in thy Form scourfed that they dwell, 1115 Nor change the Face that Nature made for Hell. Each Mythery beneath I will difplay, And Styging Loves that fand somfels a to Day. Thee, Proferping I thy fatal Feat Fil show, What Leagues detain thee in the Realms below, And why thy once fond Mother loaths thee now. At my Command Earth's Barrier shall remove, And piercing Fines vex infernal Fove; Full on his Throne the blazing Beams shall bear. And Light abhorn'd afflict the gloomy Seat. 2120 Yet, am I wat, ye fullen Fiends, obey'd ? Or must I call your Master to my Aid !

Ver. 1124. Thy Fatal Feast.] The Fable of Prater pines eating the Kernel of a Poragranate, and by virtue of that being confined to Hell, is a known Story in Owid. Afcentius in his Notes upon this Place will have it to mean her immodent and incentuous Commerce with her Uncle Plato. He fays, the Word Mela, Apples, has often an obscene Senie, and to prove it quotes that Verse in Virgiss Eclogues,

Hofe ego cana legano tenera lanugine mala. Ver. 1132. Tour Master.] Demogorgon. See aboye the Note on Ver. 794.

At

At whole dread Name the trembling Furies quake, Hell flands abash'd, and Earth's Foundations thake? Who views the Gorgons with intrepid Eyes, 1135 And your unviolable Flood defies?

She faid; and, at the Word, the frozen Blood Slowly began to roll its creeping Flood; Thro' the known Channels ftole the purple Tide, And Warmth, and Motion thro' the Members glide; 1140 The Nerves are firetch'd, the turgid Muscles fwell, And the Heart moves within its fecret Cell; The Haggard Eyes their stupid Lights difclose, And heavy by degrees the Corpse arose. Doubtful and faint th' uncertain Life appears, 1145 And Death, all-o'er, the livid Visage wears,

Ver. 1126. Unviolable Flord.] Styx, by which when the Gods fwore, they were bound to observe what they promis'd.

Ver. 1144. And beauty by degrees.] In the Translation of this Pailage I have taken the Liberty to vary fo far from my Author's Senfe as to make the English quite contrary to the Latin. Lucau fays, the Corps did not rise leifurely, but flarted up at once. I must own, I could not but think the flow heavy manner of rifing by Degrees, as in the Translation, much more folema and proper for the Occafion. I have taken fo few Liberties of this kind, in Comparison of what Monf. Brobenf the French Translator has done, that I hope my Readers, if they don't approve of it, will however be the more inclinable to pardon what I have alter'd from the Original here.

1

Pale,

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Pale, ftiff, and mute, the ghaftly Figure stands, Nor knows to fpeak, but at her dread Commands. When thus the Hag. Speak what I wish to know, And endlefs Reft attends thy Shade below; 115 Reveal the Truth, and, to reward thy Pain, No Charms shall drag thee back to Life again; Such hallow'd Wood shall feed thy Fun'ral Fire, Such Numbers to thy last Repose conspire, No Sifter of our Art thy Ghoft shall wrong, IIj Or force thee liften to her potent Song. Since the dark Gods in myftick Tripods dwell, Since doubtful Truths ambiguous Frophets tell; While each Event aright and plain is read, To ev'ry bold Inquirer of the Dead: 116 Do thou unfold what End these Wars shall wait, Perfons, and Things, and Time, and Place relate, And be the just Interpreter of Fate. She fpoke, and, as fhe fpoke, a Spell fhe made, That gave new Prefcience to th' unknowing Shade. 116

60 .

When thus the Spectre, weeping all for Woe;. Seek not from me the Parca's Will to know. I faw not what their dreadful Looms ordain, Too foon recall'd to hated Life again;

Ver. 1157. Since the dark Gods.] Since Oracles a Prophets are tilent or unintelligible, do thou for the H nour of Ne cromancy (the Art of enquiring by the Dea fpeak plainly and truly.

Ver. 1168. Dreadful Looms.] In which the Parce (Deftinies) fpun, or rather wove, the Fates of Mankind. Recall

Recall'd, e'er yet my waiting Ghoft had pass'd 1170 The filent Stream, that wafts us all to Reff. All I cou'd learn, was from the loose Report Of wand'ring Shades, that to the Banks refort. Uproar, and Discord, never known 'till now, Distract the peaceful Realms of Death below; 1179 From blifsful Plains of fweet Elysium fome, Others from doleful Dens, and Torments, come; While in the face of ev'ry various Shade, The Woes of Rame too plainly might be read. In Tears lamenting, Ghosts of Patriots stood, 1182 And mourn'd their Country in a falling Flood; Sad were the Decii, and the Curii feen, And heavy was the great Camillus' Mien: On Fortune loud indignant Sylla rail'd, And Scipio his unhappy Race bewail'd; 1187 The Cenfor fad forefaw his Cate's Doom. Refolv'd to die for Liberty, and Reme. Of all the Shades that haunt the happy Field, Thee only, Brutus ! fmiling I beheld;

Ver. 1180. Lamenting Ghofts of Patriots.] For the Decit, Curii, and Cambilli, fee the Notes on Book 1ft and 2d. Their Sadnefs upon this Occasion foretold Cafar's Success; whom they look'd upon as an Enemy to and Subverter of the Commonwealth they had so gloriously defended. The Scipio mention'd here is probably Scipio Africanus, who forefees the Death of Corn. Scipio, Pompey's Father-in-Law, as Cato the Cenfor is concern'd for his Great Grandfon Cato of Utica.

Ver. 1189. Thes only, Brutus!] L. Junius Brutus, who drove

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Thee, thou first Conful, haughty Tarquin's Dread, From whole just Wrath the confcious Tyrant fied, When Freedom first uprear'd her infant Head. Meanwhile the Damn'd exult amidit their Pains. And Catilins' audacious breaks his Chains. There the Cethegan naked Race I view'd, 1195 The Marii fierce, with human Gore embrew'd, The Gracebi, fond of Milchief-making Laws, And Druss, popular in Faction's Caule, All clap'd their Hands in horrible Applaufe. The Crash of brazen Fetters rung around, 12:0 And Hell's wide Caverns trembled with the Sound. No more the Bounds of Fate their Guilt constrain. But proudly they demand th' Elysian Plain.

drove out the Tarquins. The Poet represents him as plend with the Hopes that one of his Family was to revenge the Cause of Rome by the Death of Cafar.

Thee only.] That is, the couly smongh the just and Virtuous, and those who were Lovers of their Country.

Ver. 1194. Catiline andacious.] Catiline and Cethegus were concern'd in a famous Confiperacy for the Deftraction of Rome: For these and the Marii see Book 2. The Drug and the Gracchi were Tribunes of the People, who had been great Sticklers for the Agrarian and Framemarian Laws, by which they would have reduced every Man's Eftate and the Provisions for his Family to an Equaity. They were fornewhat like the Levellers in Oliver Crommell's Time, and were the Authors of very dangerous Seditions and Confusion in the State. See Book 1. Var. 485.

Thus

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they, while dreadful Die, with butie Cares, Forments for the Conquerors propage; 11845 Chains of Adamant he forms below, cens all his deep Referves of Woe: are the Pains for Tyrants kept in Store, lames yet ten times hotter than before. ou, oh noble Youth! in Proce depart, 1210 oth, with botter Hopes, thy doubtful Bleert: is the Reft, and biffsful is the Place. wait the Sire, and his illustrious Race. indly feek to lengthen out thy Date, ney the furviving Victor's Fate; 1115 lour draws near when all alike must rield.)eath thail min the Fame of every Field. then, with Glory, to your defin'd End. couly from your humbler Urns defend ; 1 Superior Vistue shall you come. 7110 ample on the Demigods of Rame. : 4 that thall it import the mighty Dead, the Nile, or Dier to be laid? ily for a Grave your Wars are made.

. 1204. Dis.] Plato.

. 1205. For the Computerors.] For Cafar and those Ranty.

. 1219. From your humbler Urns.] You of Pompey's hall not be bury'd with Magnificence, and after wards d. as flafar and his Datendan's may be; but in the Life you will be infinitely fuperior to 'em, more us, and more happy.

. 1223. The Nile or Tyber.] Pompey was kill'd in ; and Cefar in Rome.

Sock

LUCAN'S Book

Seek not to know what, for thy felf remains, That fhall be told in fair Sicilia's Plains; Prophetick there, thy Father's Shade fhall rife, In awful Vifion to thy wond'ring Eyes: He fhall thy Fate reveal; tho' doubting yet, Where he may beft advife thee to retreat. In vain to various Climates fhall you run, In vain purfuing Fortune firite to flum, In Europe, Africk, Afia, ftill undone. Wide as your Triumphs fhall your Ruins lie. And all in diftant Regions fhall you die. Ah wretched Race! to whom the World can yield No fafer Refuge, than Emathia's Field.

He faid, and with a filent, mournful Look, A laft Difmiffion from the Hag befpoke. Nor can the Sprite, difcharg'd by Death's cold Hand, Again be fubject to the fame Command; But Charms and Magick Herbs mult lend their Aid, And render back to Reft the troubled Shade. As Pile of hollow'd Wood Britishe Isuids, The Soul with Joy its mangled Carcafs yields;

Ver. 1226. That fhall be told.] This Paffage is a Proof that Lucan intended to carry on his Poem n farther than the Period at which he left it; fince he all here to an Appearance of Pompey's Ghost to his Son, w was undoubtedly to be introduced in the subsequent of his Story.

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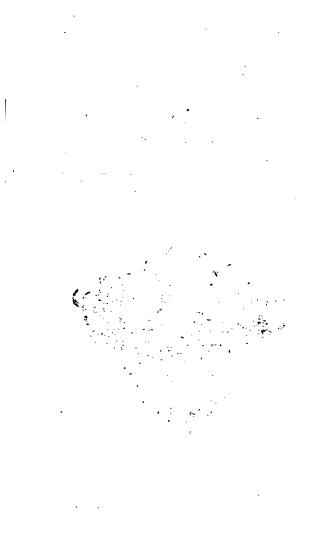
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e bids the kinding Flames afcend on high, id leaves the weary Wretch at length to die. ien, while the fecret Dark their Footfteps hides, omeward the Youth, all pale for fear, fhe guides; id, for the Light began to flreak the Eaft, 1250, ith potent Spells the Dawning fhe reprefs'd; mmanded Night's obedient Queen to flay, d, 'till they reach'd the Camp, with-held the rifing Day.



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ТНЕ •• VENTH BOO ; HARSALIA.

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The ARGUMENT.

In the Seventh Book is told, first, Pompey's Drea the Night before the Battle of Pharlalia; after that, the impatient Lesite of this Army therag which is reinford by Tully. Pompey, the's gainst his own Opinion and Inclination, agrees a Battle. Then follows the Speech of each Genral to his Army, and the Battle it self: The Flight of Pompey; Cælar's Behaviour after a Wichery; and can Investing against him, and wery Chantry of Theffaly; for being the Sta (according to this and other Anthors) of so man Misfortunes to the People of Rome.



LUCAN's

HARSALIA.

BOOK VII.



ATE, and unwilling, from his warry Bed,

Uprear'd the mournful Sun his cloudy

ficken'd to behold Emathia's Plain,

d wou'd have fought the backward Eaft again : Il oft' he turn'd him from the defini'd Race, 5 id with'd fome dark Eclipfe might weil his radiant Face- *Pompey*, mean while, in pleafing Vifions paft is Night, of all his happy Nights the laft.

Ver. 7. Rompey, mean while.] Platarch fays, that the ight before the Battle Pompey dream'd, that as he went to the Theatre, the People receiv'd him with great Applaufe LUGAN'S

70

Book

It fremid, as if, in all lis format State, In his own Themer focure he fate : About his Side unnumber d' Romany cloud -And, joyful, fhout his much-lov'd Name aloud; The echoing Benches feem to ring around, And his charm'd Ears devour the pleafing Sound. Such both himfelf, and fuch the People feem, In the false Prospect of the feigning Dream; As when in early Manhood's beardlefs. Bloom, He fload the darling Hope and Jey of Rome. When fierce Sertorius by his Arms fuppreft, And Spain fubdu'd, the Conqueror confeft; When rais'd with Honours never known before. The Confuls Purple, yet a Youth, he wore : When the plets'd Senate fate with new Delicht. To view the Triumph of a Roman Knight.

Perhaps, when our good Days to tonget laft; a The Mind runs backward, and enjoys the paft: Perhaps, the riddling Visions of the Night of the Solution With Contrasteries deluderous Sights;

plaufe ; and that he himfelf adorn'd the Temple of Pinn the Victorians with: many Spalls. This: Victoric particular couraged and partly, differenced him, fearing left that a dorning a Place conferrated to Pinns flould be performed with Spoils taken from himfelf by Coffer . who don't the his Family from that Goddefs.

Ver. 24: Yor & Yeards] Sie the Noter until Com'

And

k VII. PHARSALIA. 71.

when fair Scenes of Pleafure they disclose, they foretell, and fure enfuing Woos. 30 ras it not, that, fince the Fates ordain tey thou'd never fee his Rome again, last good Office yet they meant to do, gave him in a Dream this parting View? h may no Trumpet bid the Leader wakel 35 z, let him long the blifsful Slumber take! foon the Morrow's fleeplefs Night will come; fraught with Slaughter, Mistery, and Rome; h Horror, and Difmay, these Shades shall rife; the loft Battle live-before his Ryes, low bleft his Fellew-Cisizens had been. But in Dreams, their Pompy to have fora? that the Gods, in pity, would allow, h long try'd Friends their Defliny, to know ; tach, to each, might their fad Thoughts conveys, agi i make the most of their last mournful Day: now, unconfcious of the Ruin night hin his native Land he thinks to die: ile her fond Hapes with Confidence: prefime; thing to terrible from Fate can come, . to be robb'd of her lov'd Pompey's Tomb.

Ver. 48. He thinks to die.] Pompey. Wer: 49: Her ford Hopes.] Pompey's Country, Rome.

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72 LUCAN's Book VII.

Had the fad City Fate's Decree foreknown, What Floods, faft falling, fhou'd her Lofs bemoan; Then fhou'd the lufty Youth, and Fathers hoar, With mingling Tears, their Chief renown'd deplore; *ff* Maids, Matrons, Wives, and Babes, a helplefs **Train**, As once for god-like *Brutus*, fhou'd complain; Their Treffes fhou'd they tear, their Bofomes beat, And cry loud-wailing in the doleful Street.

Nor fhalt thou, Rome, thy gufhing Sorrows keep, 60 Tho' aw'd by Cefar, and forbid to weep; Tho', while he tells thee of thy Pompey dead, He fhakes his threat'ning Fauchion o'er thy Head. Lamenting Crouds the Conqueror fhall meet, And with a peal of Groans his Triumph great; 65 In fad Proceffion fighing fhall they go, And ftain his Laurels with the Streams of Woe.

But now, the fainting Stars at length gave way, And hid their vanquish'd Fires in beamy Day; When round the Leader's Tent the Legions croud, And, urg'd by Fate, demand the Fight aloud. Wretches! that long their little Life to wafte, And hurry on those Hours that fly too fast!

Ver. 57. As once for Brutus.] The People of Rome made a folemn Mourning of a Year for L. Jun, Brutus, who expell'd the Tarquins, as for a publick and common Father.

Ver. 70. The Leader's Tent.] Pompey's.

Too

70

Book VII. PHARSALIA.

Too foon, for thousands, shall the Day be done, Whofe Eyes no more shall see the fetting Sun. Jumultuous Speech, th' impulsive Rage confest, 75 Ind Rome's bad Genius rofe in ev'ry Breaft. With vile Difgrace they blot their Leader's Name, 'ronounce ev'n Pompey fearful, flow, and tame, Ind cry, He finks beneath his Father's Fame. Some charge him with Ambition's guilty Views, 81 And think 'tis Pow'r, and Empire, he purfues; That, fearing Peace, he practifes Delay, And wou'd, for ever, make the World obey. While Eastern Kings of ling'ring Wars complain, 85 And with to view their native Realms again. Thus when the Gods are pleas'd to plague Mankind, Our own rash Hands are to the Task affign'd; By them ordain'd the Tools of Fate to be, We blindly act the Mifchiefs they decree; 90 We call the Battle, we the Sword prepare, And Rome's Destruction is the Roman Pray'r. The gen'ral Voice, united, Tully takes,

And for the reft the Iweet Perfuader fpeaks; Tully, for happy Eloquence renown'd, With ev'ry Roman Grace of Language crown'd; Beneath whole Rule and Government rever'd, Fierce Catiline the peaceful Axes fear'd:

Ver. 80. His Father.] Cafar. Ver. 98. Fierce Catiline.] M. Tullius Cicero, the famous Vol. II. D Orator,

73

LUCAN'S Book V

But now, detain'd amidit an armed Throng, Where loft his Arts, and uselefs was his Tongue, The Orator had born the Camp too long. He to the vulgar Side his Pleading draws, And thus enforces much their feeble Caufe.

%

For all, that Fortune for thy Arms has done, For all thy Fame acquir'd, thy Battles won; This only Boon her fuppliant Vows implore, That thou wou'dit deign to use her Aid once more: In this, O Pompey ! Kings and Chiefs unite, And, to chastife proud Cafar, ask the Fight. Shall he, one Man against the World combin'd, 1 Protract Destruction, and embroil Mankind? What will the vanquish'd Nations murm'ring fay, Where once thy Conquests cut their winged Way; When they behold thy Virtue lazy now, And fee thee move thus languishing and flow? 1 Where are those Fires that warm'd thee to be Great? That stable Soul, and Confidence in Fate? Canft thou the Gods ungratefully miftruft? Or think the Senate's facred Caufe unjuft? Scarce are th' impatient Enfigns yet with-held: 1 Why art thou, thus, to Victory compell'd?

Orator, was Conful at the Time of *Catiline's* Confpirat and it was by his Prudence principally that it was fa prefs'd.

D

BookVII. PHARSALIA. 35

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Doft thou Rome's Chief, and in her Caufe, appear?	•
"Tis hers to chuse the Field, and the appoints it here.	
Why is this Ardor of the World withstood,	
The injur'd World, that thirs for Cefar's Blood?	125
See! where the Troops with Indignation stand,	2
Each Javelin trembling in an eager Hand,	ξ
And wait, unwillingly, the last Command.	2
Refolve the Senate then, and let 'em know,	
Are they thy Servants, or their Servant thou?	130
Sore figh'd the lift'ning Chief, who well cou'd re	ad
Some dire Delution by the Gods decreed;	
He faw the Fates malignantly inclin'd,	
To thwart his Purpole, and perplex his Mind.	134
Since thus (he cry'd) it is by all decreed,	>
Since my impatient Friends and Country need	4
My Hand to fight, and not my Head to lead;	Z
Pompey no longer thall your Fate delay,	2
But let pernicious Fortune take her Way,	ξ
And waste the Wasid on one devoted Day.	5
But oh! be witness thou may native Rome,	141
With what a fast fore-boding Heart I come;	
To thy hard Fate unwillingly I yield,	
While thy rafh Sons compel are to the Field.	
How easily had Cafer been fubdu'd,	145
And the bleft Vignery been free from Blood !	
D 2	But

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LUCAN's Book VII.

78

But the fond Romans cheap Renown difdain, They wish for Deaths to purple o'er the Plain, And recking Gore their guilty Swords to flain. Driv'n by my Fleets, behold, the flying Foe, 150 At once the Empire of the Deep forego; Here by Necessity they feem to stand, Coop'd up within a Corner of the Land. By Famine to the last Extreams compell'd, They fnatch green Harvests from th' unripen'd Field; 195 And with we may this only Grace afford, To let 'em die like Soldiers, by the Sword. 'Tis true, it feems an Earnest of Success, That thus our bolder Youth for Action prefs: But let 'em try their inmost Hearts with Care, 160 And judge betwixt true Valour, and rafh Fear; Let 'em be fure this Eagerness is right, And certain Fortitude demands the Fight. ć In War, in Dangers oft' it has been known. That Fear has driv'n the headlong Coward on. 201 Give me the Man, whole cooler Soul can wait. With Patience, for the proper Hour of Fate. See what a profp'rous Face our Fortunes bear! Why fhou'd we truft 'em to the Chance of War? Why must we rifque the World's uncertain Doom, 170 And rather chule to fight, than overcome?

Thou

Book VII. PHARSALIA. 77

Thou Goddels Chance! who to my careful Hand, Haft giv'n this wearifome fupreme Command; If I have, to the Task of Empire just, Enlarg'd the Bounds committed to my Truft; 175 Be kind, and to thy felf the Rule refume, And, in the Fight, defend the Caufe of Rome: To thy own Crowns, the Wreath of Conquest join; Nor let the Glory, nor the Crime be mine. But fee! thy Hopes, unhappy Pompey ! fail: .18a We fight; and Cafar's stronger Vows prevail. Oh what a Scene of Guilt this Day shall show ! What Crouds shall fall, what Nations be laid low! Red shall Enipeus run with Roman Blood, And to the Margin fwell his foamy Flood. 185 Oh! if our Caule my Aid no longer need, Oh! may my Bosome be the first to bleed: Me let the thrilling Jav'lin foremost strike, Since Death and Victory are now alike. To Day, with Ruin shall my Name be join'd, 190 Or fland the common Curfe of all Mankind; By ev'ry Woe the Vanquish'd shall be known, And ev'ry Infamy the Victor crown.

Ver. 190. To Day.] If I conquer, it must be by the Slaughter of my Fellow-Citizens, and confequently I become the Object of their Hate: If I am conquer'd, I must be ruin'd my felf.

He

LUCAN'S Book VIL

He fpoke ; and, yielding to th' impetuous Croud, The Battle to his frantick Bands allow'd. 195 So, when long vex'd by frormy Corus' Blaft, The weary Pilor quits the Helm at laft; He leaves his Veffel to the Winds to guide, And drive unifeady with the tumbling Time.

78

Loud thro' the Camp the rifing Murmurs found, 200 And one tumultuous Hurry runs around; Sudden their bufie Hearts began to beat, And each pale Vifage wore the Marks of Fate. Anxious, they fee the dreadful Day is come, That must decide the Deftiny of Rome. 209 This fingle vaft Concern employs the Holt, And private Fears are in the publick loft. Shou'd Earth be rent, thou'd Darknels quench the San, Shou'd fwelling Seas above the Mountains sun, Shou'd universal Nature's End draw mar-236 Who could have leight for himfelf to feart With fuch Confent his Safety each forget, And Rome, and Fompey, took up ev'ry Thought.

Ver. 196. Corus.] Is, according to Cellarius his Scheme of Winds, N. W. and by W. but here it is taken for any Wind.

Ver. 202. Saiden their befrei] It is by no means an improper Thought, that the' die Soldiers were very eager fon the Battle, they might yet be in fome Confermation when they perceiv'd it was refolv'd upon in carnelt, cfpecially when fo much was to depend upon it.

And

Book VII. PHARSALIA. 79

And now the Warriors all, with bufie Care, Whet the dull Sword, and point the blunted Spear; 215 With tougher Nerves they firing the bended Bow, And in full Quivers steely Shafts bestow; The Horfeman sees his Furniture made fit, Sharpens the Spur, and burnifhes the Bit; Fixes the Relii to check, or urge his Speed, 220 And animates to Fight the fnorting Steed. Such once the bufie Gods Employments were, If mortal Men to Gods we may compare, When Earths bold Sons began their impions War. The Lemnian Pow'r, with many a Stroke, reftor'd 225 Blue Neptune's Trident, and ftern Mars's Sword; In terrible Array the blue-ey'd Maid, The Hortors of her Gorgon Shield difplay'd'; **Phiebus** his once victorious Shafts renew'd, Difus'd, and rufty with the Python's Blood; 220 While, with unweary'd Toil, the Cyclops strove To forge new Thunders for Imperial Four.

Nor wanted then dire Omens, to declare What curft Events Thessalia's Plains prepare.

Ver. 225. The Lemnian Pow'r.] Vulcan, who kept his Shop and Forge at Lemmas.

Ver. 233. Nor manued then dire Omens.] Most of these Portents are related by Valarian Maximus to have happen'd to Pampy in his March from Dyerhachians into Thessay; and according to him they were so many Warnings to avoid a Battle with Cafar.

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Black

LUCAN'S Book VII.

Black Storms oppos'd against the Warriors lay,	235
And Light'nings thwarted their forbidden Way;	
Full in their Eyes the dazling Flashes broke,	
And, with Amaze their troubled Senfes stroke:	
Tall fiery Columns in the Skies were feen,	
With wat'ry Typhons interwove between.	240
Glancing along the Bands swift Meteors shoot,	
And from the Helm the plumy Honours cut;	
Sudden the Flame diffolves the Jav'lin's Head,	
And liquid runs the shining steely Blade.	
Strange to behold! their Weapons difappear,	245
While fulph'rous Odour taints the fmoking Air.	,
The Standard, as unwilling to be born,	• .
With Pain from the tenacious Earth is torn:	
Anon, black Swarms hang cluffring on its height,	
And prefs the Bearer with unwonted Weight.	250

80

Ver. 243. Typhons] were what our Seamen call Water-Spouts. Accounts of 'em are frequently to be met with in Voyages, efpecially in the *Weft-Indian* Seas. They appear like vaft Pillars of Water moving upon the Surface of the Sea, and when they break are very dangerous to any Ships that are near. I never heard of any in an Inland Country, tho' they may poffibly be drawn up upon Lakes or large Rivers by Hurricanes.

The Standards slicking too fast in the Ground, or havving Bees swarm upon 'em, were Omens always reckon'd of the worst kind; of which Livy gives several Instances, particularly before the Battle of Thrasymene in the second Funnek War.

Big

Book VII. PHARSALIA. 81

Big Drops of Grief each fweating Marble wears,And Parian Gods, and Heroes frand in Tears.No more th' aufpicious Victim tamely dies,But furious from the hallow'd Fane he flies;Breaks off the Rites with Prodigies profane.And bell'wing feeks Emasbia's fatal Plain.

But who, O Cafar ! who were then thy Gods? Whom didft theu fummon from their dark Abodes? The Furies liften'd to thy grateful Vows, And dreadful to the Day the Pow'rs of Hell arofe. 260

Did then the Monsters, Fame records, appear? Or were they only Fantoms form'd by Fear? Some faw the moving Mountains meet like Foes, And rending Earth new-gaping Caves difclosfe. Others beheld a fanguine Torrent take 265: Its purple Course, thro' fair Bacheiis' Lake; Heard each returning Night, portentous, yield Loud Shouts of Battle on Planfalia's Field. While others thought they faw the Light decay, And fudden Shades oppress the fainting Day; 270

Ver. 252. Parian Gods,] From the Island of Paros came the whitest and finest Marble, of which the Statues of Gods or great Men were usually made. This Island was one of the Cyclades in the Egoan Sea, and is now call'd Pario.

Ver. 253. Tamely dies.] This Repugnance in the Victim to fubmit to the Sacrifice was reckond very unlucky.

Ver. 266. Boebeis' Lake,] Not far from Pharfalia, in that Part of Theffaly call'd Magnetia.

D' 5

Fancy'd

LUCAN'S Book VII.

Fancy'd wild Horrors in each other's Face; And faw the Ghoffs of all their bury'd Race; Beheld 'em rife and glare with pale Affright, 'And ftalk around 'em; in the new-made Night. 246 Whate'er the Gaule, the Croud, by Fate decreed; To make their Brothers; Sons; and Fathers bleed, Confenting, to the Prodigies agreed ; 'And while they third impatient for that Blood; Blefs thefe nefarious Omens all as good.

But wherefore theu'd we wonder, to behold 2000 That Death's Approach by Madnels was foretold? Wild are the wandving Thoughts which last furvice; And thele had not another Day to live: Thefe thook for what they faw;, while diftant Clinter, Unknowing, trembled for *Roundbia's* Crimes: 205 Where *Tyrian Gades* feest the fetting Sun, And where Arassel rapid Waters run, From the bright Orient to the glowing Weft; In ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Roman Breaft: The Terrors of thist dreadful Day confett: Where Appress first forings in fmoaky Steam, 295 And fall Timeow rolls his nobler Stream;

Ver. 279. Whateher the Gauss.]. These Products (the Poet fays) were agreeable to that horrible Disposition of Mind which at that time had possess beet Parties, and prepard 'em for embrewing their Hands in the Blood of their nearest Relations and Fellow-Citizens.

Ver. 291. Where Apenne.] Aponto is a Bountain functus for

Book VII. PHARSALIA. 83

Upon a Hill that Day, if Fame be true, A learned Augur fat the Skies to view: "Tis come, the great Event is come (he cry'd) Our impious Chiefs their wicked War decide. Whether the Seer obferv'd Jove's forky Flame, And mark'd the Firmament's diffordant Frame; Or whether, in that Gloom of fudden Night, The firuggling Sun declar'd the dreadful Fight: 3000 From the first Birth of Morning in the Skies, Sure never Day like this was known to rife; In the blue Vault, as in a Volume firead, Plaim might the Latian Definy be read. Oh Rome! oh People, by the Gods affign'd 305

On Rome ! on People, by the Gods align d 305 To be the worthy Mafters of Mankind ! On thee, the Heav'ns with all their Signals wait, And fuffring Nature labours with thy Eate.

for Medicinal Waters near Padus in Italy. Suetonius mentions it, Cap. 14. of the Life of Tiberius, upon a remarkable Occasion.

Timevus is a River in the fame Country, once a large and very famous one. It is now call'd Friuli, but is almost dry'd up and thrunk to nothing.

Ver. 294. A Learned Augur.] Upon the Day when the fathous Battle of Pharfalia was fought, C. Carnelius, an Augur, was then at Padua, and observing his Rules of Augury, told them that flood by him the very Inftant when the Battle began; and going again to his Art, return'd as it were infpir'd, and cry'd out aloud, Cefar, thom baft emquer'd.

When

LUCAN'S Book VII.

When thy great Names to lateft Times convey'd,By Fame, or by my Verfe Immortal made,3 toIn free-born Nations juftly fhall prevail,3 toAnd roufe their Paffions with this nobleft Tale;How fhall they fear for thy approaching Doom,As if each paft Event were yet to come!How fhall their Bofomes fwell with vaft Concern,3 tg.And long the doubtful Chance of War to learn!Ev'n then the fav'ring World with thee fhall join,And ev'ry honeft Heart to Pompey's Caufe incline.

84 ·

Defeending, now, the Bands in juft Array, From burnifh'd Arms reflect the beamy Day; 320 In an ill Hour they fpread the fatal Field, And with portentous Blaze the neighb'ring Mountains gild: On the Left Wing, bold Lentulus, their Head, The Firft and Fourth felected Legions led; Lucklefs Domitius, vainly brave in War, 325 Drew forth the Right with unaufpicious Care. In the mid Battle daring Scipio fought, With Eight full Legions from Cilicia brought.

Ver. 324. Selected Legions.] Some fay the First and the Third. However, they were two of the best Legions. Concerning this Disposition of the Army there is fome Dispute, which is not of very great Consequence to us. The several Commanders here mention'd have been all mention'd before.

Submiflive

Book VIF. PHARSALIA.

Submiffive here to Pompey's high Command, The Warrior undiftinguish'd took his Stand, Referv'd to be the Chief on Libya's burning Sand. Near the low Marshes and Enipeus' Flood, 332 The Pontick Horfe, and Cappadocian ftood. While Kings and Tetrarchs proud, a purple Train, Liegemen and Vaffals to the Latian Reign, Pollefs'd the rifing Grounds and drier Plain. Here Troops of black Numidians four the Field, And bold Iberians narrow Bucklers wield; Here twang the Syrian, and the Cretan Bow, And the fierce Gauls provoke their well-known Foe, 349

Go, Pompey, lead to Death th' unnumber'd Hoft, Let the whole human Race at once be loft;

Ver. 340. Well-known Foe.] The Commentators fuppose, that the Gauls here mention'd to be in Pompey's Army were certain Allobroges [Savoyards] who deferted from Cafar's Army with Ægus and Rofcillus at the laft Engagement near Dyrrhachium, mention'd in the Sixth Book just after the Story of Scava.

Ver. 241. Go, Pompey!] Lucan in this, as in many other Places, mentions the Army of Pompey as very numerous, a vast Multitude: Whereas the Historians hardly give him 50000 Men, and not above 30000 to Cafar: And perhaps the Poet's Imagination was fwell'd with the Thought of that great Number of Nations, either fubject to the Romans, or confederated with them, of which Pompey's Army was compos'd. Plutarch, in Fompey's Life, fays, Cefar's Army confifted of 22000 Men, and Pompey's of twice that Number. He is likewife very particular in the Order of the Battle.

85

Let

86 LUCAN'S Book VII.

Let Nations, upon Nations, heap the Plain, And Tyranny want Subjects for its Reign. Celar, as Chance ordand, that Morn decreed 345 The fooiling Bands of Forragers to lead; When with a fudden, but a glad Surprize, The Foe defeending frook his wond'ring Eyes. Esper, and burning for unbounded Sway, Long had he born the redious War's Delay; 310 Long had he flruggled with protracting Time, That fav'd his Country, and deferr'd his Crime: At length he fees the with'd-for Day is come, To end the Strife for Liberty, and Reme; Fate's dark myfterious Threat'nings to explain, 355 And ease th' Impatience of Ambition's Pain. But when he law the vaft Event fo nigh. Unufual Horror damp'd his impious loy; Fer one cold Moment funk his Heart fupprefs'd, And Doubt hung heavy on his anxious Breath. 260 Tho' his paft Fortunes promife now Success, Yet Perspey, from his own, expects no lefs. His changing Thoughts revolve with various Cheer. While thele forbid to Hope, and those to Fear. At length his wonted Confidence returns, 264 With his first Fires his daring Bofome burns; As if fecure of Victory, he flands, And fearlefs thus befpeaks the lift'ning Bands.

Ye

Book VIL. PHARSALIA. 87

Ye Warriors! who have made your Calar great, On whom the World, on whom my Fortunes wait, 270-To Day, the Gods, whate'er you with, afford, And Fate attends on the deciding Sword. By your firm Aid alone your Leader flands, And trufts his All to your long-faithful Hands. This Day shall make our promis'd Glories good, 375 The Hopes of Rubicon's diffinguish'd Flood. For this bleft Morn we trufted long to Fase, Deferr'd our Fame, and bad the Triumph wait. This Day, my gallant Friends, this happy Day, Shall the long Labours of your Arms repay; 380 Shall give you back to evry loy of Life. To the lov'd Off-foring, and the tender Wife ; Shall find my Vet'ran out a fafe Retreat, And lodge his Age within a peaseful Seat. The long Diffute of Guilt shall new be cleard, 385 And Conquest shall the juster Cause reward. Have you, for me, with Sword and Fire laid wafte Your Country's bleeding Botome, as you paft? Let the fame Swords as boldly firile to Day. And the laft Wounds shall wipe the first away, 300 Whatever Faction's partial Notions are, No Hand is wholly innocent in War. Yours is the Canfe to which my Vows are join'd, I feek to make you free, and Matters of Mankind,

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T. TT CAN's Book VII:

I have no Hopes, no Wifnes of my own, But well cou'd hide me in a'private Gown: At my Expence of Fame exalt your Pow'rs, Let me be nothing, fo the World be yours. Nor think the Task too bloody shall be found, With easie Glory shall our Arms be crown'd: 400 Yon Hoft come learn'd in Academick Rules, A Band of Difputants from Grecian Schools. To these, luxurious Eastern Crouds are join'd, Of many a Tongue, and many a diff'ring Kind: Their own first Shouts shall fill each Soul with Fears, And their own Trumpets shock their tender Ears. 406 Unjustly this, a Civil War, we call, Where none but Foes of Rome, Barbarians, fall. On then my Friends! and end it at a Blow; Lay these fost lazy worthless Nations low. 410 Shew Pompey, that fubdu'd 'em, with what Eafe Your Valour gains fuch Victories as thefe:

Ver. 401. Yon Hoft come learn'd.] Meaning those Supplies that Pompey had drawn out of Greece.

Ver. 408. Fors of Rome, Barbarians.] The Nations which Pompey had vanquish'd in Asia, whom he now drew to his Affiftance. Nor is it ill reafon'd to imagine. that these People shou'd have very little Concern for the Prefervation of the Roman State, but rather be glad to contribute to its Ruin : But more particularly it is improbable they fhould engage, heartily, on that very Man's Side who had conquer'd and enflav'd 'em.

395

Shew

88

VII. PHARSALIA. 89

him, if Justice still the Palm conferrs, riumph was too much for all his Wars. distant Tigris shall Armenians come, 415 lge between the Citizens of Rome? rce Barbarian Aliens wafte their Blood, ke the Caufe of Latian Pompey good? me, No. To them we're all the fame, nate alike the whole An(onian Name; 420 off those haughty Masters whom they know, aught their fervile vanquish'd Necks to bow. rhile, as, round, my joyful Eyes are roll'd, but my try'd Companions I behold; ears in Gaul we made our hard Abode, 425 any a March in Partnership have trod. : a Soldier to your Chief unknown? rd, to whom I truft not, like my own? I not mark each lav'lin in the Sky. iy from whom the fatal Weapons fly? 439 ow I view aufpicious Furies rife, age redoubled flashes in your Eyes. Joy those Omens of Success I read, e the certain Victory decreed; he purple Deluge float the Plain, 435 Piles of Carnage, Nations of the Slain; Chiefs, with mangled Monarchs, I furvey, ie pale Senate crowns the glorious Day.

But

LUCAN'S BookVIL

But, oh! forgive my tedious lavish Tongue, Your eager Virtue I with-hold too long; My Soul exults with Plopes too fierce to bear, I feel good Fortune and the Gods draw near. All we can ask, with full Confear they yield, And nothing Bars us but this narrow Field. The Battle o'er, what Boon can I deny? The Treasures of the World before you lie. Oh Thefinity I what Stars, what Pow'rs Divine, To thy diffinguish'd Land this great Event allign? Between Extremes, to Day, our Fortune lies, The vileft Punifiment, and ableft Prize. Confider well the Caprive's loft Effate, Chains, Racks, and Croffes for the vanquisited wais. My Limbs are each allotted to its Place; And my pale Flead the Roftmat's Height field grace: But that's a Thought unworthy Cofor's Carc, **4**55 More for my Friends than for my felf I fear. On my good Sword feeurely I rely, And, if I conquer not, am fare to die. But oh! for you, my annious Soul forefore, Pompey shall copy Sylla's curft Decrees; 460

Ver. 454. The Rofirum's Height.] The publick Pleading-place. Cicere's Head and Hands were afterwards put up there by M. Antony.

90

The

Book VII. PHARSALIA. 91

The Martian Field shall blush with Gore again, And Maffacres once more the perceful Sepra flain. Her, oh! ye Gods, who in Rome's Strugglings thate, Who leave your Heav'n, to make our Earth your Care; Hear, and let him, the happy Victor, live; 405 Who shall with Mercy use the Pow'r you give; Whole Rage for Slaughter with the War shall ceafe, And spare his vanquish'd Enemies in Peace. . Nor is Dyrrhachium's fatal Field forgot, Nor what was then our brave Companions Lot; 470 When by Advantage of the straiter Ground, Successful Pompey compais'd us around ; When quite difarm'd your ufelels Valour ftood, 'Till his fell Sword was fatiated with Blood. 474 But gentler Hands, but nobler Hearts you beer, And, oh! remember 'tis your Leader's Pray'r, Whatever Roman flies before you, fpare. But while oppos'd, and menacing they fland, Let no Regard with-hold the lifted Hand: Let Friendship, Kindred, all Remorfe give place, 480 And mangling Wounds deform the reverend Face: Still let Refistance be repaid with Blood, And hoftile Force, by hoftile Force fubdu'd;

Ver. 461. Septs.] See the Note on this Word, Book 2. Ver. 307.

Ver. 469. Dyrrhachium's fatal Field.] Hemens the Engragement mention'd in the Sixth Book.

Stranger,

LUCAN'S Book VII.

Stranger, or Friend, whatever be the Name,Your Merit ftill, to Ce/ar, is the fame.Your Merit ftill, to Ce/ar, is the fame.Fill then the Trenches, break the Ramparts round,And let our Works lie level with the Ground;So fhall no Obftacles our March delay,Nor ftop, one Moment, our victorious Way.Nor fpare your Camp; this Night we mean to lie,In that from whence the vanguifh'd Foe fhall fly.

92

Scarce had he fpoke, when fudden at the Word, They feize the Launce, and draw the fining Sword: At once the turfy Fences all lye wafte, And thro' the Breach the crouding Legions hafte ; 495. Regardlefs all of Order, and Array They fland, and truft to Fate alone the Day. Had each proposed an Empire to be won, Had each once known a *Pompey* for his Son; Had Cafar's Soul inform'd each private Breaft, 500 A fiercer Fury cou'd not be express'd.

With fad Prefages, Pampey, now, beheld His Foes advancing o'er the neighb'ring Field: He faw the Gods had fix'd the Day of Fate, And felt his Heart hang heavy with new Weight. 505. Dire is the Omen when the Valiant fear, Which yet he firove to hide, with well-diffembled Cheer. High on his Warrior Steed, the Chief o'er-ran The wide Array, and thus at length began.

The

III. PHARSALIA. 93

me to ease your groaning Country's Pain, 510 ng your eager Valour fought in vain; deciding Hour at length is come, ie Strivings of diffracted Rome : ne last Effort exert your Pow'r, ne to Day, and all your Toils are o'er. 515 r Pledges of connubial Love, ishold-gods, and Rome, your Souls can move; Fate they feem together brought, hat Prize, to Day, the Battle shall be fought. the fav'ring Gods Affistance fear; 520 ays make the juster Cause their Care. g Dart to Cafar fi all they guide, : the Sword at his devoted Side: 'd Laws shall be on him made good, rty establish'd in his Blood. 525 av'n, in Violence of Wrath, ordain ld to groan beneath a Tyrant's Reign, t fpar'd your Pompey's Head fo long, then'd out my Age to fee the Wrong. n with for, to fecure Success, 530 e Advantage, here, our Arms possels: ie Ranks of ev'ry common Band, ome's illustrious Names for Soldiers stand. e great Dead revisit Life again, mce more, the Decii wou'd be flain; 535

The

94 LUCAN's

Book VH.

The Curii, and Camilli, might we boalt, Proud to be mingled in this nobleft Hoft. If Men, if Multitudes can make us ftrong, Behold what Tribes unnumber'd march along! Where-e'er the Zadiack turns its radiant Round, Where-ever Earth, or People, can be found; To us the Nations iffue forth in Swarms. And in Rome's Caufe all human Nature arms. What then remains, but that our Wings enclose, Within their ample Fold, our fhrinking Foes? 543 Thousands, and Thousands, useless may we spare; Yon' Handful will not half employ our War. Think, from the Summit of the Roman Wall, You hear our loud-lamenting Matrons call; Think with what Tears, what lifted Hands they fue, 500 And place their last, their only Hopes in you. Imagine kneeling Age before you fpread, Each hoary Reverend Majeftick Head; Imagine, Rome her felf your Aid implor'd, To fave her from a proud timperious Lord. 19 Think how the prefent Age, how that to come, What Multitudes from you expect their Doom : On your Success dependant all rely; These to be born in Freedom, those to Die. Think (if there be a Thought can move you more, A Pledge more dear than those I nam'd before)

Think

VII. PHARSALIA. 95

ou behold (were fuch a Posture meet) ; your Pampey, profirate at your Feet. my Wife, my Sons, a suppliant Band, ou our Lives, and Liberties demand; 565 quer you, or I to Exile bosn, difhonourable Years shall mourn. ng Reproach, and my proud Father's Scorn. onds, from Infamy, your Geniral fave, this boary Head defend to Earth a Slave. 570 while he fooke, the faithful Legions round, dignation caught the mournful Sound; they think, his Fears those Dangers view, v to die, e'er Cefer proves 'em true. iff'ring Thoughts the various Hofts incite, 575 ze their deadly Ardor for the Fight ! old Ambition kindles into Rage. :fe their Fears for Liberty engage. all this Day the peopled-Earth deface, Mankind, and rob the growing Race! 184 the Years to come flou'd roll in Peace. ure Ages bring their whole Increafe; fature all her genial Pow'rs employ, not yield what these curft Hands deffroy. all the Greatness of the Roman Name. 585 elieving Ears, be told by Fame; all the mighty Latian Tow'rs be laid, ins crown our Alban Mountain's Head;

While

LUCAN's Book VII.

ġS.

While yearly Magistrates, in turns compell'd To lodge by Night upon th' uncover'd Field, 590 Shall at old doting Numa's Laws repine, Who cou'd to fuch bleak Wilds his Latine Rites affign. Ev'n now behold ! where waste Hefperia lies, Where empty Cities shock our mournful Eyes; Untouch'd by Time, our Infamy they stand, 595 The Marks of civil Difcord's murd'rous Hand. How is the Stock of Humankind brought low! Walls want Inhabitants, and Hands the Plow. Our Fathers fertile Fields by Slaves are till'd, And Rome with Dregs of foreign Lands is fill'd : 600 Such were the Heaps, the Millions of the Slain, As 'twere the Purpole of Emathia's Plain, That none for future Milchiefs shou'd remain. Well may our Annals lefs Misfortunes yield, Mark Allia's Flood, and Canna's fatal Field; 605 But let Phar (alia's Day be still forgot, Be ras'd at once from ev'ry Roman Thought.

Ver. 589. While yearly Magistrates.] Of these Feria Latime, or Latin Festivals, Mention has been made before. They were celebrated at Night by the new Confuls on the Alban Mountain to Jupiter Latialis; they were instituted by Numa, and Portions of Meat were then distributed to the People, in Memory of a League made between the ancient Romans and the Latins.

Ver. 599. By Slaves are till'd.] See Book 1. Ver. 320. Ver. 605. Allia's Flood,] Where the Gauls cut off the Roman Army, and afterwards fack'd the City. This happen'd on XVI. KAL. SEXTIL. or our 17th of July.

'Twas.

VII. PHARSALIA. 97

there, that Fortune, in her Pride, difplay'd reatness her own mighty Hands had made; in Array the Pow'rs of Rome the drew, 610 :t her Subject Nations all to view; he meant to fhew the haughty Queen, by her Ruins, what her Height had been. untlefs Lofs! that well might have fupply'd refolation of all Deaths befide. 615 amine with blue Peftilence confpire. readful Earthquakes with deftroying Fire; lin's Blood the gaping Wounds had join'd, uilt again the Ruins of Mankind. rtal Gods! with what reliftless Force. 626 owing Empire ran its rapid Courfe! 'ry Year with new Success was crown'd. mqu'ring Chiefs enlarg'd the Latian Bound; ome flood Miffrels of the World confels'd, the grey Orient, to the ruddy Weft; 625 Pole, to Pole, her wide Dominions run, -e'er the Stars, or brighter Phaebus shone; w'n and Earth were made for her alone. w, behold, How Fortune tears away ift of Ages in one fatal Day! 630 ay shakes off the vanquish'd Indians Chain. rns the wand'ring Data loofe again:

632. The wand'ring Däz,] A People of Scythia e Cafpian Sea, part of the prefent Afraick Tartars. L. II. E These

LUCAN'S Book VI

66

No longer thall the Victor Conful now, Trace out Sarmatian Citics with the Plow : Exulting Parshis shall her Slaughters boast, Nor feel the Vengeunce due to Craffes' Ghoft. While Liberty, long weary'd by our Crimes, Forfakes us for fome better bach'rans Climes; Beyond the Abine, and Timmis the flice, To mowy Mountains, and to frezen Skies; While Rome, who long purfied that chiefelt Good, O'er Fields of Slaughter, and thro' Seas of Bloed, In Slavery, her abject State shall mourn, Nor dare to hope the Guddels will return. Why were we ever Free? Oh why has Heav's A fhort-liv'd transitory Bieffing giv'n? Of thee, first Brooms, justiy we complian! Why didf thou break thy groaning Country's Chain. And end the proud Lafeivious Tyrant's Reign? Why did thy Patriot Head on Rome befow, đ Lews, and her Confuls rightobus Rule to know ? In Servitude more happy had we been, Since Romulas first wall'd his Refuge in.

These wild People, when they were fubdued by the F mass Confuls, were, in order to their being civiliz'd, a pointed to live (contrary to their native Cufform) in Citis the Circuit or Bounds of which the Confuls themselve mark'd out with a Plough drawn by a Bull and a Co yoak'd together.

Ver. 653. His Refuge.] Romulas at first call'd his Ci Afylus

WH. PHARSALIA.

fince the twice for Vulturs bad him build. is curft Period of Pharfalis's Field. 655 and Arabians of the flevish Raft. th combal Bondage may be bleft ; :, of a diffring Mold and Nature, We, Size to Son; accustoanid to be free, ndignation rifing in our Blood, 660 sluft to want the Chains that make them proud. have be Gods, who rule yon' azure Sky? hey behold Emuchia from on high, ret forbear to bid their Lightnings fly? he Bus'ness of a thundring your, ve the Rocks, and blaft the guiltless Grove? : Calfins holds the Ballance in his flead, wreaks due Vengeance on the Tyrant's Head. Sun ran back from Arrews' monstrous Feast, his fair Beams in murky Clouds suppress'd; 670 fhines he now? why lends his golden Light refe worse Parricides, this more accuried Sight?

m, or a Refuge; and fo indeed it was; for all the bonds, Out-laws, and fuch fort of People, to refort The Augury, taken from the appearing of the Vulwas rather relating to the naming than building the The two Brothers Romalas and Remas contending int Honour, agreed to refer it to the best Augury h thould appear ; accordingly Remus few Six Vultures, templus Twelve. T. 667. While Callius,] Who was one of those that Cafar.

E 2

665

Bat

99

LUCAN's Book VII.

But Chance guides all; the Gods their Task forego, And Providence no longer reigns below. 674 Yet are they Juft, and fome Revenge afford, While their, own Heav'ns are humbled by the Sword, And the proud Victors, like themfelves, ador'd: With Rays adorn'd, with Thunders arm'd they ftand, And Incenfe, Pray'rs, and Sacrifice demand; While trembling, flavifh, fuperfittious Rome, 680. Swears by a mortal Wretch, that moulders in a Tomb.

Now either Hoft the middle Plain had país'd, And Front to Front in threatning Ranks were plac'd; Then ev'ry well known Feature flood to view, Brothers their Brothers, Sons their Fathers knew. Brothers their Brothers, Sons their Fathers knew. Then firft they feel the Curfe of Civil Hate, Mark where their Mifchiefs are affign'd by Fate, And fee from whom themfelves Deftruction wait. Stupid awhile, and at a Gaze they flood, While creeping Horror froze the lazy Blood : Some fmall Remains of Piety withfland, And flop the Javelin in the lifted Hand ; Remorfe for one flort Moment flep'd between, And motionlefs, as Statues, all were feen.

Ver. 677. And the proud Victors.] The fucceeding Emperors: Who were not only Deify'd after they were dead, but had even Altars, Temples, Priefts, and Sacrifices appointed for 'em while they were alive.

And

100

Book VII. PHARSALIA. 101

And oh! what favage Fury could engage. 695 While lingring Cafar yet fuspends his Rage? For him, ye Gods! for Crastinus, whole Spear, With impious Eagerness, began the War,. Some more than common Punishment prepare; - Beyond the Grave long lafting Plagues ordain, 700 Surviving Senfe, and never-ceafing Pain. Strait, at the fatal Signal, all around A thousand Fifes, a thousand Clarions foundy Beyond where Clouds, or glancing Lightnings fly, The piercing Clangors strike the vaulted Sky. 705 The joining Battels fhout, and the loud Peal Bounds from the Hill, and thunders down the Vale; Old Pelion's Caves the doubling Roar return, And Otta's Rocks, and groaning Pindus mourn ;-From Pole to Pole the Tumult fpreads afar,. -710 And the World trembles at the diftant War.

Now flit the thrilling Darts thro' liquid Air, And various Vows from various Mafters bear:

Ver. 697. For Crastinus.] This Crastinus, or Crastinus, (for so he is likewise call'd) was an old Soldier of Cesar's; and tho' he was now *Emericus*; or discharged from the Service, he engaged voluntarily in this War, and began this famous Battle. It is faid of him, that before he went on he told his General, that he would that Day deferve his Praifs dead or alive. Breaking thro' the Enemy's Ranks, he was kill'd by a Spear that ran him in at the Mouth and out at the Neck behind.

Eъ

Some

101 LUCAN'S Book VII.

Some feek the nobleft Roman Hearts to wound, And fome to err upon the guiltlefs Ground; 715 While Chance decrees the Blood that shall be spilt, And blindly featters Innocence and Guilt. But random Shafts too feanty Death afford, A Civil War is business for the Sword: Where Face to Face the Parricides may meet, 740 Know whom they kill, and make the Orime complext.

Firm in the Front, with joining Bucklers clos'd, Stood the Pompeins Infantry difpos'd; So crouded was the Space, it fcarce affords The Pow'r to tofs their Piles, or wield their Swords, 719 Forward, thus thick embattled the' they fund, With headlong Wrath ruth Enrious Cafar's Band; In vain the lifted Shield their Rage retards, Or plaited Mail devoted Bofomes guards; Thro' Shields, thro' Mail, the wounding Weapons go, 730 And to the Heart drive home each deadly Blow; Oh Rage ill match'd! Oh much unequal War, Which those wage proudly, and these tamely bear ! Thefe, by cold, Rupid Piety dilarm'd; Thole, by hot Blood, and fmoaking Slaughter warm'd. 735 Nor in Sulpenfe uncertain Forume hang, But yields, o'er-mafter'd by a Pow'r too firong, And bern by Fate's impetuque Stream along.

From

Book VII. PHARSALIA. 103.

From Pompey's ample Wings, at length, the Herfe Wide o'er the Plain extending take their Courfe; . 740 Wheeling around the hoftile Line they wind, While lightly arm'd the Shot fucceed behind. In various Ways, the various Bands engage, And hurl upon the Foe the miffile Rage; There fiery Darts, and rocky Fragments fly, 745 And heating Bullets whiftle thro' the Sky: Of feather'd Shafts, a Cloud thick shading goes, From Arab, Mede, and Iturean Bows: But driv'n by random Aim they feldom wound; At first they hide the Heav'n, then farew the Ground; 750 While Roman Hands unerring Mifchief fend, And certain Deaths on ev'ry Pile attend.

But Cafar, timely careful, to support His wav'ring Front against the first Effort, Had plac'd his Bodies of Referve behind, 755 And the firong Rear with chosen Cohorts lin'd, There, as the carefels Foe the Fight purfue, A fudden Band and stable forth he drew; When foon, Oh Shame! the loofe Barbarians yield, Scatt'ring their broken Squadrons o'er the Field: 760

Ver. 743. The various Bands] Of Archers, Slingers, Oc. Ver. 748. Ituraan.] Ituraa was a Part of Palefine, faid to contain the two Tribes of Reubes and Dan. Cellarius places it more North, between the Head of the River Jardan and Mount Hermon.

E 4

And

LUCAN's BookVII.

And thew, too late, that Slaves attempt in vain, The facred Caufe of Freedom to maintain. The fiery Steeds, impatient of a Wound, Hurl their neglected Riders to the Ground ; Or on their Friends with Rage ungovern'd turn, 765 And trampling o'er the helples Foot are born. Hence foul Confusion, and Difmay fucceed, The Victors murder, and the Vanquish'd bleed: Their weary Hands the tir'd Deftroyers ply, Scarce can These kills fo fast as Those can die. 770 Oh that Emathia's ruthless guilty Plain Had been contented with this only Stain ; With these rude Bones had firewn her Verdure o'er, And dy'd her Springs with none but Afum Gore! But if fo keen her Thirft for Roman Blood. 775 Let none but Romans make the Slaughter good Let not a Mede nor Cappadocian fall, No bold Iberian, nor rebellious Gaul: Let these alone furvive for Times to come. And be the future Citizens of Rome. 780 But Fear, on all alike, her Pow'rs employ'd, Did Cafar's Bus'ness, and like Fate destroy'd.

Prevailing ftill, the Victors held their Courfe, 'Till Pompey's main Referve oppos'd their Force;

Ver. 761. Slaves.] Meaning the Afiaticks, of whom chiefly Pompey's Cavalay was composed.

There

bok VII. PHARSALIA. 105

There, in his Strength, the Chief unfhaken flood,785tepell'd the Foe, and made the Combat good;There in Sufpenfe th' uncertain Battel hung,Ind Cafar's fav'ring Goddel's doubted long;Mare no proud Monarchs led their Vaffals on,Nor Eaftern Bands in gorgeous Purple fhon;790There the laft Force of Laws and Freedom lay,Mnd Raman Patriots flruggled for the Day.What Parricides the guiky Scene affords!Sires, Sons and Brothers ruth on mutual Swords!There ev'ry facred Bond of Nature bleeds;795There metthe War's worft Rage, and Cafar's blackeft Deeds.

But oh ! my Mufe, the mournful Theme forbear, And flay thy lamentable Numbers here; Let not my Verfe to future Times convey; What Rome committed on this dreadful Day; Séo · In Shades and Silence hide her Crimes from Fame, And fpare thy miferable Country's Shame. But Cafar's Rage fhall with Oblivion flrive,

And for eternal Infamy furvive. From Rank to Rank, unweary'd, ftill he flies, 805 And with new Fires their fainting Wrath fupplies. His greedy Eyes each fign of Guilt explore, And mark whole Sword is deepeft dy'd in Gore; Observe where Pity and Remorfe prevail, What Arm firikes faintly, and what Check turns pale. 810

E.s.

Qr,

LUCAN'S Book VIL

On while he rides the flaughter'd Heaps ground, And views fome Foe expiring on the Ground. His cruel Hands the gathing Blood refusin. And firive to keep the parting Soul in pain : As when Bellons drives the World to War. 81g Or Mars comes thundring in his Thracian Car; Rage horrible darts from his Gargon Shield, And gloomy Terror broads upon the Field; Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadfal Gods impart, And urge the vengeful Warrior's heaving Heart : 820 The Many shout, Arms clash, the Wounded cry, And one promifcuous Peal groans upwards to the Sky, Nor furious Galar. on Emathia's Plains. Lefs terribly the mortal Strife fultains; Each Hand unarm'd he fills with Means of Death, 845 And cooling Wrath rekindles at his Breath : Now with his Voice, his Gefure now, he firines, Now with his Lance the lagging Soldier drives: The Weak he firengthens, and confirms the Surpage And hurries War's impetuous Stream along. 83a. Strike home, he cries, and let your Swords crafe Each well-known Feature of the kindred Face: Nor wafte your Fury on the vulgar Band; See! where the heavy doating Senate fland; There Laws and Right at once you may confound. 825 And Liberty shall bleed at cy'ry Wound.

The

Book VIL PHARSALIA. 107

The cars'd Defroyer Spoke; and, at the Word, The Purple Nobles fink beneath the Sword: The dying Patriots gross upon the Ground, Illuftrious Names, for Love of Laws renown'd. Store great Metalli and Torquesi bloed, Chiefs worthy, if the State had to decreed, And Pompoy were not there, Mankind to lead.

Say thou! thy finking Country's only Prop, Glory of Rome, and Liberty's last Hope; 845 What helm, oh Brutus ! cou'd, amidit the Croud, Thy facred undiffinguish'd Vifage throud? Where fought thy Arm that Day? But Ah! forbear! Nor mith unwary on the pointed Spear; Seek not to haften on untimely Fate, 9<u>7</u>0 But patient for thy own Emathia wait: Nor hunt fierce Cafar on this bloody Plain, To Day thy Steel purfues his Life in vain. Somewhat is wanting to the Tyrant yet. To make the Measure of his Crimes compleat; 815 As yet he has not evry Law defy'd, Nor reach'd the utmost Heights of daving Pride.

Ver. 851. Thy own Emathia.] The Fields of Philippi, which, as I have observed before, not only Lucan, but oven Vingil and Owid, confound with Philippi, but Brutes, who was killed at Philippi, fought here as a private Soldier.

L'erlong,

108 LUCAN'S Book VII.

E'erlong, thou that behold him Rome's proud Lord, And ripen'd by Ambition for thy Sword : Then, they griev'd Country Veogeance shall demand, 860 And ask the Victim at thy Righteous Hand.

Among huge Heaps of the Patrician Slain, And Lasian Chiefs, who ftrew'd that purple Plain, Recording Story has diffinguish'd well, How brave, unfortunate Domitius fell. 865 In ev'ry Lofs of Pompey still he shar'd, And dy'd in Liberty, the beft Reward; Tho' vanquish'd oft by Casar, ne'er enslav'd, Ev'n to the last, the Tyrant's Pow'r he brav'd: Mark'd o'er with many a glorious freaming Wound, 870 In Pleafure funk the Warrior to the Ground; No longer forc'd on vileft Terms to live, For Chance to doom, and Cafar to forgive. Him, as he pass'd infulting o'er the Field. Roll'd in his Blood, the Victor proud beheld: 875 And can, he cry'd, the fierce Domitius fall, Forfake his Pompey, and expecting Gaul?

Ver. 865. Unfortunate Domitius.] This is the fame Domisius who was made a Prifoner at Corfinium, and fet at Liberty by Cefar, (See the Second Book.) and afterwards vanquift'd at Mafilia by D. Bruens, Cefar's Lieutenant. He was delign'd, by the Pompeian Faction, Cefar's Succeffor in Gaul. This whole Pailage feems to be the pure Effect of Lucan's **Patiality againft** Cefar, and is of a Piece with the Cruelty he makes him guilty of both in the Battle and after it.

Muft

Book VII. PHARSALIA. 109

Muft the War lose that fill fuccessful Sword. And my neglected Province want's Lord? He looke; when lifting flow his clofing Eyes, 880 Fearlefs the dying Roman thus replies : Since Wickedness stands unrewarded yet, Nor Celar's Arms their wish'd Success have met; Free and rejoicing to the Shades I.go. And leave my Chief still equal to his Foe; 885 And if my Hopes divine thy Doom aright, Yet shalt thou bow thy vanquish'd Head e'er Night. Dire Punishments the righteous Gods decree, For injur'd Rome, for Pompey, and for me; In Hell's dark Realms thy Tortures I shall know, 80đ And hear thy Ghoft lamenting loud below. He faid; and foon the leaden Sleep prevail'd, And everlasting Night his Eyelids seal'd. But oh ! what Grief the Ruin can deplore!

What Verfe can run the various Slaughter o'er! 895 For leffer Woes our Sorrows may we keep; No Tears fuffice, a dying World to weep.

Ver. 885. My Chief.] Posspoy. The Fate of the Battle not being then determin'd.

Ver. 288. Dire Punishments.] I don't know whether this Passage is not a little too obscure in the English: The Meaning is, that Domitius did not doubt but the Gods would punish Casar severely for the Injuries he had done to Rome, to Pompey, and ev'n to himself (Domitius).

M

110 LUCAN'S Book VIL

In diff'ring Geoups, tes themiand Deaths stife, And Horrors manifold the Soul faryerize. Here the whole Man is open'd at a Wound, 1080 And gufhing Bowels pour upon the Ground: Another thro' the gaping Jaws is got'd, And in his immost Threat receives the Sword: At once, a fingle Blow a third extends; The fourth a living Trunk differender'd frands. Some in their Breaks creft the Jav'lin bear, Some cling to Earth with the transfixing Spear. Here, like a Fountain, forings a Purple Flood, Spouts on the Foe, and theins his Arms with Blood. There horrid Brothren, on their Brethren prey; 910 One flarts, and hards a well-known Head away. While fome deterind Son, with impious Ire, Lops by the Shoulders close his heary Sire : Ev'n his rude Fellows dama the curfed Deed, And Baftard-horn the Murderer aread. 915

No private House its Lofs lamented then, But count the Slain by Nations, not by Men. Here Greeian Streams, and Afiatick run, And Roman Torrents drive the Deluge on.

Ver. 915. And Baffard-born.] Concluding from Io unnetural an Action, that the Perfon kill'd, could not be the seal and true Son of the Man who kill'd him.

Ver. 919. Roman Thereasts drive.] As being larger in Quantity, fitnonger than the others, and over-powering them.

More

BOOK VIL PHARSALIA. 188

More than the World at page was given sover. . 1918. And late Posterity was hast that Days A Race of future flaves septirid their Deam, And Children wet unberin were overcome. How thall our mismable fors complain, That they are been beneath a Tyrant's Reign? -949 Did our bafe Hands, with Jaffine shall they fay, The facred Caufe of Liberty berry? Why have our Fathers givin us up a Proy? Their Age, to ours, the Curfe of Bondage larges; Themfelves were Cowards, and beget as Slaves, "Tis jufts and Fortune, that imposed a Lord, One Struggle for their Freedom might afferd; Might leave their Hands their proper Caufe to fight, And let them keep, or lose themselves, their Right. But Pompey, now, the Fate of Rome defery'd. 935 And faw the changing Gods forlike her Side. Hand to believe, the' from a siding Ground He view'd the universit Rain sound. In Crimfon Streams he faw Defenction run. And in the Fall of Thousands feit his own. 140 Nor wish'd he, like most Wretches in Defnair, The World one common Milery might thare:

Ver. 931. 'I's juff.] This Complaint of our Pofferity is juff.

But

MZ LUCAN'S Book VII

But with a gen'rous, great, exalted Mind, Befought the Gods to pity poor Mankind, To let him die, and leave the reft behind: This Hope came fmiling to his anxious Breaft, For this his earnest Vows were thus address'd. Spare Man, ye Gods! oh let the Nations live! Let me be wretched, but let Rome furvive. Or' if this Head fuffices not alone, My Wife, my Sons, your Anger thall atone: If Blood the yet unfated War demand, Behold my, Pledges left in Fortune's Hand! Ye cruel Pow'rs, who urge me with your Hate, At length behold me crush'd beneath the Weight: Give then your long-purfuing Vengeance o'er, And foare the World, fince I can lose no more. So faying, the turnultuous Field he crofs'd, And warn'd from Battle his defpairing Hoft. Gladly the Pains of Death he had explor'd, -And fall'n undaunted on his pointed Sword ; Had he not fear'd th' Example might fucceed, And faithful Nations by his Side wou'd bleed .: Or did his fwelling Soul difdain to die, While his infulting Father flood fo nigh? Fly where he will, the Gods shall shall purfue. Nor his pale Head shall scape the Victor's View.

Or elfe, perhaps, and Fate the Thought approv'd, For her dear fake he fled, whom beft he lov'd:

Malicicus

960:

955

PHARSALIA. VII. 112

us Fortune to his Wifh agreed, 970 ve him in Cornelia's Sight to bleed. r his winged Steed at length away, s the Purple Plain, and yields the Day. of Danger, still secure and great, ing Soul fupports his loft Effate; 975 oans his Breaft, nor fwell his Eyes with Tears, I the fame majestick Form he wears. ful Grief fat decent in his Face, became his Lofs, and Reme's Difgrace: ad, unbroken, keeps her conftant Frame, e8a atness and Misfortune still the fame; Fortune, who his Triumphs once beheld, iging fees him leave Phar (alia's Field. difentangled from unwieldy Pow'r, pey ! run thy former Honours o'er: 987 ire now review the glorious Scene, ill to Mind how Mighty thou haft been. inxious Toils of Empire turn thy Care, om thy Thoughts exclude the murd rous War; : just Gods bear Witness on the Side, 000 aufe no more shall by the Sword be try'd. er fad Africk shall her Loss bemean, mda's Plains beneath their Burthén groan, uilty Bloodshed shall be all their own. re, the much-lov'd Pompey's Name shall charm aceful World, with one Confent, to area;

Nos

114 LUCAN's BookVII.

Nor for thy fake, nor aw'd by thy Command, But for themfelves, the fighting Senate fland: The War but one Diffinction shall afford. And Liberty, or Celar, be the Word. 100 Nor oh! do thou thy vanquish'd Lot deplore, But fly with Pleafure from those Sees of Gone: Look back upon the Horror, guiltlefs thou, And pity Calar, for whole fake they flow. With what a Heart, what Triumple shall he come, loer A Victor, red with Raman Blood, to Rame ? Tho' Mifery thy Baniforment attends, Tho' thou shalt die, by thy false Phories Friends; Yet truft fecurely to the Choice of Hear's, And know thy Lofs was for a Bleffing giv'n; nn Tho' Flight may feem the Warrior's Shame and Carfes To Conquer, in a Caufe like this, is worke. And oh! Let ev'ry Mark of Grief be fpar'd, May no Tear fall, no Groan, no Sigh be heard; Still let Mankind their Pompey's Fate adore, LOIS. And novercase the Fall, ev'a as thy Height of Pow'r. Man while fursey th' strending World around, Cities by thee pesiels'd, and Morianchs crown'd: On Africk, or on Afric caft thy Eye, And mark the Land where then their chule to die. 1920

Ver. 1018. Civies by thes poffest'd.] The Losin is, Africe poffest Urbes. He means those Cities in which he placed the Cilinian Proston, after helad vanyath'd 'ern at Sea.

Lariffa

Book VII. PHARSALIA. 115

Lariffa first the constant Chief beheld, Still great, tho' flying from the fatal Field: With loud Acclaim her Crowds his Coming greet, And, fighing, pour their Prefents at his Feet. 1024 She crowns her Altars, and proclaims a Feaft; Wou'd put on Joy, to chear her noble Gueft; But weeps, and begs to fhare his Woes at leaft. So was he lov'd ev'n in his loft Estate, Such Faith, fuch Friendship on his Ruins wait; With ease Pharfalia's Loss might be supply'd, 1010 While eager Nations haften to his Side: As if Misfortune meant to blefs him more. Than all his long Profperity before. In vain, he cries, you bring the Vanquish'd Aid; Henceforth, to Cafar be your Homage paid, Cefer, who triumphs o'er you Heaps of Dead. With that, his Courfer urging on to Flight, He vanifold from the mournful City's Sight. With Cries, and loud Laments, they fill the Air, And curfe the gruel Gods, in figreenels of Delpair. see Now in huge Lakes Heferian Crimfon flood, And Cafar's felf grew fatiated with Blood. The great Patricians fail a, his Pity Ipar'd The wonkleis, unrelifting, only Hand.

Wer. tot. I. Lowifs.] Now called Larze, a City of Ibefaly togeneds histochin, not far from Pharfalus, in whole Neighbourhood this Battle was fought.

Then

116 LUCAN's

Then, while his glowing Fortune yet was warm, And fcatt'ring Terror foread the wild Alarm, Strait to the hostile Camp his Way he bent, Careful to feize the hafty Flyer's Tent, The leifure of a Night, and Thinking to prevent. Nor reck'd he much the weary Soldiers Toil, TOfo But led 'em prone, and greedy to the Spoil. Behold, he cries, our Victory compleat, The glorious Recompence attends ye yet: Much have you done to Day, for Cafar's fake; "Tis mine to flew the Prey, 'tis yours to take. 1055 "Tis yours, whate'er the vanquish'd Foe has left; 'Tis what your Valour gain'd, and not my Gift. Treasures immense yon wealthy Tents enfold; The Gems of Alin, and Helperins Gold} For you the once great Pompey's Store attends, 1064 With regal Spoils of his Barbarian Friends: Hafte then, prevent the Foe, and feize that Good, For which you paid fo well with Roman Blood. He faid ; and with the Rage of Rapine flung, The Multitude tumultuous rufh along. 1005

Ver. 1049. The Leifurs of a Night, and Thinking.] Tho Cafar, a few Verfes farther, tells his Soldiers their Victory was compleat, 'tis plain he did not think it fo till he was Mafter of Pompey's Camp; apprehending that the Enemy might recollect themfelves during the Night, and peshaps make a new Stand in their Camp next Morning.

On

ίC.

Book VI

VII. PHARSALIA. 117

vords and Spears, on Sires and Sons they tread, l remorfeless spurn the gory Dead. Trench can intercept, what Fort withstand rutal Soldier's rude rapacious Hand ; eager to his Crime's Reward he flies, 1070 ath'd in Blood, demands the horrid Prize? re, Wealth collected from the World around, eftin'd Recompence of War, they found. h! not golden Arima(pus' Store, I that Tagas, or rich Iber pour, 1075 Il the greedy Victor's griping Hands: and the Capitol, their Pride demands; her Spoils they forn, as worthless Prey, ount their wicked Labours robb'd of Pay. in Patrician Tents, Plebeians reft. 1080 egal Couches are by Ruffians prefs'd: ;, impious Parricides the Bed invade, leep, where late their flaughter'd Sires were laid. while the Battle stands in Dreams renew'd, itygins Herrors o'er their Slumbers brood. 1085 r. 1074. Arimaspus,] Or Arimaspe, was a River in 'art of Scythia, now called Ingria, out of which the itants (who were likewife nam'd Arima(pians) ga-Gold-Duft. e Hefperian Gold, mention'd before, Ver. 1059. Was

had been collected in Spain, which was Pompey's nce. I don't know whether I have before observ'd, pain, as well as Italy, was call'd Hefperia.

Aftenifhment'

118 LUCAN's Book VII.

Aftonishment and Dread their Souls infelt. And Guilt fits painful on each heaving Breaff. Arms, Blood, and Death work in the labring Brain; They figh, they flart, they firive, and fight it o'er again. Afoending Fiends infect the Air around, 1090 And Hell breaths baleful thro' the groaning Ground: Hence dire Affright diffracts the Warriors Souls, Vengeance Divine their daring Hearts controuls, Snakes hifs, and Livid Flame tormenting rolls, Each, as his Hands in Guilt have been embrew'd, 1097 By fome pale Spectre ffice all Night purfu'd, In various Forms the Ghoffs unnumber d groun. The Brother, Friend, the Father, and the Son: To ev'ry Wretch his proper Phantom fell, While Cafar fleeps the gen'ral Care of Hell. 1100 Such were his Pangs, as mad Orefles felt, E're yet the Scysbian Altar purg'd his Guilt.

Ver. 1101. Mad Oreftes.] When Oreftes had, to revenge his Father, kill'd his Mother Chytemnefira, he was hummed with Furies, till his Sifter Iphigonia had porify'd him, and expiated his Crime at the Altar of Diana Taurias in Seythia, where the was Prieflets.

The following Verie,

Cum fureret Pentheus; aut cum desifiet Agave.

I take to mean, that Pearbour was not poffedid with more Horror when he affronzed and deny'd the Divinity of Bacchur; nor his Mother Agree, when, recovering from her Mainelis, the found the had kill'd her Son for a wild Beak.

Such

NEVII. PHARSALIA. 119

Horrors Pontheney fuch Agave knews vhen his Regefirit came, and She when hers withdrew. nt and future Swords his Bosom bears, 1104 feels the Blow that Brutne now defers. cance, in all her Pomp of Pain, attends Wheels fire binds kim, and with Vulturs sends. 1 Racks of Confcience, and with Whips of Fiends oon the vitionary Horrors pals. 1110 his first Rage with Day refumes its Place: a his Eyes rejoice, to view the Slain, run unweary'd o'er the dreadful Plain. ids his Train prepare his impious Board, feafts amidit the Heaps of Death abhorr'd. 1114 e each pale Face at leifure he may know; ftill behold the purple Current flow. iews the woful wide Horizon round. 1 joys that Earth is no where to be found, owns, those Gods he serves, his atmost With have crowo'd. greedy to poffers the cars'd Delight, 1111 dut his Soul, and gratific his Sight. last Funereal Honours he denies, poifons with the Stench Emathia's Skies,

er. 1719. Then joys that Earth.] That is, was hid by lead Bodies.

Not

120 LUCAN's BookVI

Not thus the fworn inveterate Foe of Rome, 5137 Refus'd the vanquifh'd Conful's Bones a Tomb: His Piety the Country round beheld, And bright with Fires fhone Canne's fatal Field. But Cefar's Rage from fiercer Motives rofe; Thefe were his Countrymen, his worft of Foes. 5130 But, oh! relent, forget thy Hatred paft, And give the wandring Shades to reft at laft. Nor feek we fingle Honours for the Dead, At once let Nations on the Pile be laid: 5134 To feed the Flame, let heapy Forefts rife, Far be it feen to fret the ruddy Skies, And grieve defpairing Pompey where he flies.

Know too, proud Conqueror, thy Wrath, in vain, Strews with unbury'd Carcaffes the Plain. What is it to thy Malice, if they burn, 1140 Rot in the Field, or moulder in the Urn ? The Forms of Matter all, diffolving, dye, And loft in Nature's blending Bofom lye. Tho' now thy Cruelty denies a Grave, Thefe and the World, one common Lot fhall have; 1145

Ver. 1125. For of Rome.] Hannibal.

Ver. 1126. Vanquish' d Conful.] P. Æmilius and M. Marcellus were both kill'd by Hannibal, and treated with all Honours due to their Character, tho' Enemies.

One

Book VII. PHARSALIA. 121

One laft appointed Flame, by Fate's Decree, Shall wafte yon Azure Heav'ns, this Earth, and Sea; Shall knead the Dead up in one mingled Mafs, Where Stars and they fhall undiffinguifh'd pafs. And tho' thou fcorn their Fellowfhip, yct know, High as thy own can foar, thefe Souls fhall go; Or find, perhaps, a better Place below. Death is beyond thy Goddefs Fortune's Pow'r, And Parent Earth receives whate'er fhe bore. Nor will we mourn thofe *Romans* Fate, who lye Beneath the glorious Cov'ring of the Sky; That ftarry Arch for ever round 'em turns, A nobler Shelter far than Tombs or Urns.

But wherefore parts the loathing Victor hence? Does Slaughter ftrike too ftrongly on thy Senfe? 1160 Yet flay, yet breathe the thick infectious Steam, Yet quaff with Joy the Blood-polluted Stream. But fee, they fly! the daring Warriors yield! And the dead Heaps drive Cafar from the Field!

Now to the Prey, gaunt Wolves, a howling Train, 1165 Speed hungry from the far *Biftonians* Plain; From *Pholoe* the tawny Lion comes, And growling Bears forfake their darkfome Homes: With thefe, lean Dogs in Herds obfcene repair, And ev'ry Kind that fauffs the tainted Air. Vol. II. For

132 LUCAN'S Book VII.

For Food, the Crance their wonted Flight delay, That erft to warmer Nile had wing'd their Way: With them the feather'd Race convene from far, Who gather to the Prey, and wait on War. Ne'er were fuch Flocks of Vulturs feen to fly, 1175 And hide with fpreading Plumes the crowded Sky: Gorging on Limbs in ev'ry Tree they fate, And drop'd raw Morfels down, and gory Fat: Oft' their tir'd Talons, loos'ning as they fled, Rain'd horrid Offals on the Victor's Head. 11 20 But while the Slain fupply'd too full a Feast, The Plenty bred Satiety at laft; The ray nous Feeders riot at their Fafe. And fingle out what Dainties beff may please. Part born away, the rolt neglected lye, 1 187 For Noon-day Suns, and parching Winds to dry; 'Till length of Time shall wear 'em quite away, And mix 'em with Emathia's common Clay.

Oh fatal *Theffaly* ! Oh Land abhorr'd ! How have thy Fields the Hate of Hear'n incurr'd; 1990 That thus the Gods to the Deftruction doom, And load thee with the Curfe of falling *Rome* ! Still to new Crimes, new Horrors doft thou hafte, When yet thy former Milchiefs fearce were paft.

Ver. 1193. Still to new Crimes.] Meaning the Battle of Philippi. But of this fee before.

What

VH. PHARSALIA. 123

rolling Years, what Ages, can repay 1167 Iultitudes, thy Wars have fwept away! Fombs and Urns their sum rous Store Andid Spreads ing Antiquity yield all her Dead; uilty Plains more flaughter'd Romans hold, all those Tombs, and all those Urns infeld. 1200 : bloody Spots shall stain thy grassy Green, rimfon Drops on bladed Corn be feen: Plowshare fome dead Patriot shall moleft b his Bones, and rob his Ghoft of Reft. ad the Guilt of War been all thy own, 1205 Civil Rage confin'd to the alone; lariner his labiring Bark flouid nioor, pes of Safety, on thy dreadful Shore; wain thy Spectre-Haunted Plain fhou'd know, urn-thy Blood-stain'd Fallow with his Plow: 1210 hepherd e'er fhould drive his Flock to feed, e Romans flain enrich the verdant Mead: efolate shou'd lye thy Land, and waste, fome fcorch'd or frozen Region plac'd. he great Gods forbid our partial Hate 1215 beffaly's diffinguish'd Land to wait; Blood, and other Slaughters they decree, others shall be Guilty too, like thee.

r. 1214. As in fone forch'd.] Some uninhabitable of the World.

F 2

Munda

124 LUCAN.

Munda and Musima shall boast their Slain, Pachynus' Waters share the purple Stain, And Assimm justific Pharfalia's Plain.

Book VII.



THE

ТНЕ

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EIGHTH BOOK

OF

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

From Pharfalia, Pompey flies, first to Larissa, and after to the Sea-floore; where he embarks upon a fmall Veffel for Lesbos. There, after a melancholy Meeting with Cornclia, and his Refusal of the Mitylenians Invitations, be embarks with his Wife for the Coaft of Alia. In the Way thisher he is join'd by his Son Sextus, and feveral Perfons of Distinction, who had fled likewise from the late Battle; and among the reft by Deiotarus, King of Galio-Gracia. To tim be recommends the Solliciting of Supplies from the King of Parthia, and the reft of his Allies in Afia. After coafting Cilicia for some time, he comes at length to a little Town call'd Sycdra or Sycdra, where great Part of the Senate meet him. With these, he deliberates upon the prefent Circumstances of the Commonwealth, and propofes either Mauritania, Ægypt, or Parthia, as the proper Places where he may hope to be receiv'd, and from whole Kings he may super Afficance. In his own Opinion he inclines to the Parchians ; but this Lentalus, in a long Gration, oppofes very warmly; and in Confideration of young Ptolemy's perfonal Obligations to Pompey, prefers Ægypt. This Advice is generally approv'd and follow'd, and Pompey fets Sail accordingly for Agypt. Upon his Arrival on that Coaft, the King calls a Council, where at the Infligation of Pothinus, a villainous Minister, it is resolu'd to take his Life; and the Execution of this Order is committed to the Care of Achillas, formerly the King's Gowonnor, and then General of the Army. He, with Septimius, a Renegado Roman Soldier, who had formerly (eru'd under Pompey, upon some frivolous Pretences, per-Juades him to quit his Ship, and come into their Boat; where, as they make towards the Shore, he treacherously Murders him, in the Sight of his Wife, his Son, and the rest of his Fleet. His Head is cut off, and his Body thrown into the Sea. The Head is fix'd upon a Spear, and carry'd to Ptolemy; who, after he had seen it, commands it to be Embalm'd. In the fucceeding Night, one Cordus, who had been a Follower of Pompey, finds the Trunk floating near the Shore, brings it to Land with (ome difficulty; and with a few Planks that remain'd from a Shipwrack d Veffel, burns it. The melancholy Defcription of this mean Funeral, with the Poet's Invective against the Gods, and Fortune, for their unworthy Treatment of fo great a Man, concludes this Book.



L U C A N's

PHARSALIA.

BOOK VIII.



OW thro'the Vale, by great *Aloides* made, And the fweet Maze of *Tempe's* pleafing Shade,

Chearlefs, the flying Chief renew'd his Speed,

And urg'd, with gory Spars, his fainting Steed. Fall'a from the former Greatness of his Mind, He turns where doubtful Paths obscurely wind.

F

Ver. 1. Now thro' the Vale, by great Alcides made.] See the Notes on the Sixth Book, Ver. 572. as likewise Lucan himself in that Place.

Ver. 5. Fall'n from the former Greatnefs.] This is one of the Passages which, if *Lucan* had liv'd to give the last Hand to this Work, I cannot but think he would have F 4.

128 LUCAN'S Book VIII.

The Fellows of his Flight increase his Dread, While hard behind the trampling Horfemen tread : He farts at ev'ry rufiling of the Trees, And fears the Whispers of each murm'ring Breeze. He feels not yet, alas! his loft Eflate; And tho' he flies, believes himfelf ftill great; Imagines Millions for his Life are bid, And rates his own, as he wou'd Cafar's Head. Where-e'er his Fear explores untrodden Ways, .15 His well-known Vifage still his Flight betrays. Many he meets unknowing of his Chance, Whofe gath'ring Forces to his Aid advance. With Gaze aftonish'd, These their Chief behold. And fcarce believe what by himfelf is told. In vain, to Covert, from the World he flies, Fortune still grieves him with purfuing Eyes:

alter'd. The Fear that he gives to Pompey on occafion of his Flight, is very unlike the Character he himfelf, or indeed any other Writer, has given him. It is fomething the more remarkable from a Paflage in the latter end of the foregoing Book, where he is faid to leave the Field of Battle with great Bravery and Conftancy of Mind. Tho' it is very judicioufly oblerv'd, on comparing that Paflage and this together, by Martin Laffo de Oropefa, the Spanifth Tranflator, that the Defire of feeing his Wife, which was the Occafion of his Refolution to leave the Field, and furvive fuch a Lofs as that Battle was, in the 7th Book, might in this Place likewife be the Reafon for the Fear and Anxiety which he fnew'd in his Flight.

Still

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 129

Still aggravates, still urges his Disgrace, And galls him with the Thoughts of what he was. 24 His youthful Triumph fadly now returns, His Passick and Pyratick Wars he mourns, While flung with fecret Shame, and anxious Care he burns. Thus Age to Sorrows oft' the Great betrays, When Lois of Empire comes with Length of Days. Life and Enjoyment still one End should have, 20 Leaft early Mifery prevent the Grave. The Good, that lasts not, was in vain bestow'd, And Ease once past, becomes the present Load: Then let the Wife, in Fortune's kindeft Hour, Still keep one fafe Retreat within his Pow'r; 35 Let Death be near, to guard him from Surprize, And free him, when the fickle Goddels flies, 2.8

Now to those Shores the haples Pompey came, Where hoary Peneus rolls his ancient Stream: Red with Emathian Slaughter ran his Flood, 40 And dy'd the Ocean deep in Roman Blood. There a poor Bark, whose Keel perhaps might glide Safe down fome River's fmooth descending Tide,

Ver. 42. There a poor Bark.] Lucan mentions this very emphatically, because Pompsy had even at that very Time a great Fleet lying at Corogra, and in the Bay of Ambracia.

Platarch and Appian relate, that Pompey in his Flight from Lariffa came all along thro' Tempe to the Shore and lodg'd that Night in the Cottage of a Fisherman. About F f Morning:

LUCAN's BookV

Receiv'd the mighty Mafter of the Main, Whole foreading Navies hide the liquid Plain. In This he braves the Winds and ftormy Sea, And to the Lesbian Ifle directs his Way. There the kind Partner of his ev'ry Care, His faithful, loy'd Cornelia, languilh'd there: At that fad Diftance more unhappy far, Than in the 'midst of Danger, Death and War. There on her Heart, ev'n all the live-long Day, Fore boding Thought a weary Burthen lay: Sad Visions haunt her Slumbers with Affright, And Theffely returns with ev'ry Night. Soon as the roddy Morning paints the Skies, Swift to the Shore the penfive Mourner flies; There, lonely sitting on the Cliff's bleak Brow, Her Sight the fixes on the Seas below; Attentive marks the wide Horizon's Bound, And kens each Sail that rifes in the Round : Thick beats her Heart, as ev'ry Prow draws near. And dreads the Fortunes of her Lord to hear.

110

At length, behold! the fatal Bark is come! See! the fwohn Canvas lab'ring with her Doom.

Morning he want to Sea in a little Boat, and failing by the Shore, met with a Ship of greater Burthe which one Parisins, a Roman, was Captain, who kno Pampay, took him in, and transported him to Lesbos.

Preve

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 131

Preventing Fame, Misfortune lends him Wings, And Pompey's felf his own fad Story brings. Now bid thy Eyes, thou loft Cornelia, flow, And change thy Fears to certain Sorrows, now. Swift glides the woful Veffel on to Land; 70 Forth flies the headlong Matron to the Strand. There foon the found what worft the Gods cou'd do, There foon her Dear much-alter'd Lord fhe knew; Tho' fearful all, and ghaftly was his Hue. Rude, o'er his Face, his hoary Locks were grown, 75 And Duft was caft upon his Roman Gown. She faw, and fainting, funk in fudden Night; Grief ftop'd her Breath, and fhut out loathfome Light: The loos'ning Nerves no more their Force exert, And Motion ceas'd within the freezing Heart ; 80 Death kindly feem'd her Wifhes to obey, And, ftretch'd upon the Beach, a Coarfe fhe lay, But now the Mariners the Veffel moor. And Pompey, landing, views the lonely Shore.

The faithful Maids their loud lamentings ceas'd, And rev'rendly their ruder Grief fupprefs'd. Strait, while with duteous Care they kneel around, And raife their wretched Miftrefs from the Ground, Her Lord infolds her with a ftrict Embrace, And joins his Check chefe to her lifelefs Face: 90

At

132 LUCAN'S Book VIII.

At the known Touch, her failing Senfe returns, And vital Warmth in kindling Blushes burns. At length, from Virtue thus he seeks Relief, And kindly chides her Violence of Grief.

Canft thou then fink, thou Daughter of the Great, Sprung from the nobleft Guardians of our State; Canft thou thus yield to the first Shock of Fate? Whatever deathless Monuments of Praife Thy Sex can merit, 'tis in thee to raife. On Man alone Life's ruder Tryals wait, 100 The Fields of Battle, and the Cares of State; While the Wife's Virtue then is only try'd, When faithless Fortune quits her Husband's Side. Arm then thy Soul, the glorious Task to prove, And learn, thy miferable Lord to love. 105 Behold me of my Pow'r and Pomp bereft, By all my Kings, and by Rome's Fathers left : Oh make that Lofs thy Glory; and be thou The only Follower of Pompey now. This Grief -becomes thee not, while I furvive; War wounds not thee, fince I am still alive:

Ver. 95. Daughter of the Great.] Descended from the Scipio's.

Ver. 98. Whatever Deathlefs.] Meaning that his Misfortunes gave her the nobleft Occasion of exerting the Greatness of her Mind.

Thefe

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 133

Thefe Tears a dying Husband fhou'd deplore,
And only fall, when *Pompey* is no more.
Tis true, my former Greatnefs all is loft;
Who weep for that, no Love for me can boaft,
But mourn the Lofs of what they valu'd moft.
Mov'd at her Lord's Reproof, the Matron rofe;

Yet still complaining, thus avow'd her Woes.

Ah! wherefore was I not much rather led. A fatal Bride, to Cafar's hated Bed? 126 To thee unlucky, and a Curfe, I came, Unbleft by yellow Hymen's holy Flame: My bleeding Craffas, and his Sire, flood by, And fell Erynnis thook her Torch on high. My Fate on thee the Parthian Vengeance draws, 325 And urges Heav'n to hate the juster Caufe. Ah! my once greatest Lord ! ah! cruel Hour! Is thy victorious Head in Fortune's Pow'r? Since Mileries my baneful Love purfue, Why did I wed thee, only to undoe? 130 But fee, to Death my willing Neck I bow; Atome the angry Gods by one kind Blow. Long fince, for thee, my Life I wou'd have giv'n; Yet, let me, yet, prevent the Wrath of Heav'n, 134

Ver. 125. The Parthian Vengeance.] A like Misfortune with that of my first Husband, who was kill'd by the Parthians.

Kill

.

LUCAN's Book VIII.

Kill me, and featter me upon the Sea, So fhall propitious Tides thy Fleets convey, Thy Kings be faithful, and the World obey. And thou, where-e'er thy fullen Phantome files, Oh! Julia! let thy Rival's Blood fuffice; Let me the Rage of jealous Vengeance bear, But him, thy Lord, thy once low'd Pampey, fpare,

134

She faid, and funk within his Arms again; In Streams of Sorrow melt the mournful Train: Ev'n his, the Warrior's Eyes, were forc'd to yield, That faw, without a Tear, *Phar(alia*'s Field.

Now to the Strand the Mitylenians prefs'd, And humbly thus beforke their noble Gueff.

If, to facceeding Times, our life that boath The Pledge of Pompoy left upon her Coaft, Difdain not, if thy Prefence now we claim, And fain wou'd conference now we claim, And fain wou'd conference now we claim, Make thou this Place in future Story great, Where pious Romans may direct their Feet, To view with Advaration thy Retreat. This may we plead, in Favour of the Towns. That while Mankind the profp'rous Victor own. Already, Cafar's Foce avow'd, are we, Nor add new Guilt, by Duty paid to thee.

Ver. 146. The Mitylenians.] Micylene was the chief City of Lesbos.

Some

140

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 135

Some Safety too our ambient Seas fecure; Calar wants Ships, and we defie his Pow'r. 264 Here may Rome's fcatter'd Fathers well unite, And arm against a second happier Fight. Our Lesbian Youth with ready Courage stands, To man thy Navies, or recruit thy Bands. For Gold, whate'er to Sacred Use is lent. 265 Take it, and the rapacious Foe prevent. This only Mark of Friendship we intrest, Seek not to fhun us in thy low Effate; . But let our Lesbes, in thy Ruin, prove, As in thy Greatness, worthy of thy Love. 170 Much was the Leader mov'd, and joy'd to find Faith had not quite abandon'd Humankind. To me (he cry'd,) for ever were you dear; Witness the Pledge committed to your Care: Here in Security I plac'd my Home. 175 My Houshold-Gods, my Heart, my Wife, my Rame. I know what Ranfom might your Pardon buy, And yet I truft you, yet to you I fly, But, oh! too long my Woes you fingly bear; I leave you, not for Lands which I prefer. But that the World the common Load may fhare.

Ver. 177. What Ranform.] You might deferve greatly of Cafar, by delivering me up to him.

Lesbos !

LUCAN's 126 Book VIII.

Lesbes! for ever facred be thy Name! May late Posterity thy Truth proclaim! Whether thy fair Example foread around, Or whether, fingly, faithful thou art found: 185 For 'tis refoly'd, 'tis fix'd within my Mind. To try the doubtful World, and prove Mankind. Oh! grant, good Heav'n! if there be one alone, One gracious Pow'r fo loft a Caufe to own, Grant, like the Lesbians, I my Friends may find; IÇQ Such who, tho' Cefar threaten, dare be kind : Who, with the fame just hospitable Heart, May leave me free to enter, or depart.

He ceas'd; and to the Ship his Part'ner bore, While loud Complainings fill the founding Shore, 105 It feem'd as if the Nation with her pass'd, And Banishment had laid their Island waste, Their fecond Sorrows they to Pompey give, For her, as for their Citizen, they grieve. Ey'n tho' glad Victory had call'd her thence, 200 And her Lord's bidding been the just Pretence; The Lesbian Matrons had in Tears been drown'd, And brought her Weeping to their wat'ry Bound. So was the lov'd, fo winning was her Grace, Such lowly Sweetness dwelt upon her Face ; 205: In fuch Humility her Life fhe led, Ev'n while her Lord was Rome's commanding Head, As if his Fortune were already fled,

Half

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 137

Half hid in Seas descending Phoebus lay, And upwards half, half downwards shot the Day; 210 When wakeful Cares revolve in Pompey's Soul, And run the wide World o'er, from Pole to Pole. Each Realm, each City in his Mind are weigh'd, Where he may fly, from whence depend on Aid. Weary'd at length beneath that Load of Woes, 115 And those fad Scenes his future Views disclose, In Conversation for relief he fought, And exercis'd on various Themes his Thought. Now fits he by the careful Pilot's Side, And asks what Rules their watry Journey guide; 110 What Lights of Heav'n his Art attends to most, Bound for the Libyan or the Syrian Coaft.

To him, intent upon the rolling Skies, The Heav'n-inftructed Shipman thus replies. Of all yon Multitude of golden Stars, Which the wide rounding Sphere inceffant bears, The cautious Mariner relies on none, But keeps him to the conftant Pole alone. When o'er the Yard the *leffer Bear* afpires, And from the Topmaft gleam its paly Fires, 230 Then Bofphorus near neighb'ring we explore, And hear loud Billows beat the Soythian Shore: But when Califlo's fining Son defcends, And the low Cymofure tow'rds Ocean bends.

For

138 LUCAN's Book VIII.

For Syria firait we know the Veffel bears, 235 Where first Canopas' Southern Sign appears. If still upon the Left those Stars they keep, And passing Planes, plow the fearny Deep, Then right a'head thy luckles's Bark shall reach The Libyan Sheals, and Syrts unfaithful Beach. 246 But fay, for 18? on the attends my Hand, What Coursedo's them assign? what Seas, what Land ? Speak, and the Helm shall turn at thy Command.

Scarce had he fpoke, when Arait the Matter wear'd, And right for *Chics*, and for *Afis* Accer'd. The working Waves the Courle inverted feel, 25% And dafa and foam beneath the winding Keel,

Ver. 254. Chias.] Scie, an Island in the Archipelage, not far from the Coast of Asia: It lies Southward from Lesbos.

With

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 139

With Art like this, on rapid Chariots born,Around the Column skillful Racers turn:The nether Wheels bear nicely on the Goal,The farther, wide, in diftant Circles toll.Now Day's bright Beams the various Earth difdole,And o'er the fading Stars the Sun arole;When Pompey gath'ring to his Side beheldThe featter'd Relicks of Phar/alia's Field.Firft from the Lesbian Ifle his Son drew pear,

 First from the Lesolan file his Son arew hear,
 Dog

 And foon a Troop of faithful Chiefs appear.

 Nor Purple Princes, yet, difdain to wait

 On vanquifh'd Pompey's humbler low Effate.

 Proud Monarchs, who in Eaftern Kingdoms reign,

 Mix in the great Illuftrious Exile's Train.

 From thefe, apart, Deiotarns he draws.

 The long-approv'd Companion of his Caufe:

 Thou beft (he grics) of all any Royal Friends!

 Since with our Lofs Rame's Pow'r and Empise ends;

 What yet remains, but that we call from far

 275

 The Eaftern Nations, to fupport the War?

 Eupbrates has not own'd proud Ce/ar's Side,

 And Tigris rolls a yet unconquer'd Tide.

Ver. 258. Around the Column.] This was a Pillar of Marble placed at the End of the Course appointed for the Chariot-Races among the Ascients; and to turn nicely and closely round this without touching, was reckar'd a Piece of great Skill and Denterity in the Driver.

Let

Let it not grieve thee, then, to feek for Aid From the wild Scythian, and remotest Mede. To Parthia's Monarch my Diftress declare, And at his Throne fpeak this my humble Pray'r. If Faith in ancient Leagues is to be found, Leagues by our Altars and your Magi bound, Now Aring the Getick and Armenian Bow, 18¢ And in full Quivers feather'd Shafts bestow. If when o'er Ca/pian Hills my Troops I led, 'Gainst Alans, in eternal Warfare bred, I fought not once to make your Parthians yield, But left 'em free to range the Perfian Field. Beyond th' Affyrian Bounds my Eagles flew, And conquer'd Realms, that Cyrsis never knew; Even to the utmost East I urg'd my Way, And, cre the Perfuan, faw the rifing Day: Yet while beneath my Yoak the Nations bend, 195 I fought the Parthian, only as my Friend. Yet more; When Carra blush'd with Craffus' Blood, And Latium her fevereft Vengeance vow'd;

Ver. 284. By our Altars and your Magi.] The Original fays,

------Si fædera nobis Prifca manent mibi per Latium jurata tonanten, Per veftros aftrieta Magos.

These Magi were Priests or Philosophers of a peculiar Sect instituted by Zeroafter; of whom see at large Dr. Prideman in his Learned Connection of, Ge. Vol. I.

When

VIII. PHARSALIA. 141

Var with Parthia was the common Cry, np'd the Fury of that Rage, but I? 100 e true, thro' Zengma take your Way, Euphrates' Stream the March delay; itude, to my Afliftance come; ompey's Cause, and conquer willing Rome. aid; the Monarch chearfully obey'd, -305 ait afide his Royal Robes he laid; id his Slaves their humbler Vestments bring: that fervile Veil conceals the King. Majefty gives its proud, Trappings o'er, imbly feeks for Safety from the Poor. 110 oor, who no Difguifes need, nor wear; t with Greatness, and unvex'd with Fear. incely Friend now fafe convey'd to Land, 'hief o'crpais'd the fam'd Ephelian Strand, 's Rocks, with Colophon's fmooth Deep, 211 samy Cliffs which rugged Samos keep.

r. 299. When War with Parthia.] Pompey diffuaded nate from a War with Parthia, while there was one with Gaul.

r. 301. Zeugms] Was a Town on the River Enrs, built by Alexander the Great. Perhaps about the . of this Civil War it might be the Boundary of the m and Parthian Dominions. For Carra fee the Notes e First Book about the Beginning.

T. 315. Icaria,] Now Nicaria, an Island of the Ar-

lophon,] Formerly an ancient City on the Coast of , pow Altobosco, a Village of Natolia.

From

From Coan Shores foft breathes the Western Wind, And Rhodes and Gnidos foon are left behind. Then croffing o'er Felme (fos' ample Bay, Right to Pamphilia's Coaft he cuts his Way. 220 Sufpicious of the Land, he keeps the Main, 'Till poor Phafelis, first, receives his wand'ring Train. There, free from Fears, with Eafe he may command Her Citizens, fcarce equal to his Band. Nor ling'ring there, his fwelling Sails are fpread, 325 'Till he difcerns proud Tawarus' rifing Head: A mighty Mais he stands, while down his Side Defeending Dip/as rolls his headlong Tide. In a flight Bark he runs fecurely o'er The Pirates once-infelted dreadful Shore. 330 Ah! when he let the wat ry Empire free, And fwept the fierce Giliann from the Sea, Cou'd the fuccelsful Warrior have forethought 'Twas for his future Safety, then, he fought!' At length the gath'ring Fathers of the State 335 In fall Affembly; on their Leader wait:

Ver. 317. Comm Shores,] Co, or Cos, now Semichie, at Island on the Coaft of Caria.

Ver. 3.18. Gnides,] Or rather Cnides, a City on the Coaft of Caria.

Ver. 319. Tehmeffos,] A City on the Coaft of Lycia.

Ver. 322. Phajolis,] A little City on the Coast between: Lycia and Pamphylia; in the latter of these Provinces is Syedra, where Pompey met and confulted with the Remains of the Senate.

Within

VIN. PHARSALIA. 147

Syedra's Walls their Senate meets, fighing, thus th'illustrious Exile greets. riends! who with me fought, who with me flet, w are to me in my Country's flead; 340 ite defenceless and unarm'd we stand. Cilician, naked, foreign, Strand; ry Mark of Fortune's Wrath we bear, m to feek for Counfel in Defpair; your Souls undaunted, free and great, **9**41 ow I am not fall'n intirely, yet. the Ruins of Emathia's Plain. I rear my drooping Head again. frick's Dust abandon'd Marius role, : the Fasces, and infult his Focs. 350 s is lighter, lefs is my Difgrace; lespair to reach my former Place? the Grecian Seas my Navies ride, ny a valiant Leader owns my Side. Phar falia's lackless Field cou'd do, 355° difperfe my Forces, not fubdue. : beneath my former Fame I stand.) the World, and lov'd in ev'ry Land. irs to Counfel and Determine, whom I apply to; in the Caufe of Rome; 360

349. Marius role.] See before in the Second Book. What

144 LUCAN'S BookVIH.

What faithful Friend may best Affistance bring; The Libyan, Parthian, or Ægyptian King. For me, what Courfe my Thoughts incline to take, Here freely, and at large, I mean to fpeak. What most diflike me in the Pharian Prince, 365 Are his raw Years, and yet unpractis'd Senfle: Virtue, in Youth, no stable footing finds, And Conftancy is built on manly Minds. Nor, with lefs Danger, may our Truft explore The Faith uncertain, of the crafty Moor : 37 From Carthaginian Blood he draws his Race, Still mindful of the vanquish'd Town's Disgrace; From thence Numidian Mischiefs he derives. And Hamibal in his false Heart survives : With Pride he faw fubmiffive Varus bow, 37S And joys to hear the Roman Pow'r lyes low. To Warlike Parthia therefore let us turn. Where Stars unknown in diftant Azure burn: Where Ca/pian Hills to part the World arife, And Night and Day fucceed in other Skies; 280 Where rich Affyrian Plains Euphrates layes. And Seas difcolour'd roll their ruddy Wayes.

Ver. 361. The Libyan, Parthian, or Ægyptian King.] Thefe were, Juba, Phraates, and Ptolemy.

Ver. 375. Submiffue Varus.] Varus, who had fought to Juba for Affistance, was routed by Curio. See the Fourth Book, towards the End.

Ambition,

Ambition, there, delights in Arms to reign, There rufhing Squadrons thunder o'er the Plain; There young and old the Bow promiscuous bend, 385 And fatal Shafts with Aim unerring fend. They first the Macedonian Phalanx broke, And Hand to Hand repell'd the Grecian Stroke; They drove the Mede and Bactrian from the Field, And taught afpiring Babylon to yield ; 390 Fearlefs against the Roman Pile they stood, And triumph'd in our vanquish'd Crass Blood. Nor truft they to the Points of piercing Darts, But furnish Death with new improving Arts; In mortal Juices dipt their Arrows fly, 395 And if they tafte the Blood, the Wounded die. Too well their Pow'rs, and fav'ring Gods we know, - And with our Fate much rather wou'd allow Some other Aid against the common Foe. With unaufpicious Succour shall they come, 400 Nurs'd in the Hate and Rivalship of Rome. With these, the seighb'ring Nations round shall arm. And the whole East rouse at the dire Alarm. Shou'd the Barbarian Race their Aid denv. Yet wou'd I chufe in that firange Land to die: There let our shipwreck'd poor Remains be thrown, Our Lois forgotten, and our Names unknown:

Vol. II.

G

Securely

Securely there Ill-Fortune wou'd I brave, Nor meanly fue to Kings, whole Crowns I gave: From Cafar free, enjoy my lateft Hour, 110 And fcorn his Anger's and his Mercy's Pow'r. 'Still, when my Thoughts my former Days reftore, With Joy, methinks, I run those Regions o'er: There, much the better Parts of Life I prov'd, Rever'd by all, applauded, and belov'd; 415 Wide o'er Maotis spread my happy Name, And Tanais ran confcious of my Fame; My vanquish'd Enemies my Conquests mourn'd, And cover'd ftill with Laurels, I return'd. Approve then, Rome, my prefent Cares for thee; 420 'Thine is the Gain, whate'er th' Event shall be. What greater Boon can'ft thou from Heav'n demand, Than, in thy Caufe to arm the Parthian's Hand? Barbarians thus shall wage thy Civil War, And those that hate thee, in thy Ruin share. 425 When Cafar and Phraates Battle join, They must revenge, or Craffus' Wrongs, or mine, The Leader ceas'd; and strait a murm'ring Sound Ran thro' the difapproving Fathers round. With thefe, in high Preheminence, there fate 430 Diftinguisted Lentulus, the Conful late:

Ver. 409. Kings, whole Crowns I gave.] Ptolemy, Tigranes, &c. but more especially to Ptolemy.

None

None with more gen'rous Indignation flung, Or nobler Grief, beheld his Country's Wrong. Sudden he role, rever'd, and thus began, In words that well became the Subject, and the Man. Can then Phar (alia's Ruins thus control 436 The former Greatness of thy Roman Soul? Must the whole World, our Laws and Country, yield To one unlucky Day, one ill-fought Field? Haft thou no Hopes of Succour, no Retreat, 440 But mean Profiration at the Parthian's Feet? Art thou grown weary of our Earth and Sky, That thus thou feek'st a Fugitive to fly; New Stars to view, new Regions to explore, To learn new Manners, and new Gods adore? 445 Wo't thou before Chaldean Altars bend, Worship their Fires, and on their Kings depend? Why didft thou draw the World to Arms around, Why cheat Mankind with Liberty's fweet Sound, Why on Emathia's Plain fierce Cafar brave, 490 -When thou canft yield thy felf a Tyrant's Slave? Shall Parthia, who with Terror shook from far, To hear thee nam'd, to head the Roman War.

Ver. 447. Worship their Fires.] The Worship of Fire, or rather of the Supreme Being and Principle of all Things under that Symbol, was first taught among the Eastern Nations by Zoroafter and his Disciples the Magi.

G 2

Who

150 LUCAN's Book V

Each Tence that can their winged Shafts endure, - Stands, like a Fort impregnable, fecure. Light are their Skirmistes, their War is Flight, And still to wheel their way'ring Troops delight. To taint their coward Darts is all their Care, And then to truft 'em to the flitting Air. Whene'er their Bows have fpent the feather'd Store, The mighty Bus'ness of their War is o'er: No manly Strokes they try, nor Hand to Hand With cleaving Swords in flurdy Combate fland. With Swords the Valiant still their Foes invade; These call in Drugs and Poison to their Aid, Are these the Pow'rs to whom thou bidst us fly? Is this the Land in which thy Bones wou'd lye? Shall these Barbarian Hands for thee provide The Grave, to thy unhappy Friend deny'd? But be it fo! that Death shall bring thee Peace, That here thy Sorrows, and thy Toils shall ceafe. Death is what Man shou'd wish. But oh! what Fat Shall on thy Wife, thy fad Survivor, wait! For her, where Luft with lawlefs Empire reigns, Somewhat more terrible than Death remains. Have we not heard, with what abhorr'd Defires The Parthian Venus feeds her guilty Fires?

Ver, 520. To thy unhappy Friend.] To Craffus.

. .

How their wild Monarch, like the Bestial Race, Spreads the Pollution of his lewd Embrace? \$20. Unaw'd by Rev'rence of Connubial Rites, In Multitudes, luxurious, he delights: When gorg'd with Feafting, and inflam'd with Wine, No Joys can fate him, and no Laws confine ; Forbidding Nature, then, commands in vain, 535 From Sifters and from Mothers to abitain. The Greek and Roman, with a trembling Ear, Th'unwilling Crime of Oedipus may hear; While Parthian Kings like Deeds, with Glory, own, And boast incestuous Titles to the Throne. 549 · If Crimes like these they can securely brave, What Laws, what Pow'r shall thy Cornelia fave? Think, how the helplefs Matron may be led, The thousandth Harlot, to the Royal Bed. Tho' when the Tyrant clafps his noble Slave, 545 And hears to whom her plighted Hand fhe gave, Her Beauties oft in Scorn he shall prefer, And chufe t'infu't the Roman Name in her. These are the Pow'rs to whom thou wou'dst submit. And Rome's Revenge and Craffus' quite forget. 550 Thy Caufe, preferr'd to his, becomes thy Shame, And blots, in common, thine and Calar's Name. With how much greater Glory might you join, To drive the Daci, or to free the Rhine ?

G 4

How

How well your conqu'ring Legions might you lead, 555 'Gainst the fierce Battrian, and the haughty Mede ? Level proud Babylon's afpiring Domes, And with their Spoils inrich our flaughter'd Leaders Tombs? No longer, Fortune! let our Friendship last, Our Peace, ill-omen'd, with the Barb'rous East; 560 If Civil Strife with Calar's Conquest end, To Alia let his prosp'rous Arms extend: Eternal Wars there let the Victor wage, And on proud Parthia pour the Roman Rage. There I, there all, his Victories may blefs, 565 And Rome her felf make Vows for his Success. When-e'er thou pass the cold Araxes o'er, An aged Shade shall greet thee on the Shore, Transfix'd with Arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar. And art thou (shall he cry, complaining) come 570 In Peace and Friendship, to these Foes of Rame? Thou! from whole Hand we hop'd Revenge in vain, Poor naked Ghofts, a thin unbury'd Train, That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary Plain? On ev'ry Side new Objects shall difclose 575 Some mournful Monument of Roman Woes; Cn ev'ry Wall fresh Marks thou shalt defcry, Where pale Helperian Heads were fix'd on high :

Ver. 568. An aged Shade.] The Ghoft of Craffus.

Each

KVIII. PHARSALIA. 153

River, as he rolls his Purple Tide, 580. own his Waves in Latian Slaughter dy'd. fats like these thou canft with Patience bear, are the Horrors which thy Soul wou'd fear? Calar's felf with loy may be beheld, on'd on Slaughter in Emathia's Field. hen, we grant, thy Cautions were not vain, 585 mick Frauds and Fuba's faithless Reign; ading Egypt shall receive thee yet, rield, unquestion'd, a secure Retreat. ature strengthen'd with a dang'rous Strand, wrts and untry'd Channels guard the Land. in the Fatness of her plentcous Soil, lants her only Confidence in Nile. Aonarch, bred beneath thy Guardian Cares, rown, the Largels of thy Bounty, wears. et unjust Suspicions brand his Truth; or and Innocence still dwell with Youth. not a Pow'r accuftom'd to be great, ers'd in wicked Policies of State. ings, long harden'd in the regal Trade, rreft and by Craft alone are fway'd, iolate with Ease the Leagues they made: new ones still make Confcience of the Trust, to their Friends, and to their Subjects just. fpoke; the liftning Fathers all were mov'd, rith concurring Votes the Thought approv'd. 60.00 G.S. So.

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So much ev'n dying Liberty prevail'd, When Pompey's Suffrage, and his Counfel fail'd.

And now Cilicin's Coaft the Fleet forfake. And o'er the wat'ry Plain for Cyprus make. Ciprus, to Love's Ambrofial Goddels dear, For ever grateful fmoak the Altars there: Indulgent fill the hears the Paphian Vows, And loves the Fav'rite Seas from whence the role. So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame, When her fond Tales the Birth of Gods proclaim, Unborn, and from Eternity the fame. The craggy Clifts of Cyprus quickly paft, The Chief runs Southward o'er the Ocean vaft. Nor views he, thro' the murky Veil of Night, The Calian. Mountains far diftinguish'd Height, The high-hung Lantern, or the beamy Light. Hap'ly at length the lab'ring Canvals bore Full on the farthest Bounds of Ægypt's Shore, Where near Pelusium parting Nile descends, And in her utmost Eastern Channel ends.

Ver. 620. The Calian Mountains far.] Calium, or rather Calius, was a Promontory in the most Easterly Part of Egypt. At the Foot of this Mountain, on the Sea-Shore, was Pompey bury'd. Lucan fays, that Pompey's Fleet overshot this Promontory, and did not fee the Light that was always kept on the Top of it for the Direction of Sailers. Pelulyium, mention'd just after this, was in Pompey's Time a great City. 'Tis now a poor Village, and call'd, if I am not miltaken, Belbais or Bebais.

610

625

'Twas

'Twas now the Time, when equal Fove on high Had hung the golden Ballance of the Sky: But ah ! not long fuch just Proportions last, The righteous Seafon foon was chang'd and pais'd; And Spring's Encroachment, on the fhort'ning Shade, Was fully to the wintry Nights repail: 621 When to the Chief from Shore they made Report, That, near high Calum, lay the Pharian Court. This known, he thither turns his ready Sail, The Light yet lasting with the fav'ring Gale. 635 The Fleet arriv'd, the News flies fwiftly round, And their new Guefts the troubled Court confound. The Time was (hort; howe'er the Council met. Vile Ministers, a monstrous Motley Set. Of these, the Chief in Honour, and the Best, 640 Was old Achorens, the Memphian Priest: In Is and Ofiris he believ'd, And rev'rend Tales, from Sire to Son receiv'd;

Ver. 626. 'Twas now the Time.] About the Middle of September.

Ver. 641. In Itis and Ofiris.] Of these two Ægyptian Deities, see the Third Book of Herodotus, and other Authors, but above all the Learned Selden's Syntagma de Diis Syris. It will be sufficient to obscrue here, that they were Husband and Wise, and the two chief Gods among the Ægyptians.

Apis was a living Ox, worfnipp'd likewife by the *Æ*gyptimes: He was only fuffer'd to live fuch a cortain time, and then his own Priefts put him into the Fountain of the

Could mark the Swell of Nile's increating Tide, And many an Apis in his Time had dy'd; 64,9 Yet was his Age with gentleft Manners fraught, Humbly he fpoke, and modeftly he taught. With good Intent the pious Seer arofe, And told how much their State to Pompey owes: What large Amends their Monarch ought to make, 650 Both for his own, and for his Father's Sake. But Fate had plac'd a fubtler Speaker there, A Tongue more fitted for a Tyrant's Ear, Pothinus, deep in Arts of Mifchief read, Who thus, with falfe Perfuafion, blindly lead The eafie King, to doom his Guardian dead.

To fricteft Juffice many Ills belong, And Honefty is often in the Wrong : Chiefly when flubborn Rules her Zealots pufh, To favour these whom Fortune means to crush. But thou, oh Royal *Ptolemy* ! be wife ; Change with the Gods, and fly whom Fortune flies.

the Sun, and kill'd him. Upon the Death of one, they immediately, with great Marks of Grief, look'd out for another, who was to be of the fame Race, and mark'd after the fame manner, especially he was to have a white Half-Moon on the Right Side.

Ver. 644. Cou'd mark the Swell.] Of this fee at large in the Tenth Book.

Vcr. 657. Many Ills.] Many Inconveniencies and ill Confequences, as to what regards the Success of Things in this World.

Not

Not Earth, from yon' high Heav'ns which we admire, Not from the watry Element the Fire, 665 Are sever'd by Distinctions half 'so wide, As Int'reft and Integrity divide. The mighty Pow'r of Kings no more prevails, When Juffice comes with her deciding Scales. Freedom for all Things, and a lawless Sword, Alone support an Arbitrary Lord. 67Q He that is cruel must be bold in Ills. And find his Safety from the Blood he fpills. For Piety, and Virtue's starving Rules, To mean Retirements let 'em lead their Fools: There, may they still ingloriously be good; 675 None can be fafe in Courts, who bluth at Blood. Nor let this Fugitive defpise thy Years, Or think a Name, like his, can caufe thy Fears: Exert thy felf, and let him feel thy Pow'r, And know, that we dare drive him from our Shore, 680 But if thou wish to lay thy Greatness down, To fome more just Succession yield thy Crown; Thy Rival Sifter willingly shall reign, And fave our Ægypt from a Foreign Chain. As now, at first, in Neutral Peace we lay, 68<u>s</u> Nor wou'd be Pompey's Friends, nor Calar's Prey, Vanquish'd, where-e'er his Fortune has been try'd, And driv'n, with Scorn, from all the World befide,

By Calm chas'd, and left by his Allies, To us a baffl'd Vagabond he flies. The poor remaining Senare loath his Sight. And ruin'd Monarchs curfe his fatal Flight: While thousand Fantomes from th' unbury'd Slain. Who feed the Vultures of Emathia's Plain. Difastrous still pursue him in the Rear, 695 And urge his Soul with Horror and Defpair. To us for Refuge now he feeks to run, And wou'd once more with *Ægypt* be undone. Roufe then, oh! Ptolemy, reprefs the Wrong; He thinks we have enjoy'd our Peace too long: 700 And therefore kindly comes, that we may thare The Crimes of Slaughter, and the Woes of War, His Friendship shewn to thee Suspicions draws, And makes us feem too guilty of his Caufe: Thy Crown befrow'd, the Victor may impute; 705 The Senate gave it, but at Pompey's Suit. Nor, Pompey ! thou thy felf shalt think it hard, If from thy Aid, by Fare, we are debarr'd. We follow where the Gods, conftraining lead; We strike at thine, but wish 'twere Cafar's Head. 710 Our Weakness this, this Fate's Compulsion call; We only yield to him who conquers all.

Ver. 699. Reprefs the Wrong.] The Deftruction and Ruin that Pompey would involve us in.

Then

Then doubt not if thy Blood we mean to fpill ; Pow'r awes us; if we can, we must, and will. What Hopes thy fond miftaking Soul betray'd, 715 To put thy Truft in Ægypt's feeble Aid? Our flothful Nation, long difus'd to Toil, With Pain fuffice to till their flimy Soil, Our idle Force due Modesty shou'd teach, Nor dare to aim beyond its humble Reach. 720 Shall we refift where Rome was forc'd to yield, And make us Parties to Phar (alia's Field? We mix'd not in the fatal Strife before; And shall we, when the World has giv'n it o'er? Now! when we know th' avenging Victor's Pow'r ? Nor do we turn, unpit'ing, from Diftrefs; 726 We fly not Pompey's Woes, but feek Succefs. The Prudent on the Profp'rous still attends, And none, but Fools, chufe Wretches for their Friends. He faid; the vile Affembly all affent, 730 And the Boy-king his glad Concurrence lent. Fond of the Royalty his Slaves bestow'd, And by new Pow'r of Wickedness made proud.

Ver. 732. Fond of the Royalty.] As if he was pleas'd that his Ministers, who govern'd and controll'd him on all other Occasions, wou'd give him Leave to exercise his Royal Power for the Commission of so base a Murder.

Where

Where Cafium high o'er-looks the shoaly Strand, A Bark with armed Ruffians strait is mann'd, And the Task trufted to Achillas' Hand. Can then *Ægyptian* Souls thus proudly dare! Is Rome, ye Gods! thus fall'n by Civil War! Can you to Nile transfer the Roman Guilt, And let fuch Blood by Cowards Hands be fpilt? 740 Some kindred Murtherer at least afford. And let him fall by Calar's worthy Sword. And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardlefs Boy! Dar'ft thou thy Hand in fuch a Deed employ? Does not thy trembling Heart, with Horror, dread 749 Fove's Thunder, grumbling o'er thy guilty Head? Had not his Arms with Triumphs oft been crown'd, And ev'n the vanquish'd World his Conquest own'd; Had not the rev'rend Senate call'd him Head. And Calar giv'n fair Fulia to his Bed, 750 He was a Roman still: A Name shou'd be For ever facred to a King, like thee. Ah Fool! thus blindly by thy felf undone, Thou feek'st his Ruin, who upheld thy Throne: He only cou'd thy feeble Pow'r maintain, 755 Who gave thee first o'er Ægypt's Realm to reign. The Seamen, now, advancing near to Shore, Strike the wide Sail, and ply the plunging Oar;

When

When the false Milcreants the Navy meet,	
And with diffembled Chear the Roman greet.	760
They feign their hospitable Land address'd,	
With ready Friendship, to receive her Guest;	
Excufing much an inconvenient Shore,	
Where Shoals lye thick, and meeting Currents roar:	
From his tall Ship, unequal to the Place,	76 5
They beg him to their lighter Bark to pass.	
Had not the Gods, unchangeably, decreed	
Devoted Pompey in that Hour to bleed,	
A thousand Signs the Danger near foretell,	
Seen by his fad prefaging Friends too well.	77•
Had their low Fawning justly been delign'd,	
If Truth cou'd lodge in an <i>Ægyptian</i> Mind,	
Their King himfelf with all his Fleet had come,	
To lead, in Pomp, his Benefactor home.	
But thus Fate will'd; and Pompey choic to bear 7	75
A certain Death, before uncertain Fear.	
While, now, aboard the hostile Boat he goes,	7
To follow him the frantick Matron vows,	Ş
And claims her Partnership in all his Woes.	5
But oh! forbear (he cries) my Love, forbear ;	78o.
Thou and my Son remain in Safety here.	
Let this old Head the Danger first explore,	
And prove the Faith of yon' suspected Shore.	
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He fpoke; but fhe, unmov'd at his Commands, Thus loud exclaiming, firetch'd her eager Hands. Whither, Inhuman! whither art thou gone? Still must I weep our common Griefs alone? Joy still, with thee, forfakes my boding Heart; And fatal is the Hour whene'er we part. Why did thy Veffel to my Lesbes turn? Why was I from the faithful Ifland born? Muft I all Lands, all Shores, alike, forbear, And only on the Seas thy Sorrows thare? Thus, to the Winds, loud plain'd her fruitlefs Teng While eager from the Deck on high the hung; Trembling with wild Aftonishnaent and Fear, She dares not, while her parting Lord they bear, Turn her Eyes from him once, or fix 'em there. On him his anxious Navy all are bear, And wait, follicitous, the dire Event. No Danger aim'd against his Life they doubt; Care for his Glory only, fills their Thought: They with he may not ftain his Name renown'd, By mean Submiffion to the Boy he crown'd. Just as he enter'd o'er the Vessel's Side, Hail General! the curs'd Septimins cry'd. A Roman once in gen'rous Warfare bred, And oft' in Arms by mighty Pompey led;

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VIII. PHARSALIA. 163

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w (what vile Difhonour muft it bring) uffian Slave of an Ægyptian King. was he, horrible, inur'd to Blood, thlefs as the Savage of the Wood. tume! who but wou'd have call'd thee kind, ought thee mercifully aow inclin'd,	819
hy o'er-ruling Providence with-held	815
and of Milchief from Pharfalia's Field?	•
us, thou featter if thy deftroying Swords, .	· ·
'ry Land thy Victims thus affords.	•
ompey at a Tyrant's Badding bleed!	7
man Hands be to the Task decreed !	~
afar, and his Gods, shhor the Durd.	2
1! who with the Stain of Murder brand	
tal Branas's averiging Hand,	•
noutrous Title, yer to Speech unknown,	
& Times shall mark Septimins down !	825
r in the Boat defencelels Pompey face,	
ided and abandon'd to his Fate.	
ng they hold him, in their Pow'r, aboard,	
ry Villain drew his ruthless Sword:	
nief perceiv'd their Purpose soon, and spread	830
nan Gown, with Patience, o'er his Head:	•

822. Say you !] If Brance who kill'd Cefar was a cr, what is Septimius ?

And

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And when the curs'd Achillas pierc'd his Breaft, His rifing Indignation close repress'd. No Sighs, no Groans, his Dignity profan'd, Nor Tears his still unfully'd Glory stain'd: Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his Seat, And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great. Meanwhile, within his equal parting Soul, These latest pleasing Thoughts revolving roll. In this my strongest Tryal, and my last, As in fome Theatre I here am plac'd: The Faith of *Hgyps*, and my Fate, fall be A Theme for prefent Times, and late Posterity. Much of my former Life was crown'd with Prais And Honours waited on my early Days: Then, fearlefs, let me this dread Period meet, And force the World to own the Scene compleat. Nor grieve, my Heart! by fuch bafe Hands to ble Who ever strikes the Blow, 'tis Celar's Deed. What, tho' this mangled Carcafs shall be torn, These Limbs be toft about for publick Scorn ; My long Profperity has found its End, And Death comes opportunely, like a Friend: It comes, to fet me free from Fortune's Pow'r, And gives, what fhe can rob me of no more. My Wife and Son behold me now, 'tis true; Ohl may no Tears, no Groans, my Fate purfue!

VIII. PHARSALIA. 165

rtue rather let their Praise approve, n admire my Death, and my Remembrance love. 1 Conftancy in that dread Hour remain'd, 860 o the last, the strugg'ling Soul fustain'd. to the Matron's feebler Pow'rs reprefs'd ild Impatience of her frantick Breaft: w'ry Stab her bleeding Heart was torn, Wounds much harder to be feen, than born. 865 'tis I have murder'd him! (fhe cries) we the Sword and ruthless Hand supplies. I allur'd him to my fatal Ifle. ruel Cafar first might reach the Nile; var fure is there; no Hand but his 87• ight to fuch a Parricide as this. hether Cafar, or whoe'er thou art, haft mistook the Way to Pompey's Heart: acred Pledge in my fad Bofom lyes, plunge thy Dagger, and he more than dies. 875 », most worthy of thy Fury know, st'ner of his Arms, and fworn your Foe. our Roman Wives, I fingly bore amp's Fatigue, the Sea's tempefuous Roar: ngers, not the Victor's Wrath, I fear'd; 880 mighty Monarchs durft not do, I dar'd. guilty Arms did their glad Refuge yield, afp'd him, flying from Phar (alia's Field.

Ah

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Ah Pompey! doft thou thus my Faith re ward? Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be fpar'd? But Fate fhall many Means of Death afford, Nor want th' Affiftance of a Tyrant's Sword. And you, my Friends, in Pity, let me leap Hence headlong, down amidift the tumbling Deep: Or to my Neck the ftrangling Cordage tye; If there be any Friend of Pompey nigh, Transfix me, ftab me, do but let me die. My Lord! my Husband!---Yet thou art not dead; And fee! Cornelia is a Captive led: From thee their cruel Hands thy Wife detain, Referv'd to wear th' infulting Victor's Chain.

She fpoke; and ftiff'ning funk in cold Defpair; Her weeping Maids the lifelefs Burthen bear; While the pale Mariners the Bark unmoor, Spread ev'ry Sail, and fly the faithlefs Shore.

Nor Agonies, nor livid Death, difgrace The faced Features of the Hero's Face; In the cold Vilage, mournfully ferene, The fame Indignant Majefty was feen; There Virtue fill unchangeable abode, And feorn'd the Spite of ev'ry partial God.

The bloody Bus'ness now compleat and done, New Furies urge the fierce Septimins on:

VIII. PHARSALIA. 167

is the Robe that voil'd the Hero's Head, full View expos'd the recent Dead; 010 his horrid Gripe the Face he prefs'd, et the quivring Muscles Life confessid: w the dragging Body down with hafte, rofs a Rower's Seat the Neck he plac'd; aukward, haggling, he divides the Bone, 915 leadfman's Art was then but rudely known.) n the Spoil his Pharian Partner flies, bs the heartless Villain of his Prize. ead, his Trophy, proud Achillas bears; as an inferior Drudge appears, the meaner Mischief poorly shares. : by the venerable Locks, which grow, ry Ringlets, on his gen'rous Brow, sypt's impious King that Head they bear, aurels us'd to bind, and Monarchs fear, 925 facred Lips, and that commanding Tongue, lich the lift'ning Forum oft' has hung; longue which cou'd the World with Eafe refrain, er commanded War, or Peace, in vain; 'ace, in which Success came finiling home, 930 subled ev'ry Joy it brought to Rome; pale and wan, is fix'd upon a Spear, om, for publick View, aloft in Air,

The

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The Tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it; and decreed To keep this Pledge of his detefted Deed. 935 His Slaves firait drain the ferous Parts away, And arm the wafting Flefh againft Decay; Then Drugs and Gums thro' the void Veffels pafs, And for Duration fix the ftiff'ning Mafs.

Inglorious Boy! Degenerate and Bafe! 944 Thou last and worst of the Lagaan Race! Whofe feeble Throne, ere long, fhall be compell'd To thy lascivious Sister's Reign to yield: Canft thou, with Altars, and with Rites divine. The raft vain Youth of Macedon infhrine; 945 Can Ægypt fuch stupendous Fabricks build; Can her wide Plains with Pyramids be fill'd ; Canft thou, beneath fuch monumental Pride. Thy worthlefs Ptoleman Fathers hide; While the great Pompey's headlefs Trunk is tofs'd 950 In Scorn, unbury'd, on thy barb'rous Coaft? Was it fo much? could not thy Care fuffice, To keep him whole, and glut his Father's Eyes? In this, his Fortune ever held the fame. Still wholly Kind, or wholly Crofs, the came,

Ver. 938. Then Drugs and Gums.] That is, Feelenny order'd it to be embalm'd.

Ver. 942. Whofe feeble Throne.] It was not long before Ptolemy was kill'd, and his Sifter Cleopatra reign'd alone. Patient

Patient, his long Profperity fhe bore,But kept this Death, and this fad Day in flore.No medling God did e'er, his Pow'r employ,To eafe his Sorrows, or to damp his Joy;Unmingled came the Bitter, and the Sweet,950And all his Good and Evil was compleat.No fooner was he ftruck by Fortune's Hand,But, fee! he lyes unbury'd on the Sand;Rocks tear him, Billows tofs him up and down,And Pompey by a headlefs Trunk is known.965

Yet, e'er proud Cafar touch'd the Pharian Nile, Chance found his mangled Foe a fun'ral Pile: In Pity half, and half in Scorn, fhe gave, A wretched, to prevent a nobler Grave. Cordas, a Foll'wer long of Pompey's Fate, (His Queftor in Idadian Cyprus late) From a close Cave, in Covert where he lay, Swift to the neighb'ring Shore betook his Way: Safe in the Shelter of the gloomy Shade, And by ftrong Ties of pious Duty fway'd, The fearlefs Youth the watry Strand furvey'd.

Ver. 970. Cordus.] Plusarch fays this Man's Name was Philip.

Ver, 971. Quefor.] A fort of Collector or publick Treasurer. Cyprus is call d Idalian from a Town, Grove, or Mountain (perhaps there were all these) call'd Idaluam, or Idalia, in that Island, facred to Venus.

Vol. II.

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Twas

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Twas now the thickeft Darkness of the Night, And waining Phase lent a feeble Light; Yet foon the glimm'ring Goddel's plainly shew'd The paler Coarfe, amidit the dusky Flood. The plunging Roman flies to its Relief, And with ftrong Arms infolds the floating Chief. Long strove his Labour with the tumbling Main, And dragg'd the facred Burthen on with Pain. Nigh weary now, the Waves inftruct him well, To feize th' Advantage of th' alternate Swell: Born on the mounting Surge, to Shore he flies, And on the Beach in Safety lands his Prize. There o'er the Dead he hangs with tender Care, And drops in ev'ry gaping Wound a Tear: Then lifting to the gloomy Skies his Head, Thus to the Stars, and cruel Gods, he pray'd. See Fortune! where thy Pompey lyes! And, oh! In Pity, one, last, little Boon bestow.

He asks no Heaps of Frankincenfe to rife, No Eastern Odours to perfume the Skies;

Ver. 995. He asks no Heaps.] In enumerating wha wanting to Pompey's Funeral, the Poet takes notice o chief Pieces of Magnificence which were usual at the nerals of great Men among the Romans. See the Le Dr. Kennet upon this Subject, in his Roman Antiquiti his Chapter of the Roman Funerals.

No Roman Necks his Patriot Coarle to bear, No rev'rend Train of Statues to appear; No Pageant Shows his Glories to record, And tell the Triumphs of his conqu'ring Sword; 1000 No Inftruments in plaintive Notes to found, No Legions fad to march in folemn Round; A Bier, no better than the Vulgar need, A little Wood the kindling Flame to feed, With fome poor Hand to tend the homely Fire, 1005 Is all, these wretched Relicks now require. Your Wrath, ye Pow'rs! Cornelia's Hand denies; Let that, for ev'ry other Lofs, fuffice : She takes not her last Leave, she weeps not here, And yet fhe is, ye Gods! fhe is too near. 1010 Thus while he fpoke, he faw where thro' the Shade A flender Flame its gleamy Light difplay'd;

There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,

A poor neglected Body lonely burn'd. He feiz'd the kindled Brands; and oh! (he faid) 1015 Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, friendlefs Shade; And tho' unpity'd and forlorn thou lye, Thy felf a better Office fhalt fupply.

Ver. 1010. She is too near.] As having feen his Murder, and now probably being in Sight of his mean Funeral. Book 9. Ver. 95.

H 2

If

172 LUGAN'S Book VIII.

If there be feast in Souls departed, thine To my great Leader shall her Rites refign: 10 With humble Joy shall quit her meaner Claim, And blush to burn, when Pompey wants the Flame.

He faid; and gath'ring in his Garment, bore The glowing Fragments to the neighb'ring Shore. There foon arriv'd, the noble Trunk he found, 1025 Half wafh'd into the Flood, half refting on the Ground. With Diligence his Hands a Trench prepare, Jit it around, and place the Body there. No cloven Oaks in lofty Order lye, To lift the great Patrician to the Sky: 5030 By Chance a few poor Flanks were hard at hand, By fome late Shipwreck caft upon the Strand; Thele pious Cordon gathers where they lay, And plants about the Chief, as beft he may.

Now while the Blaze began to rife around, 1035 The Youth fat mournful by, upon the Ground: And oh (he cry'd) if this unworthy Flame Difgrace thy great, majeflick, Roman Name; If the rude Outrage of the flormy Seas Seem better to thy Ghoft, than Rites like thefe; 1040 Yet let thy injur'd Shade the Wrong forget, Which Duty, and officious Zeal commit. Fate forms, it felf, in any Excuse to plead, And thy hard Fortune justifies my Deed.

I only with'd, nor is that With in vain, -1045 To fave thee from the Monsters of the Main; From Vulturs Claws, from Lions that devour, From mortal Malice, and from Cafer's Pow'r. No longer, then, this humbler Flame withstand; "Tis lighted to thee by a Roman Hand. IO TO TO If e'er the Gods permit unhappy me, Once more, thy loy'd Helperian Land to fee, With me thy exil'd Afhes fhall return, And Chaft Cornelia give thee to thy Urn. Meanwhile, a Signal shall my Care provide, lejg Some future Raman Votary to guides When with due Riter thy Fate he would deplore. And thy pale Head to these thy Limbs reftore : Then shall he mark the Witnels of my Stone, And, taught by me, thy facred Ghost atone. 1060 He spoke; and strait, with busie, pious Hands,

Hesp'd on the fineaking Coarfe the featter'd Brands. Slow funk amidit the Fire the waiting Dead, And the faint Flame with dropping Marrow fod. Now 'gan the glittering Stars to fade away, sof f Before the rolie Promife of the Day, When the pale Youth th' unfinish'd Rites forfook, And to the Covert of his Cave betook.

Ah! why thus rashly wou'd thy Fears difclaim That only Deed, which must record thy Name? 1070

H 3

Ev'n

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Ev'n Cafar's felf fhall just Applause bestow, And praife the Roman that inters his Foe. Securely tell him where his Son is laid, And he shall give thee back his mangled Head.

But foon behold? the bolder Youth returns, re77 While, half confum'd, the fmould'ring Carcafs burns; Ere yet the cleanfing Fire had melted down The flefhy Mafcles, from the firmer Bone. He quench'd the Relicks in the briny Wave, And hid 'em, hafty, in a narrow Grave : 1080 Then with a Stone the facred Duft he binds, To guard it from the Breath of fcatt'ring Winds: And left fome heedlefs Mariner fhou'd come, And violate the Warrior's humble Tomb; Thus with a Line the Monument he keeps, 1085 Beneath this Stone the once great Pompey fleeps.

Ver. 1071. Ev'n Czelar's felf.] Infinuating that Cafar would willingly reward the Man who fhould tell him he had bury'd Pompey, fince he might from thence certainly conclude he was dead.

The Piety of the Perfon who took fo much Care to perform these Rites of Funeral, tho' but mean ones, to *Pompey*, is the more institled on by the Poet, because the Ancients had nothing in greater Horreur than to want 'em. *Virgil* fays, that the Unbury'd on the Banks of Styx

Centum Annos errant, &c. 6 Æn.

An Hundred Years they wander on the Shore; At length, the Penance done, are wafted o'er.

Mr. Dryden.

Oh

Oh Fortune! can thy Malice fwell fo high? Canft thou with Cafar's ev'ry Wifh comply? Must he, thy Pompey once, thus meanly lye? But oh! forbear, miltaken Man, forbear ! 1090 Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there: Where there are Seas or Air, or Earth, or Skies, Where-c'er Rome's Empire ftretches, Pompey lyes. Far be the vile Memorial then convey'd! Nor let this Stone the partial Gods upbraid, 1095 Shall Hercules all Oeta's Heights demand, And Ny/a's Hill, for Bacchus only, fland; While one poor Pebble is the Warrior's Doom, That fought the Caule of Liberty and Rome ? If Fate decrees he must in *Ægypt* lye, 11:00 - Let the whole fertile Realm his Grave fupply: Yield the wide Country to his awful Shade, Nor let us bear on any Part to tread, Fearful to violate the mighty Dead. But if one Stone must bear the facred Name. 1105 Let it be fill'd with long Records of Fame. There let the Passenger, with Wonder, read, The Pyrates vanquish'd, and the Ocean freed; Sertorius taught to yield; the Alpine War; And the young Roman Knight's triumphal Car. 1110 With thefe, the mighty Pontick King be plac'd, And ev'ry Nation of the vanquish'd East:

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Tell with what loud Applause of Rome, he drove Thrice his glad Wheels to Capitolian fore: Tell too, the Patriot's greateft, beft Renown, Tell, how the Victor laid his Empire down, And chang'd his Armour for the peaceful Gown. But ah! what Marbles to the Task fuffice! Inftead of thefe, turn, Roman, turn thy Eyes i Stek the known Name our Faffi us'd to wear, The noble Mark of many a glorious Year ; The Name that wont the trophy'd Arch to grace, And ev'n in Temples of the Gods found Place: Decline the lowly, bending to the Ground, And there that Name, that Pompey may be found. 1120

Oh fatal Land! what Curfe can I beflow, Equal to those, we to thy Mischiefs owe? Well did the wise Cumans Maid, of yore, Warn our Hesperian Chiefs to shun thy Shore.

Ver. 1122. The Trophy'd Arch.] The Triumphel Arches were erected in Honour of successful Generals and Emperors, and were properly adora'd with Military Trophies. It may likewise be meant by the Original, that such Arches were built by the Spoils gain'd from the Enemies; but the former Sense scenes the more obvious.

Ver. 1129. Warn our Hefperian.] Cicero mentions a Prophecy among the Sidyls Verles, that forbad Roman Soldiers, or rather the Roman Soldiery in general, to go to Egypt. The Quindetenviri, or Fifteen Priefts, who had the Cuftody of those Oraculous Pieces of Poetry, interpreted it to another Occasion; but Lucan applies it aptly enough in this Place to Pompey.

Forbid,

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Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 177

Forbid, just Heav'ns! your Dews to bless the Soil, 1130 And thou with-hold thy Waters, fruitful Nile ! Let Agypt, like the Land of Asthings, burn, And her fat Earth to Sandy Defarts turn. Have we, with Honours, dead Ofiris crown'd, And mourn'd him to the tinkling Timbrel's Sound; Received her Ilis to divine Aboads. 1136 And rank'd her Dogs deform'd with Roman Gods; While, in defpight to Pompey's injur'd Shade, Low in her Duft his facred Bones are laid? And thou, oh Rome ! by whole forgetful Hand 1110 Alters and Temples, rear'd to Tyrants, Rand. Canft thou neglect to call thy Heroe home, And leave his Ghoft in Banifament to norm? What the' the Victor's Frown, and thy base Fear, Bad thee, at first, the pious Task forbear; 1145 Yet now, at least, oh let him now return. And reft with Honour in a Roman Den.

Vcr. 1135, Timbrel's Sound.] The Siftmus (which I have here translated Timbrel) was an odd fort of a Brazen Infirument of Musick, with loose Pieces of the fame Meral that ran along upon little Bars or Wires. It was peculiarly dedicated to the Worship of Iss and Osiris.

Ver. \$137. Doge deform'd.] Anothis was an Egyptian God, always represented with a Dog's Head. Little Iconcula, or Images, of this kind are frequently to be mer with in Collections of Antiquities.

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Nor

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Nor let miltaken Superstition dread, On fuch Occasions, to diffurb the Dead: Oh! wou'd commanding Rome my Hand employ, -The impious Task should be perform'd with Joy: How won'd I fly to tear him from that Tomb, And bear his Ashes in my Bosom home! Perhaps, when Flames their dreadful Ravage make, Or groaning Earth shall from the Center shake; When blafting Dews the rifing Harveft feize, Or Nations ficken with fome dire Difeafe; The Gods, in Mercy to us, shall command To fetch our Pomtey from th'accuried Land. Then. when his venerable Bones draw near, In long Proceffion shall the Priests appear. And their great Chief the facred Relicks bear. Or if thou still posses the Pharian Shore, What Traveller but shall thy Grave explore; Whether he tread Syme's burning Soil, Or visit fultry Thebes, or fruitful Nile: Or if the Merchant, drawn by Hopes of Gain, Seck rich Arabia, and the ruddy Main;

, Vcr. 1162. Their great Chief.] The Pontifex M. This was an Office of the greatest Dignity, and Time of the Emperors always born by themselves.

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Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 179

With holy Rites thy Shade he shall atone, And bow before thy venerable Stone. 1170 For who but shall prefer thy Tomb, above The meaner Fane of an Egyptian Fove? Nor envy thou, if abject Romans raife Statues and Temples, to their Tyrant's Praife; Tho' his proud Name on Altars may prefide, 1175 And thine be wash'd by every rolling Tide; Thy Grave shall the vain Pageantry despise, Thy Grave, where that great God, thy Fortune, lyes. Even those who kneel not to the Gods above, Nor offer Sacrifice or Pray'r to Fove, 1180 To the Bidental bend their humble Eyes, And worship where the bury'd Thunder lyes.

Perhaps Fate wills, in Honour to thy Fame, No Marble shall record thy mighty Name. So may thy Duss, e'er long, be worn away, And all Remembrance of thy Wrongs decay: Perhaps a better Age shall come, when none Shall think thee ever laid beneath this Stone;

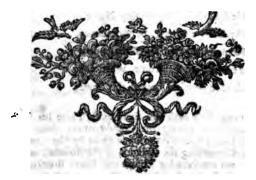
Ver. 1179. Ev'n thole who kneel not.] There has been much Difputation among the Commentators about this. Paffage. I have follow'd the Senfe given by the Learned Grotius. Concerning the Religion of the Bidental, or covering in and confectating Things and Places furcken by Thunder, fee before the Note on Vor. 1038. of the First Book.

When

When Egypt's Boak of Pompey's Tourb, shall prove As unbeliev'd a Tale, as Cross relates of Jove. 1190

Ver. 1189. When Egypt's Boast of Pompey's Temb.] The Cresans pretended not only to be Jupiter's Countrymen, but they likewise flow's his Tourb, for which Callimachus brands 'em as very diffinguish'd and kaown Lyars. As for the Tomb of Pompey, it is generally faid to have been at the Fount of Mount Calins, near Pelujina in Egypt. The Emperor Advisor not only had a great Value tor, and bought up many of the ancient Statues of this great Man, but likewise caus'd his Monument to be magnificently repair'd.

Plutarch fays, that his Afhes were carry'd to his Wife Cornelia, who caus'd them to be bury'd at a Country-House he had near Alba in Italy.



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NINTH BOOK

OF

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA

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The Poet having ended the foregoing Book with the Death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheofis; from thence, after a short Account of Cato's gathering up the Relichs of the Battel of Pharialia, and transporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to describe Cornelia's Passion and on the Death of her Husband. Among ft other things, fie informs his Son Sextus of his Father's last Commands, to continue the War in Defence of the Commonwealth. Sextus sets fail for Cato's Camp, where he meets his elder Brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the Fate of their Father. Upon this Occasion the Poet describes the Rage of the elder Pompey, and the Diforders that happen'd in the Camp, both which Cato appeales. To prevent any fusure Inconvenience of this kind, he refolves to put them upon Action, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a Description of the Systs, and their dangerous Passage by em, follows Cato's Speech to encourage the Soldiers to march thro' the Defarts of Libya; then an Account of Libya, the Defarts, and their March. In the middle of which is a beautiful Digreffion concerning the Temple of Jupiter-Ammon, with Labienus's Perfusioon to Cato to enquire of the Oracle concerning the Event of the War, and Cato's famous Answer. From thence, after a warm Elogy upon Cato, the Author goes on to the Account of the Original of Serpents in Africk; and this. with the Defcription of their various Kinds, and the feveral Deaths of the Soldiers by 'em, is perhaps the most poetical Part of this whole Work. At Leptis be leaves Cato, and returns to Casfar, whom he brings into Ægypt, after having heron him the Ruins of Troy, and from thence taken an Occasion to speak well of Poetry in General, and himfelf in Particular. Calar, upon his Arrival on the Coaft of Egypt, is met by an Ambassador from Ptolemy with Pompey's Head. He receives the Prefent (according to Lucan) with a feign'd Abhorrence, and concludes the Book with Tears, and a seeming Grief for the Misfortune of fogreat a Man.



LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK IX.



OR in the dying Embers of its Pile Slept the great Soul upon the Banks of Nile,

Amidît its wretched Reliques was detain'd;

But active, and impatient of Delay, 5 Shot from the mould'ring Heap, and upward urg'd its way. Far in those Azure Regions of the Air Which border on the rowling starry Sphere,

Beyond our Orb, and nearer to that height,

Where Cinthia drives around her Silver Light;

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Ver. 9. Beyond our Orb.] It was the Opinion of many of the Ancients, especially the Platonifts, that there was a Place

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Their happy Scars the Denny-Gods policis, Refin'd by Virtue and prepar'd for Blafes Of Life unbland, a pure and pions Race, Worthy that lower Hear's and Stars to grace. Divine, and equal to the glorious Place. There Pompey's Soul, adorn'd with heav'nly Light, Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest was bright. New to the bleft Aboad, with Wonder fill'd, The Stars and moving Planets he beheld; Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray, Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect Day, And under what a Cloud of Night we lay. But when he faw, how on the Shoar forlorn His headles's Trunk was cast for publick Scorn; When he beheld, how envious Fortune, still, Took Pains to use a senseles Carcass ill. He fmil'd at the vain Malice of his Foc, And pity'd impotent Mankind below. Then lightly passing o'er Æmathia's Plain, His flying Navy scatter'd on the Main, 30

Place of Happinels affign'd to good Men between the Moon and the Earth. This the Followers of Place call'd the Confines between Life and Death. Wheever has the Curiofity to fee their Opinions upon this Subject more at large, may find 'em in Macrobias's Comment upon Scipie's Vilion, especially in Lib. 1. Cap. 11.

And

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:l Cafar's Tents; he fut'd at last dence in Brutus' facred Breaft : ooding o'er his Country's Wrongs he fate, e's Avenger, and the Tyrant's Fate; ournful Rome might still her Pempey find, 35* nd in Cato's free unconquer'd Mind. thile in deep inspense the World yet lay, and doubtful whom it should obey, row'd to Pempey's felf did bear, Companion in the Common War, the Senate's just Command, they food together for the Publick Good; d Pharfalia did all Doubts decide, ly fix'd him to the tanquift'd Side. cis Country, like an Orphan left, s and poor, of all Support bereft, and cherifh'd with a Father's Care. orted, he had her not to fears ht her feeble Hands, once more the Trade of W of Empire did his Courage fway, 50. e, nor proud Repugnance to Obey :

7. He, while in deep.] When Pompey follow'd to Theffaly, he left Cate with fome Troops about wm. With these Troops, and as many of those from Pharfalia as he could gather up, Cate pass'd n the Continent to the Island of Careyra, near land Pompey's Navy then lay, in order to join

Paffions -

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Paffions and private Int'reft he forgot; Not for himfelf, but Liberty he fought. Streight to Corcyra's Port his way he bent, The fwift advancing Victor to prevent; 55 Who marching fudden on, to new Success. The fcatter'd Legions might with Eale oppress; There, with the Ruins of *Æmathia's* Field, The flying Hoft, a thoufand Ships he fill'd. ., Who that from Land, with Wonder, had deferv'd 60 The paffing Fleet, in all its Naval Pride, Stretch'd wide, and o'er the diftant Ocean fpread, Cou'd have believ'd those mighty Numbers fled? Malea o'crpaft, and the Tenarian Shore, With fwelling Sails he for Cyshers bore. 64 Then Crete he faw, and with a Northern Wind Soon left the fam'd Distann life behind. Urg'd by the bold Phycantine's churlish Pride, (Their Shores, their Haven, to his Fleet deny'd) The Chief reveng'd the Wrong, and as he pass'd, 70 Laid their unhospitable City waste.

Ver. 64. Malea,] A Promontory on the Southern Part of the Pelopone (us (Morea.) It is now call'd Cape Malio, or St. Angelo.

Cythera is an Island not far from Malea, now call'd Carige. It was famous among the Ancients for the Worship of Venus, hence call'd Cytheras.

Ver. 67. Dictzen Iste] Crete.

Ver. 68. Phycuntines.] Phycus was a Promontory, with a Town of the same Name, on the Coast of Cyrent in Africa.

Theace

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Thence wafted forward, to the Coast he came Which took of old from Palinure its Name. (Nor Italy this Monument alone Can boast, fince Libya's Palinure has shown Her peaceful Shores were to the Trojan known.) From hence they foon defery with doubtful Pain, Another Navy on the diftant Main. Anxious they fland, and now expect the Foe, Now their Companions in the publick Woe: 80 The Victor's hafte enclines 'em moft to Fear; Each Vessel seems a hostile Face to wear. And ev'ry Sail they 'fpy, they fancy Cafar there. But oh those Ships a diff'rent Burthen bore, A mournful Freight they wafted to the Shore: Sorrows, that might Tears, ev'n from Cate, gain, And teach the rigid Stoick to complain.

When long the fad Cornelis's Pray'rs, in vain, Had try'd the flying Navy to detain, With Sextes long had flrove, and long implor'd, To wait the Relicks of her murder'd Lord;

Ver. 73. From Palinure its Name.] On the Coaft of Naples is a Promontory ftill call'd Cabo di Palinuro, from Palinurus, Æneas's Pilot, who was drown'd, or rather murther'd by the People of the Country near that Place. As for the Libyan Palinurus, the Commentators affign it a Place as a Promontory likewife on the Coaft of Cyrene, tho' I do not find it mention'd amongft the ancient Geographers. Cellarins has a Lake call'd Palinura, and a River of the fame Name in the Province of Cyrine.

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The Waves, perchance, might the dear Pledge reft And waft him bleeding from the faithlefs Shore: Still Grief and Love their various Hopes infpire, "Till fhe beholds her *Pompey*'s fun'ral Fire, "Till on the Land fhe fees th'ignoble Flame Afcend, unequal to the Heroe's Name; Then into juft Complaints at length fhe broke. And thus with pieus Indignation fpoke.

Oh Fortune! dost thou then difdain t'afford My Love's last Office to my dearest Lord ? Am I one chaft, one last Embrace deny'd ? Shall I not lay me by his Clay-cold Side, Nor Tears to bathe his gaping Wounds provide? Am I unworthy the fad Torch to bear, To light the Flame, and burn my flowing Hair? To gather from the Shore the noble Spoil. And place it decent on the fatal Pile? Shall not his Bones and facred Duft be born. In this fad Bofom, to their peaceful Urn? Whate'er the last confurning Flame shall leave, Shall not this widow'd Hand by Right receive, And to the Gods the precious Relicks give? Perhaps, this laft Refpect which I should show, Some vile Egyptian Hand does now behow, Injurious to the Roman Shade below. Happy, my Craffic, were thy Bones, which lay Exposed to Parthian Birds and Beafts of Prey!

IX. PHARSALIA. 189

ie last Rites the cruel Gods allow, r a Curfe my Pompey's Pile bestow. r will the fame fad Fate return? unburied Husband muft I mourn, eep my Sorrows o'er an empty Urn? hy should Tombs be built, or Uras be made? Frief like mine require their feeble Aid? 125 tot lodg'd, thou Wretch! within thy Heart, x'd in ev'ry deareft vital Part? Ionuments furviving Wives may grieve, 'er will need 'em, who difdains to live. 1! behold where yon' malignant Flames 130 ebly forth their mean inglorious Beams! my lov'd Lord, his dear Remains, they rife, ring my Pompey to my weeping Eyes; ow they fink, the languid Lights decay, loudy Smoak all Eastward rolls away, wafts my Heroe to the Riling Day. o the Winds demand, with frethining Gales, 137 us they call, and firetch the fwelling Sails.

r. 123. O'er an empty Urn.] The Ancients plat'd fo Religion in performing Funeral Rites for the Dead, tho' the Body was not in their Power, they perd all the fame Ceremonies to it in its Ablence, effed a Monument, which, as it contain'd nothing, all'd Cenotaphium, or an empty Sepulcher.

No

* 7 V

No Land on Earth feems dear as Egypt now, No Land that Crowns and Triumphs did beftow And with new Laurels bound my Pompey's Brov That happy Pompey to my Thoughts is loft, He that is left, lyes dead on yonder Coaft; He, only he, is all I now demand, For him I linger near this curfed Land : Endear'd by Crimes, for Horrors loy'd the more, I cannot, will not, leave the Pharian Shore. Thou, Sextus, thou falt prove the Chance of W And thro' the World thy Father's Enfigns bear, Then hear his laft Command, entrusted to my C " When e'er my last, my fatal Hour shall come, " Arm you, my Sons, for Liberty and Rome; " While one shall of our Free-born Race remain, " Let him prevent the Tyrant Cafar's Reign. " From each free City round, from ev'ry Land, " Their warlike Aid in Pompey's Name demand. " These are the Parties, these the Friends he lear " This Legacy your dying Father gives. " If for the Sea's wide Rule your Arms you bear " A Pompey ne'er can want a Navy there, " Heirs of my Fame, my Sons, shall wage my W " Only be bold, unconquer'd in the Fight, 47 And, like your Father, still defend the Right.

Book IX. PHARSALIA. 191

" To Cato, if for Liberty he stand, " Submit, and yield you to his ruling Hand, " Brave, Juft, and only worthy to command. At length to thee, my Pompey, I am Juft, I have furviv'd, and well discharg'd my Truft; Thro' Chaos now, and the dark Realms below, To follow thee a willing Shade I go: 170 If longer with a lingring Fate I strive, 'Tis but to prove the Pain of b'ing alive, 'Tis to be Curs'd for daring to furvive. She, who could bear to fee thy Wounds, and live, New Proofs of Love, and fatal Grief shall give. 175 Nor need the fly for Succour to the Sword, The freepy Precipice, and deadly Cord; she from her felf shall find her own Relief. And fcorn to die of any Death but Grief.

So faid the Matron; and about her Head 185 Her Veil fhe draws, her mournful Eyes to fhade. Refolv'd to fhroud in thickeft Shades her Woe, She feeks the Ship's deep darkforn Hold below: There lonely left, at leifure to complain, She hugs her Sorrows, and enjoys her Pain; 185 Still with frefh Tears the living Grief wou'd feed, And fondly loves it, in her Husband's flead. In vain the beating Surges rage aloud, And fwelling Eurus grumbles in the Shroud;

Her

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Her, nor the Waves beneath, nor Winds above, Nor all the noify Cries of Fear can move; In fullen Peace compos'd for Death the lyes, And waiting, longs to hear the Tempett rife; Then hopes the Seamens Vows thall all be croft, Prays for the Storm, and withes to be loft.

Soon from the Pharian Coaft the Navy bore, And fought thro' foamy Seas the Cyprian Shore; Soft Eaftern Gales prevailing thence alone, To Cato's Camp and Libya waft 'em on. With mournful Looks from Land, (as oft, we kno A fad Prophetick Spirit waits on Woe,) Pompey, his Brother and the Fleet beheld, Now near advancing o'er the Wat'ry Field: Straight to the Beach with headlong hafte he flies: Where is our Father, Sentus, where? he cries : Do we yet Live? Stands yet the Sov'raign State? Or does the World, with Pompey, yield to Fate? Sink we at length before the Conqu'ring Foe? And is the Mighty Head of Rome haid low? He faid; the mouraful Brother thus reply'd; O happy thou! whom Lands and Seas divide From Woes, which did to thefe fad Eyes betide." These Eyes! which of their Horror still complain, Since they beheld our Godlike Father flain.

Ver. 202. Pompey, his Brother.] Cn. Pompeius t der Brother, who was with Cato.

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Scarce had he ended thus, when Pompey, warm 241 With noble Fury calls aloud to Arm; Nor feeks in Sighs and helples' Tears Relief, But thus in pious Rage express'd his Grief.

Hence all aboard, and hafte to put to Sea, 245 Urge on against the Winds our adverse Way; With me let ev'ry Roman Leader go, Since Civil Wars were ne'er fo just as now. Pompey's unbury'd Relicks ask your Aid, Call for due Rites and Honours to be paid. 250 Let Egypt's Tyrant pour a purple Flood, And footh the Ghoft with his inglorious Blood. Not Alexander shall his Friests defend, Forc'd from his Golden Shrine he shall descend: In Mareotis deep I'll plunge him down, 255 Deep in the fluggish Waves the Royal Carcass drown. From his proud Pyramid Amafis torn, With his long Dynafties my Rage fhall mourn. And floating down their muddy Nile be born.

Ver. 255. Mareetis,] or Mareia, was a famous Lake not far from Alexandria. The Wine that grew in the neighbouring Country, and which took its Name from hence, was reckon'd excellent; tho' Lucan, in the Tenth Book, fycaks defpicably of it, in comparison of that which grows in the Island of Meroë.

Ver. 257. Amafis] Was a famous King of Egypt, who fucceeded Apriez, after having dethron'd him. His Story may be seen at large in the Second Book of Herodoms.

Ver. 218. Long Dynafties.] The Word Dynafty is Greek, and fignifics Lordship or Government. It is most peculiarly apply'd to the Ægyptian Kings.

Each

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y Tomb and Monumental Stone, 260 unburied Pompey, shall attone. ore, shall draw the cheated Crowd, Diris in his Linnen Shrowd ; heir Shrines, with Scorn they shall be cast, ignominious Hands defac'd: 265 7 Apis of Diviner Breed, ζ y's Duft a Sacrifice shall bleed, ning Deities the Flame shall feed. Ž ll the Land be laid, and never know r's Care, nor feel the crooked Plow: Il be left for whom the Nile may flow: Gods banish'd, and the People gone, Pompey shall be left alone. ; then hafty to Revenge he flew, rard out the ready Navy drew; 2-5 r Cato did the Youth affwage, ing much, comprett his filial Rage. ime the Shores, the Seas, and Skies around, urnful Cries for Pompey's Death refound. cample have their Sorrows fhown, 280 > Age befide, nor People known, ing Pow'r did with Compassion meet, uds deplor'd the Ruins of the Great, n the fad Cornelia first appear'd, the Deck her mournful Head the rear'd, 285 1 2 Her

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Her Locks hung rudely o'er the Matron's Face, With all the Pomp of Grief's diforder'd Grace; When they beheld her, wasted quite with Woe, And fpent with Tears that never ceas'd to flow, Again they feel their Lofs, again complain, 290 And Heaven and Earth ring with their Cries again. Soon as the landed on the friendly Strand, Her Lord's last Rites employ her pious Hand; To his dear Shade the builds a fun'ral Pile, And decks it proud with many a noble Spoil. 295 There fron his Arms with Antick Gold inlaid, There the rich Robes which the her felf had made, Robes to Imperial Fove in Triumph 'erst display'd: The Relicks of his paft victorious Days, Now this his latest Trophy ferve to raife, And in one common Flame together blaze. Such was the weeping Matron's pious Care: The Soldiers, taught by her, their Fires prepare; To ev'ry valiant Friend a Pile they build. That fell for Rome in curs'd Pharfalia's Field: 205 Stretch'd wide along the Shores, the Flames extend. And grateful to the wandring Shades, afcend. So when Appulian Hinds, with Art, renew The wintry Pastures to their verdant Hue. That Flow'rs may rife, and fpringing Grafs return, 210 With fpreading Flames the wither'd Fields they burn,

Garganus

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Garganus then and lofty Vultur blaze, And draw the diftant wondring Swains to gaze; Far are the glitt'ring Fires defcry'd by Night, And gild the dusky Skies around with Light.

But oh! not all the Sorrows of the Crowd That fpoke their free impatient Thoughts aloud, That tax'd the Gods, as Authors of their Woe, And charg'd 'em with Neglect of Things below; Not all the Marks of the wild People's Love, The Hero's Soul, like *Cato*'s Praife, could move: Few were his Words, but from an honeft Heart, Where Faction and where Favour had no Part, But Truth made up for Paflion and for Art.

We've loft a Roman Citizen (he faid)325Ome of the nobleft of that Name is dead;Who, tho' not equal to our Fathers found,Nor by their fricteft Rules of Juftice bound,Yet from his Faults this Benefit we draw,He, for his Country's Good, tranfgrefs'd her Law,To keep a bold licentious Age in Awe.Rome held her Freedom ftill, tho'he was great;33aHe fway'd the Senate, but they rul'd the State.When Crouds were willing to have worn his Chain,He chofe his private Station to retain,That all might free, and equal all remain.

Ver. 312. Garganus and Vultur,] Mountains in Apulia, the latter not far from Versufia, the Birth-place of Horace.

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War's boundless Pow'r he never fought to use, Nor ask'd, but what the People might refuse: 338 Much he poffefs'd, and wealthy was his Store, Yet still he gather'd but to give the more, And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor. He drew the Sword, but knew its Rage to charm, And lov'd Peace beft, when he was forc'd to Arm; Unmov'd with all the glittering Pomp of Pow'r, He took with Joy, but laid it down with more: 345 · His chafter Houfhold and his frugal Board, Nor Lewdness did, nor Luxury afford, Ev'n in the highest Fortunes of their Lord. His noble Name, his Country's Honour grown, Was venerably round the Nations known, And as Rome's faireft Light and brighteft Glory fhone. When betwixt Marius and fierce Sylla toft, The Commonwealth her ancient Freedom loft. - Some Shadow yet was left, fome Shew of Pow'r; Now ev'n the Name with Pompey is no more: 355 Senate and People all at once are gone, Nor need the Tyrant blufh to mount the Throne. Oh happy Pompey ! happy in thy Fate, Happy by falling with the falling State, Thy Death a Benefit the Gods did grant, Thou might'ft have liv'd those Pharian Swords to want.

Ver. 356. Senate and People.] All those Laws that ferv'd for the Prefervation of the Senate's just Authority, and the People's Liberty.

Freedom,

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Freedom, at leaft, thou doft by dying gain, Nor liv'ft to fee thy Julia's Father reign; Free Death is Man's firft Blifs, the next is to be flain. Such Mercy only, I from Juba crave, (If Fortune fhould ordain me Juba's Slave) To Cafar let him fhew, but fhew me dead, And keep my Carcafe, fo he takes my Head.

He faid, and pleas'd the noble Shade below,More than a thousand Orators could do;37°Tho' Tully too had lent his charming Tongue,And Rome's full Forum with his Praise had rung.

But Difcord new infects the fullen Crowd, And now they tell their Difcontents aloud: When Tarchon first his flying Enfigns bore, 375 Call'd out to march, and hasten'd to the Shore; Him Cato thus, purfuing as he mov'd, Sternly befpoke, and justly thus reprov'd.

Ver. 364. To be Slaim.] I don't think this is fo clearly expressed as it ought to be. The Author's Meaning is, that next to dying when and how one pleafes, is the Happiness of being compell'd to die by another.

Ver. 365. I from Juba crave.] To whom Cato then refolv'd to join himfelf.

Ver. 375. When Tarchon.] This Tarchon was a Prince of the Cilicians, or perhaps rather a Leader of fome of the Cilician Pyrates, who had been formerly vanquift'd and pardon'd by Pompey, and in this Civil War came to his Attistance. I have follow'd the comuron Reading of Tarchon, tho' (according to the Opinion of Grotius) this Prince or General's Name was Tarchondimotus,

Oh

$L U C \Lambda N$'s Book $\mathbb{I}X$.

Oh reftles Author of the roving War, Doft thou again Piratick Arms prepare? Pompey, thy Terror and thy Scourge, is gone, And now thou hop'ft to rule the Seas alone.

He faid, and bent his Frown upon the reft, Of whom one bolder thus the Chief addrefs'd, And thus their Wearinefs of War contefs'd.

286 For Pompey's fake (nor thou difdain to hear) The Civil War we wage, these Arms we bear; Him we preferr'd to Peace: But (Cato) now, That Caufe, that Mafter of our Arms lyes low. Let us no more our absent Country mourn. 399 But to our Homes and Houshold-Gods return: To the chaft Arms from whole Embrace we fled. And the dear Pledges of the Nuptial Bed. For oh! what Period can the War attend, Which nor Phar falia's Field nor Pompey's Death can end? The better Times of flying Life are past, 206 Let Death come gently on in Peace at laft. Let Age at length with providential Care The necessary Pile and Urn prepare, All Rites, the cruel Civil War denies, 400 Part ev'n of Pompey yet unbury'd lyes. Tho' vanquish'd, yet by no Barbarian Hand, We fear not Exile in a foreign Land,

Nor

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ire our Necks by Fortune now bespoke, ar the Scythian or Armenian Yoke; 405 lictor still a Citizen we own. vield Obedience to the Roman Gown. : Pompey liv'd, he bore the Sov'reign Sway; was next, and him we now obey; Reverence be the facred Shade ador'd. 410 /ar has giv'n us now another Lord: efar and fuperior Chance we yield: as determin'd in Emathia's Field. hall our Arms on other Leaders wait, or uncertain Hopes moleft the State, ollow'd Pompey once, but now we follow Fate. Terms, what Safety can we hope for now, what the Victor's Mercy fhall allow? Pompey's Prefence juftify'd the Caufe, fought we for our Liberties and Laws; 420 him the Honours of that Caufe lye dead, all the Sanctity of War is fled. to, thou for Rome these Arms 'doft bear, ll, thy Country only be thy Care, we the Legions where Rome's Enfigns fly 425 e her proud Eagles wave their Wings on high: hatter who to Pompey's Pow'r fucceeds, ollow where a Reman Conful leads,

15

This

LUCAN's Book I

This faid, he leap'd aboard; the youthful Sort Join in his Flight, and hafte to leave the Port; The fenfelefs Crowd their Liberty difdain, And long to wear victorious *Cafar*'s Chain. Tyrannick Pow'r now fudden feem'd to threat The ancient Glories of *Rome*'s free-born State, Till *Cato* fpoke, and thus deferr'd her Fate.

Did then your Vows and fervile Pray'rs confpire Nought but a haughty Mailer to defire? Did you, when eager for the Battle, come The Slaves of Pampey, not the Friends of Rome? Now, weary of the Toil, from War you fly, And idly lay your ufcless Armour by; Your Hands neglect to wield the fhining Sword, Nor can you fight but for a King and Lord. Some mighty Chief you want, for whom to fweat; Your felves you know not, or at least forget, And fondly bleed, that others may be great : Meanly you toil, to give your felves away; And die, to leave the World a Tyrant's Prey. The Gods and Fortune do at length afford A Caule most worthy of a Roman Sword. At length 'tis fafe to conquer. Pompey now Cannot, by your Success, too potent grow; Yet now, ignobly, you with-hold your Hands, When nearer Liberty your Aid demands.

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ree who durft the Sovereign Pow'r invade, 455 by your Fortune's kinder Doom lye dead; hall the Pharian Sword and Parthian Bow ore for Liberty and Rome, than you? s ye are, in vile Subjection go, corn what Ptolemy did ill bestow. 460 ly Innocent, and meanly Good, lurft not stain your hardy Hands in Blood; r a while you fought, but foon did yield, led the first from dire Phar (alia's Field; en fecure, for Cafar will be good, 465 vardon those who are with Ease subdu'd; itying Victor will in Mercy fpare Nretch, who never durft provoke his War. ordid Slaves! one lordly Mafter gone, Heirlooms go from Father to the Son. 470) enhance your fervile Merit more, ad Cornelia weeping from the Shore; y for Hire expose the Matron's Life, as' Daughter fell, and Pompey's Wife; too his Sons : Let Cafar find in you 475 thes that may ev'n Ptolemy out-do.

: 456. Two by your.] Craffus and Pompey, who, with , compos'd the first Triunvirste. r. 474. Metellus'. Daughter.] Cornelia was the hter of Corn. Scipio Metellus.

But.

L U C A N's Book IX.

But let not my devoted Life be fpar'd, The Tyrant greatly fhall that Deed reward; Such is the Price of Cato's hated Head, That all your former Wars fhall well be paid; 480 Kill me, and in my Blood do Cafar Right, 'Tis mean to have no other Guilt but Flight.

He faid, and ftopp'd the flying Naval Pow'r; Back they return'd, repenting, to the Shore. As when the Bees their waxen Town forfake. 485 Careless in Air their wandring Way they take, No more in cluftring Swarms condens'd they fly, But fleet uncertain thro' the various Sky; No more from Flow'rs they fuck the liquid Sweet, But all their Care and Industry forget: 490 Then if at length the tinkling Brafs they hear, With fwift Amaze their Flight they foon forbear; Sudden their flow'ry Labours they renew, Hang on the Thyme, and fip the balmy Dew. Mean time, secure on Hybla's fragrant Plain, 495 With Joy exults the happy Shepherd Swain; Proud that his Art had thus preferv'd his Store. He fcorns to think his homely Cottage poor. With fuch prevailing force did Cato's Care The fierce impatient Soldiers Minds prepare, To learn Obedience, and endure the War.

And

look IX. PHARSALIA. 205

And now their Minds, unknowing of Repofe, Vith bufie Toil to exercife he chofe; till with fucceflive Labours are they ply'd, Ind oft in long and weary Marches try'd. 505 sefore Cyrene's Walls they now fit down; And here the Victor's Mercy well was shown, He takes no Vengeance of the Captive Town; Patient he fpares, and bids the Vanquish'd live, Since Cato, who could conquer, could forgive. 510 Hence, Libyan Juba's Realms they mean t' explore, Fubs, who borders on the fwarthy Moor; But Nature's Boundaries the Journey flay. The Syrts are fix'd athwart the middle Way; Yet led by daring Virtue on they prefs, 515 Scorn Opposition, and still hope Success.

When Nature's Hand the first Formation try'd,When Seas from Lands she did at first divide,The Systs, nor quite of Sea nor Land bereft,A mingled Mass uncertain still she left;520

Ver. 514. The Syrts.] The Syrts are two Gulfs upon the Coaft of Africa in the Mediterranean Sea; the first (which is that here mention'd) called Syrtis Major (now Golfo di Solocho) lyes between Cyrenaica (now the Kingdom of Barca) and the River Cimyps or Cimyphus: The other, call'd Syrtis Mimor (now Golfo di Capes) on the Coaft of Barbary, between Tunis and Tripoli. They are both very dangerous, as being full of Shoals, Banks of Sand, and Rocks.

For

For nor the Land with Seas is quite o'er-fpread, Nor fink the Waters deep their oozy Bed, Nor Earth defends its Shore, nor lifts aloft its Head. The Site with neither, and with each complies, Doubtful and inacceffible it lyes; 525 Or 'tis a Sea with Shallows bank'd around, Or 'tis a broken Land with Waters drown'd : Here Shores advanc'd o'er Neptune's Rule we find, And there an inland Ocean lags behind. 519 Thus Nature's Purpose by her felf destroy'd, Is useless to her felf and unimploy'd, And Part of her Creation still is void. Perhaps, when first the World and Time began, Here fwelling Tides and plentcous Waters ran; But long confining on the burning Zone, 535 The finking Seas have felt the neighb'ring Sun: Still by degrees we fee how they decay, And fcarce refift the thirfty God of Day. Perhaps, in diftant Ages, 'twill be found, When future Suns have run the burning Round, These Syrts shall all be dry and folid Ground: Small are the Depths their fcanty Waves retain, And Earth grows daily on the yielding Main.

206

And now the loaden Fleet with active Oars Divide the liquid Plain, and leave the Shores. 545

Ver. 544. And now the loaden.] Platarch fays, that Cate took

Book IX. PHARSALIA. 207

When cloudy Skies a gath'ring Storm prefage, And Anster from the South began to rage, Full from the Land the founding Tempeft roars, Repels the fwelling Surge, and fweeps the Shores; The Wind purfues, drives on the rolling Sand, 550 And gives new Limits to the growing Land. 'Spight of the Seaman's Toil the Storm prevails; In vain with skilful Strength he hands the Sails, In vain the cordy Cables bind 'em falt, At once it rips and rends 'em from the Maft; \$555 At once the Winds the fluttering Canvas tear, Then whirl and whisk it thro' the sportive Air. Some timely for the rifing Rage prepar'd, Furl the loofe Sheet, and lafh it to the Yard: In vain their Care; fudden the furious Blaft 560 Snaps by the Board, and bears away the Maft; Of Tackling, Sails, and Maft, at once berefr, The Ship a naked helplefs Hull is left, Forc'd round and round, she quits her purpos'd Way, And bounds uncertain o'er the fwelling Sea, 565 But happier fome a fleady Courfe maintain, Who ftand far out, and keep the deeper Main.

took this Journey by Land, tho' our Author makes him go part by Sea, and the reft by Land. He brings him as far as the River *Triton* or *Tritonis* with the Fleet. This River, with a Lake of the fame Name, was famous for the Birth or first Appearance of *Pallas* upon Earth. She was from thence call'd *Tritonia*.

Their

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Their Mafts they cut, and driving with the Tide, Safe o'er the Surge beneath the Tempest ride: In vain did, from the Southern Coast, their Foe, 570 All black with Clouds, old ftormy Aufter blow; Lowly fecure amidft the Waves they lay, Old Ocean heav'd his Back, and roll'd 'em on their Way. Some on the Shallows strike, and doubtful stand, Part beat by Waves, part fix'd upon the Sand. 575 Now pent amidst the Shoals the Billows roar, Dash on the Banks, and fcorn the new-made Shore: Now by the Wind driv'n on in heaps they fwell, The stedfast Banks both Winds and Waves repel: 579 Still with united Force they rage in vain, کے کے The fandy Piles their Station fix'd maintain, And lift their Heads fecure amidit the watry Plain. There 'scap'd from Seas, upon the faithless Strand, With weeping Eyes the fhipwreck'd Seamen fland, And caft afhore, look vainly out for Land. Thus fome were loft; but far the greater Part, \$86 Preferv'd from Danger by the Pilot's Art, Keep on their Courfe, a happier Fate partake, And reach in Safety the Tritonian Lake. These Waters to the tuneful God are dear. 590 Whofe vocal Shell the Sea-green Nereids hear; These Pallas loves, fo tells reporting Fame, Here first from Heav'n to Earth the Goddels came, (Heav'as

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Neighbourhood the warmer Clime betrays, ks the nearer Sun's immediate Rays) 595 first Footsteps on the Brink she staid, <u>}</u> he watry Glafs her Form furvey'd, ther felf, from hence, the chafte Tritonian Maid. be's Streams from fecret Springs below, he Light; here heavily, and flow, t dull forgetful Waters flow. the wakeful Dragon kept of old, Plants grew rich with living Gold; ce, the Fruit was from the Branches torn, the Gardens their loft Honours mourn. 605 s in ancient Times the Tale receiv'd. our good Forefathers was believ'd ; Inquirers the Tradition wrong, o queftion, now, the Poet's facred Song. e it for a Truth, the wealthy Wood, 610 er golden Boughs low bending ftood;

99. Here Lethe's Streams.] This is, according to a Miftake in Geography: He places both this l the Hefperian Gardens in the Region of Cyrene, aftern Side of the Syrtis Major. This River's Rife from Hell is a known Fable. As common is the Story of the Hefperides, and their Dragon, ch'd the Golden Apples 'till their Orchard was *Hercules*, and the Pippins carried to Ewryfibens, 1, at June's Command, he was put to fo many hard Service.

On ·

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On fome large Tree his Folds the Serpent wound, The fair *Hefperian* Virgins watch'd around, And join'd to guard the rich forbidden Ground. But great *Aleides* came to end their Care, Strip'd the gay Grove, and left the Branches bare; Then back returning fought the *Argive* Shore, And the bright Spoil to proud *Euryfheus* bore.

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Thefe famous Regions and the Syrts o'erpaft,They reach'd the Garamantian Coaft at laft;610Here, under Pompey's Care the Navy lyes,5Beneath the gentleft Clime of Libya's Skies.5

But Cato's Soul, by Dangers unreftrain'd, Eafe and a dull unactive Life difdain'd. His daring Virtue urges to go on, Thro' Defart Lands, and Nations yet unknown; To march, and prove th' unhofpitable Ground, To fhun the Syrts, and lead the Soldier round. Since now tempeftuous Seafons vex the Sea, And the declining Year forbids the watry Way; 630

Ver. 620. The Garamantian Conft.] This is another großs Fault in Geography; for the Garamantes were an Inland People of Libya, that join'd on the South to Æthiopia, This Tract of Land is now called by the Arabians, Zaara. or the Defart.

Ver. 628. To fhun the Syrts.] These were the lester Syrts, round which Cate march'd to Syrtis Parva in Byzecium or Tunis.

R

He

X. PHARSALIA. 211

e cloudy drizling Winter near, s kind Rains may cool the fultry Air : ' may they journey on fecure, ng Heats, nor killing Frofts endure; cool Winds the Winter's Breath fupplies, tle Warmth the Libyan Sun may rife, may join and temper well the Skies. r the toilfom March he undertook. e thus the liftning Hoft befpoke: s in Arms! whole Blifs, whole chiefelt Good 640 Defence, and Freedom bought with Blood; o, to die with Liberty, from far w'd Cato in this fatal War, or Virtue's nobleft Task prepar'd, irs many, perillous, and hard. o' what burning Climes, what Wilds we go Shades the naked Defarts know, r Streams thro' flowry Meadows flow. yrs, there, and various Deaths abound, ents guard th' unhospitable Ground. 650 e Way; but thus our Fate demands; her Laws we feek amidit these Sands. who, glowing with their Country's Love, with me these dreadful Plains to prove, Leturn nor Safety once debate, 65.5 dare to go, and leave the reft to Fate.

Think

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Think not I mean the Dangers to difguife, Or hide 'em from the cheated Vulgar's Eyes: Those, only those, shall in my Fate partake, Who love the Daring for the Danger's fake; 660 Those who can fuffer all the worst can come. And think it what they owe themfelves and Rome. If any yet shall doubt, or yet shall fear; If Life be, more than Liberty, his Care; 64 Here, e'er we journey further, let him ftay, Inglorious let him, like a Slave, obey, And feek a Master in fome fafer Way. Foremost, behold, I lead you to the Toil, My Feet shall foremost print the dusty Soil: Strike me the first, thou flaming God of Day, 678 First let me feel thy fierce, thy fcorching Ray; Ye living Poifons all, ye fnaky Train, Meet me the first upon the fatal Plain. In ev'ry Pain, which you my Warriors fear, Let me be first, and teach you how to bear. 675 Who fees me pant for Drought, or fainting first, Let him upbraid me, and complain of Thirst. If e'er for Shelter to the Shades I fly, Me let him curfe, me, for the fultry Sky. If while the weary Soldier marches on, Your Leader by diftinguish'd Ease be known, Forfake my Caufe, and leave me there alone, The

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IX. PHARSALIA. 213

ids, the Serpents, Thirft, and burning Heat, to Patience, and to Virtue fweet; 685 that fcorns on Cowards Terms to pleafe, . ply to be bought, or won with Eafe; 1 fhe joys, then fmiles upon her State, ureft to her felf, then most compleat, lorious Danger makes her truly great. 's Plains alone shall wipe away 11 Dishonours of Phar (alia's Day; your Courage now, transcend that Fear: d with Glory there, to Conquer here. id; and hardy Love of Toil infpir'd; 'ry Breast with Godlike Ardor fir'd. 695 areless of Return, without delay he wide Wafte he took his pathlefs Way. rdain'd to be his last Retreat. s the Heroe, fearless of his Fate: 69**9** he good Gods his last of Labours doom. all his Bones and facred Duft find room, ; great Head be hid, within an humble Tomb. is large Globe be portion'd right by Fame, ne third Part shall fandy Libya claim:

703. If this large Globe.] The Ancients divided orld into three Parts, Europe, Afia, and Africa or for that whole Part is frequently call'd Libya; the Division, which was fometimes used, and is here n'd by Lucan, was into the Eastern and Western

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But if we count, as Suns defcend and rife, 7% If we divide by East and West the Skies, Then with fair Europe, Libya shall combine, And both to make the Western Half shall join. Whilft wide-extended Alia fills the reft, Of all from Tanais to Nile possel, And reigns fole Empress of the dawing East. Of all the Libyan Soil, the kindlieft found Far to the Western Seas extends its Bound; Where cooling Gales, where gentle Zephyrs fly, And fetting Suns adorn the gaudy Sky: 715 And yet ev'n here no liquid Fountain's Vein Wells thro' the Soil, and gurgles o'er the Plain; But fram our Northern Clime, our gentler Heav'n, Refreshing Dews and fruitful Rains are driv'n; All bleak, the God, cold Boreas, fpreads his Wing, 710 And with our Winter, gives the Libyan Spring. No wicked Wealth infects the fimple Soil, Nor golden Ores difclose their shining Spoil: Pure is the Glebe, 'tis Earth, and Earth alone, To guilty Pride and Avarice unknown : 725

Ver. 723. No Golden Ores.] That which we call the Gold Coaft and Guinea, were very little, if at all known to the Ancients.

There

Book 1X

Book IX. PHARSALIA. 215 . There Citron Groves, the Native Riches, grow, There cool Retreats and fragrant Shades bestow, And hospitably skreen their Guests below. Safe by their Leafy Office, long they flood A facred, old, unviolated Wood, 730 Till Roman Luxury to Africk palt, - And Foreign Axes laid their Honours wafte. Thus utmost Lands are ranfack'd, to afford The far-fetch'd Dainties, and the coffly Board. 734 But rude and wasteful all those Regions lye That border on the Syrts, and feel too nigh Their fultry Summer Sun, and parching Sky. No Harveft, there, the fcatter'd Grain repays, But withering dies, and e'er it fhoots decays: There never loves to fpring the mantling Vine, 749 Nor wanton Ringlets round her Elm to twine : The thirfty Duft prevents the fwelling Fruit, Drinks up the gen'rous Juice, and kills the Root; Thro' fecret Veins no temp'ring Moiftures pals, To bind with vifcous Force the mould'ring Mais; 745 But Genial Fove averie, difdains to fmile, Forgets, and curfes the neglected Soil. Thence lazy Nature droops her idle Head, As ev'ry vegetable Senfe were dead ; 749

Ver. 726. Citron Groves.] See Note on Book 1. Ver. 312. Thence

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Thence the wide dreary Plains one Vifage wear, Alike in Summer, Winter, Spring appear, Nor feel the Turns of the revolving Year. Thin Herbage here (for fome ev'n here is found) The Nafamonian Hinds collect around; A naked Race, and barbarous of Mind, That live upon the Loffes of Mankind: The Syrts fupply their Wants and Barren Soil, And ftrow th' unhofpitable Shores with Spoil. Trade they have none, but ready ftill they ftand, Rapacious, to invade the wealthy Strand, And hold a Commerce, thus, with ev'ry diftant Land.

Thro' this dire Country Cate's Journey lay, Here he purfu'd, while Virtue led the Way. Here the bold Youth, led by his high Command, Fearlefs of Storms and raging Winds, by Land 765 Repeat the Dangers of the fwelling Main, And firive with Storms, and raging Winds again. Here all at large, where nought reflrains his Force, Impetuous Aufter runs his rapid Courfe; Nor Mountains here, nor fleadfaft Rocks refuift, 779 But free he fweeps along the fpacious Lift. No flable Groves of ancient Oaks arife, To tire his Rage, and catch him as he flies;

Ver. 754. Nassmonian Hinds.] The Nasamones were a barbarous People that liv'd near the Syrtis Major.

But

Book IX.

But wide, around, the naked Plains appear, Here fierce he drives unbounded thro' the Air, Roars, and exerts his dreadful Empire here. The whirling Duft, like Waves in Eddies wrought, Rifing aloft, to the mid Heav'n is caught; There hangs a fullen Cloud; nor falls again. Nor breaks, like gentle Vapours, into Rain. 780 Gazing, the poor Inhabitant deferies, Where high above his Land and Cottage flies; Bereft, he fees his loft Poffessions there. From Earth transported, and now fix'd in Air. 78£ Not rifing Flames attempt a bolder Flight; Like Smoke by rifing Flames uplifted, light The Sands afcend, and stain the Heav'ns with Night. But now, his utmost Pow'r and Rage to boast. The ftormy God invades the Roman Hoft;

The Soldier yields, unequal to the Shock, 79 And ftaggers at the Wind's flupendous Stroke. Amaz'd he fees that Earth, which lowly lay, Forc'd from beneath his Feet, and torn away. Oh Libya ! were thy pliant Surface bound, And form'd a folid, clofe compacted Ground; 795 Or hadft thou Rocks, whofe Hollows deep below, Wou'd draw thofe ranging Winds that loofely blow; Their Fury, by thy firmer Mafs oppos'd, Or in thofe dark infernal Caves inclos'd, Vo L. II. K Thy

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Thy certain Ruin wou'd at once compleat, Shake thy Foundations, and unfix thy Seat: But well thy flitting Plains have learn'd to yield; Thus, not contending, thou thy Place haft held, Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'ft the Field. Helms, Spears and Shields, fnatch'd from the warlike | Thro' Heav'n's wide Regions far away were toff; While diflant Nations, with Religious Fear, Beheld 'em, as fome Prodigy in Air, And thought the Gods by them denounc'd a War. Such hap'ly was the Chance, which first did raife The pious Tale, in Prieftly Numa's Days: Such were those Shields, and thus they came from Hea A facred Charge to young Patricians giv'n ; Perhaps, long fince, to lawlefs Winds a Prev. From far Barbarians were they forc'd away; i Thence thro' long airy Journies fafe did come. To chest the Crowd with Miracles at Rome.

Ver. 812. Such were those Shields.] In the Time of 1 ma Pompilius there was a Buckler found in Rome, fucl the Romans called Ancyle, which was supposed to bedrop down from Heaven. The Augurs, who were conful upon the Occasion, pronounced that where-ever that Shi should remain, the chief Command and Empire of World should be fixed. Upon this Numa gave Orders t Workman called Manuera, that he should make Eleven therse exactly like that which came from Heaven, to prevthe true one from being stolen. These Ancylia Sacra, Holy Bucklers, were committed to the Care of the Sa who were Priests of Mars, and always chosen out of t Patricians, or Roman Nobility.

Thus, wide o'er Libys, rag'd the flormy South, Thus ev'ry way affail'd the Latian Youth: Each fev'ral Method for Defence they try, 810 Now wrap their Garments tight, now close they lye: Now finking to the Earth, with Weight they prefs, New class it to 'em with a ftrong Embrace, Scarce in that Pofture fafe; the driving Blaft Bears hard, and almost heaves 'em off at last. 825 Mean time a fandy Flood comes rolling on, And fwelling Heaps the profrate Legions drown; New to the fudden Danger, and difmaid, The frighted Soldier hafty calls for Aid, Heaves at the Hill, and ftruggling rears his Head. Soon fhoots the growing Pile, and rear'd on high, Lifts up its lofty Summit to the Sky: High fandy Walls, like Forts, their Passage stay, And rifing Mountains intercept their Way: 834 The certain Bounds which should their Journey guide, The moving Earth and dufty Deluge hide; So Landmarks fink beneath the flowing Tide. As thro' mid Seas uncertainly they move, Led only by Fove's facred Lights above: 819 Part ev'n of them the Libyan Clime denies, Forbids their native Northern Stars to rife, And shades the well-known Lustre from their Eyes. Now near approaching to the burning Zone, To warmer, calmer Skies they journey'd on.

K 2

The

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The flackning Storms the neighb'ring Sun confeis, The Heat strikes fiercer, and the Winds grow lefs, Whilft parching Thirft and fainting Sweats increase. As forward on the weary Way they went, Panting with Drought, and all with Labour fpent, Amidft the Defart, defolate and dry, 8,0 One chanc'd a little trickling Spring to fpy: Proud of the Prize, he drain'd the fcanty Store, And in his Helmet to the Chieftain bore. Around, in Crowds, the thirsty Legions stood. Their Throats and clammy Jaws with Duft befrew'd And all with wifhful Eyes the liquid Treasure view'd. Around the Leader caft his careful Look, Sternly, the tempting envy'd Gift he took, Held it, and thus the Giver fierce befpoke: And think'ft thou then that I want Virtue most? Am I the meaneft of this Roman Hoft Am I the first foft Coward that complains! That fhrinks, unequal to these glorious Pains! Am I in Ease and Infamy the first! Rather be thou, Bafe as thou art, Accurs'd. Thou that dar'ft Drink, when all befide thee Thirft. He faid; and wrathful ftretching forth his Hand, 867 Pour'd out the pracious Draught upon the Sand.

Ver. 868. Pour'd out the precious Draught.] This Action of Cato's is not much unlike that of David, when he refus'd

Well did the Water thus for all provide, Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd, A little thus the gen'ral Want fupply'd.

Now to the facred Temple they draw near, Whofe only Altars Libyson Lands revere; There, but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd, A Form uncouth, stands Heav'n's Almighty Lord. 875 No regal Enfogas grace his potent Hand, Nor shakes he there the Lightning's staming Brand; But, ruder to behold, a Horned Ram Belies the God, and Ammon is his Name. There tho' he Reigns unrival'd and alone, 888 O'er the rich Neighbours of the Torrid Zone;

fus'd to drink of the Water of the Well of *Betblehem*, which Three Men had ventur'd their Lives to fetch. See 1 Chron. xi. 15.

Ver. 872. Now to the faced Temple.] Lucan has made no Scruple of committing here another great Fault in Geography, for the fake of bringing his great Cato to the Temple of *Jupiter Hammon*. This famous Oracle was certainly fituate between the Lefs and the Greater Catabachmus, to the Weft of *Egyps*, in what is now called the Defert of Barca, a great way diffant from the March Cato was then taking in the Kingdom of Tunis. The Defeription of the Place it felf, except that (as I underftand him) he places it under the *Equator*, is agreeable to moft other ancient Authors. It is pretty well known that *Jupher* was worfhipp'd in this Place under the Shape of a Ram, (at leaft the upper Part) and there are ftill to be found among the *Egyptian* Idols in the Cabinets of the Curious, fome with the Body of a Man and a Ram's Head.

<u>Z</u>

222 LUCAN'S Book IX.

Tho' fwarthy Æthiops are to him confin'd, With Araby the bleft, and wealthy Inde; Yet no proud Domes are rais'd, no Gems are feen, To blaze upon his Shrines with coffly Sheen; - 88g But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he ftood, Such as, to whom our great Fore-fathers bow'd: A God of pious Times, and Days of Old, That keeps his Temple fafe from Roman Gold. Here, and here only, thro' wide Libys's Space, 890 Tall Trees, the Land, and verdant Herbage grace; Here the loofe Sands by plenteous Springs are bound, Knit to a Mais, and moulded into Ground : Here fmiling Nature wears a fertile Drefs, And all Things here the prefent God confels. 895 Yet here the Sun to neither Pole declines. But from his Zenith vertically fhines: Hence, ey'n the Trees no friendly Shelter yield, Scarce their own Trunks the leafy Branches shield; The Rays defcend direct, all round embrace, 909 And to a central Point the Shadow chace. Here equally the middle Line is found, To cut the Radiant Zodiack in its Round: Here unoblique the Bull and Scorpion rife, Nor mount too fwift, nor leave too foon the Skies; geg

Ver. 904. Here unoblique.] Supposing it to lye under the Æquinoctial; but of our Author's Aftronomical Notions I have taken notice in another Place.

Nor

Ner Libra do's too long the Ram attend, Nor bids the Maid the fifty Sign defcend. The Boys and Centaur justly Time divide, And equally their fev'ral Seafons guide : Alike the Crab and wintry Goat return, Alike the Lyon and the flowing Urn. If any farther Nations yet are known, Beyond the Libyan Fires, and fcorching Zone; Northward from them the Sun's bright Course is made; And to the Southward strikes the leaning Shade: 915 There flow Bootes, with his lafie Wain Defcending, forms to reach the wat'ry Main, Of all the Lights which high above they fee, No Star whate-e'er from Neptane's Waves is free, The whirling Axle drives 'em round, and plunges in the Sea. Before the Temple's Entrance, at the Gate, 911 Attending Crowds of Eastern Pilgrims wait: These from the horned God expect Relief; But all give way before the Latian Chief. His Hoft, (as Crowds are Superfitious ftill) Curious of Fate, of Future Good and Ill, And fond to prove Prophetick Ammon's Skill,

Ver. 919. No Star whate'er.] Those who live to the Southward of the Æquator see Stars towards the Southern Pole which never set, as well as we do who live to the Northward of it. But this is what the Romans in Lucan's Time had no Notion of.

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Intrest

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930

Intreat their Leader to the God wou'd go, And from his Oracle *Rome*'s Fortunes know: But *Labienus* chief the Thought approv'd, And thus the common Suit to *Cato* mov'd.

Chance, and the Fortune of the Way, he faid, Have brought Fove's facred Counfels to our Aid: This Greatest of the Gods, this Mighty Chief, In each Diffress shall be a fure Relief; 935 Shall point the distant Dangers from afar, And teach the future Fortunes of the War. To thee, Oh Cato! Pious ! Wife! and Juft! Their dark Decrees the cautious Gods shall truft; To thee their Fore-determin'd Will shall tell: 940 Their Will has been thy Law, and thou haft kept it well. Fate bids thee now the Noble Thought improve; Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with Jove. Inquire betimes, what various Chance shall come To Impious Cefar, and thy native Rome; Try to avert, at least thy Country's Doom. Ask if these Arms our Freedom shall restore: Or elfe, if Laws and Right shall be no more. Be thy great Breaft with Sacred Knowledge fraught, To lead us in the wandring Maze of Thought: 950 Thou, that to Virtue ever wert inclin'd. Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd, And leave fome perfect Rule to guide Mankind. Full

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of the God that dwelt within his Breaft, ro thus his fecret Mind express'd, 955 -born Truths reveal'd; Truths which might well ev'n Oracles themfelves to tell. re wou'd thy fond, thy vain Enquiry go? Ayftick Fate, what Secret wou'dit thou know ? Joubt if Death shou'd be my Doom, than live 'till Kings and Bondage come. than fee a Tyrant crown'd in Reme ? u'dît thou know if, what we value here, e a Trifle hardly worth our Care? y Old Age and Length of Days we gain. 061 han to lengthen out the Senfe of Pain? nis World, with all its Forces join'd, iverial Malice of Mankind. ake or hurt the brave and honeft Mind? : Virtue can her Ground maintain. 970 Fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain? h and Juffice with Uprightness dwell, onefty confift in meaning well? it be independent of Success, onquest cannot make it more nor les? 975 fe, my Friend, the Secrets thou wou'dlt know, Doubts for which to Oracles we go? own, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told, rned Ammon can no more unfold.

Κs

From

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216 LUCAN'S Book EX.

From God deriv'd, to God by Nature join'd, 980 We act the Dichates of his mighty Mind: And the' the Priefts are mute, and Temples ftill. God never wants a Voice to speak his Will. When first we from the teeming Womb were brought, With in-born Precepts then our Souls were fraught, And then the Maker his new Creatures taught. Then when he form'd, and gave us to be Mea, He gave us all our ufeful Knowledge, Then. Canft thou believe, the vaft eternal Mind Was e'er to Syrts and Libyas Sands confin'd? That he would chufe this wafe, this barren Ground, To teach the thin Inhabitants around, And leave his Truth in Wilds and Defarts drown'd? Is there a Place that God would chufe to love Beyond this Earth, the Seas, yon' Heav'n above, And virtuous Minds, the nobleft Throne for Fove?

Ver. 989. Cauge those believe?] I cannot but observe here how finely our Author, in this Paffage, reprehends the Folly of those who are fond of and believe in a local Sanchity, as if one Part of the World were holier than mother, and the Ubiquity of the Divine Nature were confinid to a particular Place: But, thank God, the Foppery of Filgrimages is out of Fashion in England, or at least those who are weak enough to travel from one Country to another in fearch of Holinels, are wile enough not to own it amongst the

Why

Why feek we farther then? Behold around, How all thou fee'ft do's with the God abound, Jeve is alike in all, and always to be found. Let thofe weak Minds, who live in Doubt and Fear, 1000 To juggling Priefts for Oracles repair; One certain Hour of Death to each decreed, My fixt, my certain Soul from Doubt has freed. The Coward, and the Brave, are doom'd to fall; And when Jeve teld this Truth, he told us all. So fpoke the Hero; and to keep his Word, Nor Ammon, nor his Oracle explor'd; But left the Crowd at freedom to believe, And take fuch Anfwers as the Prieft fhou'd give.

Foremost on foot he treads the burning Sand, IOIO Betring his Arms in his own patient Hand; Scorning another's weary Neck to prefs, Or in a lazy Chariot loll at Eafe: The panting Soldier to his Toil fucceeds, Where no Command, but great Example leads. 1015 Sparing of Sleep, still for the rest he wakes, And at the Fountain, laft, his Thirst he siakes; Whene'er by Chance fome living Stream is found, He flands, and fees the cooling Draughts go round, Stays 'till the laft and meaneft Drudge be paft, 1020 And 'till his Slaves have drunk, difdains to tafte. If true good Men deferve immortal Fame, If Virtue, the' diffress'd, be still the fame;

What-

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Whate'er our Fathers greatly dar'd to do, Whate'er they bravely bore, and wifely knew, Their Virtues all are his, and all their Praise his due. Whoe'er, with Battels fortunately fought, Who'er, with Roman Blood, fuch Honours bought ? This Triumph, this, on Libya's utmost Bound, With Death and Defolation compass'd round, 1010 To all thy Glorics, Pompey, I prefer, Thy Trophies, and thy third Triumphal Car, To Marius' mighty Name, and great Jugurthine War. His Country's Father here, O Rome, behold, Worthy thy Temples, Priefts, and Shrines of Gold! 1035 If e'er thou break thy lordly Master's Chain, If Liberty be e'er reftor'd again, Him shalt thou place in thy divine Abodes, Swear by his holy Name, and rank him with thy Gods.

Now to those fult'ry Regions were they pail, Which *fore* to ftop inquiring Mortals plac'd, And as their utmoft, Southern, Limits caft. Thirfty, for Springs they fearch the Defart round, And only one, amidft the Sands, they found.

Ver. 1033. Jugurthine War.] See the Second Book, V. 107.

Ver. 1042. As their utmosf, Southern, Limits.] The Hyperbole is very strong here; and one would think Caso had penetrated into the very Depth and Middle of Africk, whereas in all appearance his March could never be very far from the Mediterraman.

Well

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or'd it was, but all A ccefs was barr'd; 1045 ream ten thousand noxious Serpents guard : picks on the fatal Margin flood, ip/a's thirfted in the middle Flood. om the Stream the frighted Soldier flies, xarch'd, and languishing for Drink, he dies: 1050 hief beheld, and faid, You fear in vain, from fafe and healthy Draughts abitain, ldier, drink, and dread not Death or Pain. urg'd to rage, their Teeth the Serpents fix, enom with our vital Juices mix; 1055 :ft infus'd thro' ev'ry Vein runs round, the Mass, and Death is in the Wound. efs and fafe, no Poifon here they fhed: i; and first the doubtful Draught effay'd; to thro' all their March, their Toil, their Thirst, 1060 ided, here alone, to drink the first. y, Plagues, like thefe, infeft the Libyan Air, Deaths unknown, in various Shapes, appears fruitful to deftroy the curfed Land per'd thus, by Nature's fecret Hand; 1067 . nd obscure the hidden Cause remains, ill deludes the vain Enquirer's Pains; a Tale for Truth may be believ'd, se good-natur'd World be willingly deceiv'd,

Where

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Where Western Waves on farthest Libys beat, Warm'd with the fetting Sun's defcending Heat, Dreadful Medu/a fix'd her horrid Seat. No leafy Shade, with kind Protection, shields The rough, the fquallid, unfrequented Fields; No mark of Shepherds, or the Plowman's Toil, 3075 To tend the Flocks, or turn the mellow Soil: But rude with Rocks, the Region all around Its Miffrefs, and her Potent Vilage own'd. "Twas from this Monfter to afflict Mankind, That Nature first produc'd the Snaky Kind : 108 On her, at first, their forky Tongues appear'd ; From her their dreadful Hisfings first were heard. Some wreath'd in Felds upon her Temples hungs Some backwards to her Wafte depended long; Some with their rifing Crefts her Forehead deck; 1085 Some wanton play, and laft her fwelling Neck: And while her Hands the curling Vipers comb, Poilons diffill around, and Drops of livid Foam.

None, who beheld the Fury, could complain; So fwift their Fate, preventing Death and Pain: 1090 E'er they had Time to fear, the Change came on, And Motion, Senfe and Life were loft in Stone.

Ver. 1077. The Region all,] Having been petrified by Meduja.

The

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ul it felf, from fudden Flight debar d, ling, in the Body's Fortune ther'd. re Emmanides could Rage infpire, 1005 ild no more; the tuneful Thracian Lyre 1 Cerberns did foon alivrage. im to Reft, and footh'd his triple Rage ; ; fev'n Heads the bold Alcides view'd, he faw, and what he faw, fubdu'd: [100 fe in various Terrors each excell'ds. to this Superior Fury yield. and Casto, next to Neptune he, rtal both, and Rulers of the Sea, Ionfter's Parents, did their Offspring dread; 1105 om her Sight her Sifter Gorgons fled, sean's Waters, and the liquid Air. niverfal World her Pow'r might fear: ture's beauteous Works the cou'd invade every Part a lazy Numberls fhed, ver all a Stony Surface spread. n their Flight were ftopt, and pondrous grown, t their Pinions, and fell fenfeles down. to the Rocks were fix'd, and all around Tribes of Stone and Marble Nations found. 1115 ing Eyes fo fell a Sight could bear; nakes themfelves, all deadly the' they were, ackward from her Face, and thrunk away for Fear. . 1106. Her Sifter Gorgons.] Schenio and Eurysie. By

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By her, a Rock Titanian Atlas grew, And Heav'n by her the Giants did fubdue; Hard was the Fight, and Jove was half difmay'd, "Till Pallas brought the Gorgon to his Aid: The heav'nly Nation laid afide their Fear, For foon the finith'd the prodigious War; To Mountains turn'd, the Monfter Race remains The Trophies of her Pow'r on the Phlegram Plains,

To feek this Monfter, and her Fate to prove, The Son of Danaë and golden Jove, Attempts a Flight thro'airy Ways above. The Youth Cyllenian Hermes' Aid implor'd; The God affifted with his Wings and Sword, His Sword, which late made watchful Argus bleed, And Iö from her cruel Keeper freed: Unwedded Pallas lent a Sifter's Aid; But ask'd, for recompence, Medu/a's Head. Eaftward the warns her Brother bend his Flight, And from the Gorgon Realms avert his Sight;

Ver. 1119. Titanian Atlas.] Atlas, King of Mauritania, was of the Race of the Giants or Titans. See O vid. Metam. Lib. 4.

Ver. 1128. The Son of Danaë.] Perfeus.

Ver. 1130. Cyllenian Hermes.] Mercury, fo call'd from Cyllene, a Mountain in Arcadia, where his Mother Mains brought him forth. Among the peculiar Goods and Properties which belong'd to Mercury, were the Wings at his Head and Feet, and the Falchion, or crooked Sword, call'd Harpe, which he is here faid to lend his Brother Perfens. For the Story of Arges and Ië fee Ovid. Met. Lib. 1,

Then

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mms his Left with her refulgent Shield, news how there the Foe might be beheld. slumbers had the drowzy Fiend poffeft, 1140 as drew on, and well might feem, her laft: et she slept not whole; one half her Snakes ful, to guard their horrid Mistress, wakes; :ft dishevel'd, loosely, round her Head, 'er her drowzy Lids and Face were fpread. 1145 vard the Youth draws near, nor dares to look, indly, at a venture, aims a Stroke: tring Hand the Virgin Goddels guides, om the Monfter's Neck her fnaky Head divides. 1! what Art, what Numbers can express 1150 Cerrors of the dying Gorgon's Face! Clouds of Poison from her Lips arise! Death, what vaft Destruction threaten'd in her Eyest : fomewhat that immortal Gods might fear, than the warlike Maid her felf could bear. 1155 ictor Perfens still had been fubdu'd, . wary still, with Eyes averse he stood; ot his heav'nly Sifter's timely Care the dread Vifage with the hiffing Hair. of his Prey, Heav'nwards, uplifted light, 1160 ermes nimble Wings, he took his Flight. thoughtful of his Course, he hung in Air, neant thro' Enrope's happy Clime to fleer;

Till

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'Till pitying Pallas warn'd him not to blaft Her fruitful Fields, nor lay her Cities wafte. 1160 For who would not have upwards caft their Sight. Curious to gaze at fuch a wondrous Flight? Therefore by Gales of gentle Zephyrs born, To Libys's Coaft the Heroe minds to turn. Beneath the fult'ry Line, expos'd it lyes 1170 To deadly Planets, and malignant Skies. Still with his fiery Steeds, the God of Day Drives thro' that Heav'n, and marks his burning Way. No Land more high crects its lofty Head, The filver Moon in dim Eclipse to fhade; . 2175 If thro' the Summer Signs direct fhe run, Nor bends obliquely, North or South to thun The envious Earth that hides her from the Sun. Yet cou'd this Soil accurft, this barren Field, Increase of Deaths, and pois'nous Harvests yield. 1180 Where-e'er fublime in Air the Victor flew, The Monster's Head distill'd a deadly Dew; The Earth receiv'd the Seed, and pregnant grew. Still as the putrid Gore dropt on the Sand, 'Twas temper'd up by Nature's forming hand ; 1:185

Ver. 1180. Pois'ness Harvefts yield.] Tho' it could produce nothing for the Good of Mankind, it brought forth Serpents.

d'T

Ver. 1174. No Land more high.] Lucan erroneoufly fuppofes this Part of the Earth to rife higher under the *Equa*tor than in any other Part, and to project its Shade fartheft in Ecliptes of the Moon.

The glowing Climate makes the Work complete, And broods upon the Mais, and lends it genial Heat. First of these Plagues the drowzy A/p appear'd, Then first her Creft and fwelling Neck the reard; A larger drop of black congealing Blood 1190 Diftinguish'd her amidit the deadly Brood. Of all the Serpent Race are none to fell, None with fo many Deaths, fuch plenteous Venom fwell; Chill in themfelves, our colder Climes they fhun, And chuse to bask in Africk's warmer Sun; Ŧ195 But Nile no more confines 'em now: What Bound Can for infatiate Avarice be found! Freighted with Libyan Deaths our Merchants come, And pois'nous A/as are things of Price at Rame. Her fealy Folds th' Hamorrhois unbends, 1100 And her vaft length along the Sands extends; Where-e'er the wounds, from ev'ry Part the Blood Gustes relifiels in a Crimion Flood. Amphibious forme do in the Systs abound, And now on Land, in Waters now are found, 1205 Slimy Chelyders the parch'd Earth diftain, And trace a reeking Furrow on the Plain, The spotted Cauchyis, rich in various Dyes, Shoots in a Line, and forth directly flies; Not Theirs Marbles are fo gayly drefs'd, 1110 Nor with fisch party-colour'd Beauties grac'd, Safe

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Safe in his earthly Hue and dusky Skin, Th' Ammedytes lurks in the Sands unfeen: The Swimmer there the crystal Stream pollutes; And fwift, theo' Air, the flying Favelin fhoots. 1 The Scytale, e'er yet the Spring returns, There cafts her Coat; and there the Diplas burns; The Amphisbana doubly arm'd appears, At either End a threatning Head fhe rears. Rais'd on his active Tail the Pareas stands, 1 And as he passes, furrows up the Sands. The Prefer by his foaming Jaws is known; The Seps invades the Fleih and firmer Bone, Diffolves the Mais of Man, and melts his Fabrick dow The Ba/ilisk, with dreadful hiffings heard, And from afar by ev'ry Serpent fear'da. To diftance drives the Vulgar, and remains The lonely Monarch of the defart Plains.

And you, ye Dragons! of the fcaly Race, Whom glittering Gold and fhining Armours grace, 1

Ver. 1214. The Swimmer.] The Latin Word is NA I fuppose this to be a kind of Water-Snake.

Ver. 1215. The Javelin.] In the Latin it is Jacul. fort of Scrpent which is faid to lodge upon Trees, from thence dart it felf with great Violence and Swifi at its Prey.

Ver. 1229. And you, ye Dragons.] The Ancients h kind of religious Veneration for those kind of Serr call'd Dragons. Under this Form was *Efculapius* worth and *Jupiser* convers'd with *Alexander's* Mother, and

In other Nations harmlefs are you found, Their guardian Genii and Protectors own'd; In Afric only are you fatal; there, On wide-expanded Wings, fublime you rear Your dreadful Forms, and drive the yielding Air. The lowing Kine in droves you chace, and cull Some Mafter of the Herd, fome mighty Bull: Around his flubborn Sides your Tails you twift, By Force comprefs, and burft his brawny Cheft. Not Elephants are by their larger Size Secure, but, with the reft, become your Prize.

lo with Augustus Casar's. They were reckon'd 'Ayabo' Jaiµoves among the Greeks, and good Genii among the Remans. When Æneas facrificed to his Father's Ghoft in the Fifth Book of Virgil's Æneid, a Serpent of this kind appears.

Dixerat hac; adytis cum lubricus Anguis ab imis, Septem ingens gyros, &cc.

Scarce had he finish'd, when with speckled Pride A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide : His bugy Bulk on feven bigh Volumes roll d, Blue was his Breadth of Back, and ftreak'd with scaly Gold. Thus riding on his Curls, he feem'd to pass A rowling Fire along, and finge the Grafs. More various Colours through his Body run, Than Iris when her Bow imbibes the Sun: Betwixt the rifing Altars, and around The facred Monflor foot along the Ground: With harmles Play amids the Bowls he pass'd, And with his billing Tongue affay'd the Tafte: Thus fed with holy Food, the wondrous Gueft Within the bollow Tomb retir'd to Reft. [Mr. Dryden] Reliftles

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Refiftlefs in your Might, you all invade, And for Defruction need not Poifen's Aid.

Thus, thro' a thousand Plagues around 'ern forcad, A weary March the hardy Soldiers tread. Thro' Thirft, thro' Toil and Death, by Cate led. Their Chief, with pions Grief and deep Regret. Each moment snourns his Friends untimely Fate; Wond'ring, he fees fome fmall, fome trivial Wound Extend a valiant Roman on the Ground. Anles, a noble Youth of Tyerbene Blood. Who bore the Standard, on a Diplas trade: Backward the wrathful Serpent bent her Head. And, fell with Rage, th' unheeded Wrong repay'd. Scarce did fome little Mark of Hurt remain, And fcarce he found fome little Senfe of Pain: Nor cou'd he yet the Danger doubt, nor fear, That Death with all its Terrors, threaten'd there. When lo! unfeen, the focret Venom fpreads, And ev'ry nobler Part at once invades; 1 Swift Flames confume the Marrow and the Brain, And the fcorch'd Entrails rage with burning Pain; Upon his Heart the thirsty Poisons prey, And drain the facred Juice of Life away. No kindly Floods of Moifture bathe his Tongue, x But cleaving to the parched Roof it hung; No trick'ling Drops diffil, no dewy Sweat, To ease his weary Limbs, and cool the raging Heat.

Nor cou'd he weep; ev'n Grief cou'd not supply. Streams for the mournful Office of his Eye, The never-failing Source of Tears was dry. Frantick he flies, and with a careless Hand Hurls the neglected Eagle on the Sand; Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying Chief's Command. For Springs he feeks, he digs, he proves the Ground, For Springs, in vain, explores the Defart round, 1276 For cooling Draughts, which might their Aid impart, And quench the burning Venom in his Heart. Plung'd in the Tanais, the Rhôme, or Po, Or Nile, whole wand'ring Streams o'er Agypt flow Still wou'd he rage, still with the Feaver glow. The fcorching Climate to his Fate confpires, 1182 And Libya's Sun affifts the Dip/a's Fires. Now ev'ry where for Drink, in vain he prics, Now to the Syrts and briny Seas he flies; The briny Seas delight, but feem not to fuffice. Nor yet he knows what fecret Plague he nurs'd. Nor found the Poifon, but believ'd it Thirft. Of Thirst, and Thirst alone, he still complains, Raving for Thirst, he tears his swelling Veins; 1290 From ev'ry Vefiel drains a Crimfon Flood, And quaffs in greedy Draughts his vital Blood.

This Care faw, and fraight, without delay, Commands the Legions on to urge their Way;

Nor

LUGANY 238 Book Refiftlefs in your Might, you all in And for Deftraction need not an'd do. Thus, thro' a thousand d with new Surprize, A weary March the s their wond'ring Eyes. Thro' Think shoo Te seps was ftung. Their Chief. シッ in deadly Teeth, it hung: 130 Each moment ... shook it from the Wound, Wood ring / mil'd it to the barren Ground. Extend e destructive Serpent Race, is much of Death, tho' none are lefs. 1201 sight, around the Part, the Skin withdrew, when and thrinking Sinews backward flew, left the naked Bones exposed to view. for foreading Poisons all the Parts confound, And the whole Body finks within the Wound. The brawny Thighs no more their Muscles boaft, 1310 But melting, all in liquid Filth are loft; The well-knit Groin above, and Ham below. Mixt in one putrid Stream, together flow; The firm Peritonaum rent in twain. No more the prefing Entrails cou'd fuffain, It yields, and forth they fall, at once they gufh amain Small Reliques of the mould'ring Mass were left. At once of Subfance, as of Form bereft : Diffoly'd the whole in liquid Poifon ran. And to a nauseous Puddle thrunk the Man. 1 3 20 Then

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the rigid Nerves, the manly Breaft, Texture of the heaving Cheft; the conquiring Venom made, .dre was at once difplay'd; Privacies all open lye 1325 ophane, enquiring, vulgar Eve. wood Shoulders did the Peft invade. the valiant Arms and Neck it fpread; the Mind's imperial Seat, the Head. diffolv'd by Southern Breezes run, 1330 he Wax before the Noon-day Sun. the Wonder here; tho' Flames are known the Fleih, yet still they spare the Bone: were left, no least Remains were foen; to fnew, that once the Man had been. 1335 Plagues which curfe the Libyan Land; nd Mischief may a Crown demand) he Palm is thine. Tho' others may eir Pow'r to force the Soul away, nd Body both become thy Prey. of different kind Nafidias found, 1341 Prefter gave the deadly Wound ; ht a fudden Flame began to fpread, his Visage with a glowing Red.

139. To force the Soul away.] That is, the Life.

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With

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With fwift Expansion fwells the bloated Skin, Nought but an undiftinguish'd Mass is feen, While the fair human Form lyes loft within. The puffy Poifon fpreads, and heaves around, "Till all the Man is in the Monfter drown'd. No more the freely Plate his Breaft can flay, 1250 But yields, and gives the burfting Poifon way. Not Waters fo, when Fire the Rage fupplies, Bubbling on hesps, in boiling Cauldrons rife. Nor fwells the ftretching Canvals half to fait, When the Sails gather all the driving Blaft, Strain the tough Yards, and bow the lefty Maft. The various Parts no longer now are known, One headless formless Heap remains alone; The feather'd Kind avoid the fatal Feaft, And leave it deadly to fome hungry Beaft; With Horror feiz'd, his fad Companions too, In hafte from the unbury'd Carcafs flew; Look'd back, but fled again, for still the Monster grow But fertile Libys still new Plagues fupplies, And to more horrid Monsters turns their Eyes. 1365 Deeply the fierce Hamorrhois imprest

Her fatal Teeth on Tullus' valiant Breaft. The noble Youth, with Virtue's Love infpir'd, Her, in her Caro, follow'd and admir'd;

Mcvid

Mov'd by his great Example, vew'd to thare, 1178 With him, each Chance of that difastrous War. And as when mighty Rome's Spectators macet In the full Theatre's capacious Seat, At once, by secret Pipes and Channels fed, Rich Tinctures gush from eviry Antique Head ; 1375 At once ten thousand failton Ourrents flow, And rain their Odours on the Crowd below: So the warm Blood at once from ev'ry Part Ran Purple Poifon down, and drain'd the fainting Heast. Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face 1280 The ruddy Drops their tainted Passage trace: Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a way, There Streams of Blood, these crimfon Rivers flray; His Mouth and gushing Nostrils pour a Flood, And ev'n the Pores coze out the trickling Blood; 1385 In the red Deluge all the Parts lye drown'd, And the whole Body feems one bleeding Wound.

Lavas, a colder Affick bit, and strait ' His Blood forgot to flow, his Heart to beat;

Ver. 1373. In the full Theater's.] The publick Shows at Rome were all exhibited at the Expence of the Publick, or fome of the great Men. This was done with great Magnificence, of which this way of perfuming the whole Place, and the Spectators, is a pretty remarkable Inflance. I know this Paffage is render'd after a different manner, but I take this Senfe of it to be most easy and most probable.

La

Thick

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Thick Shades upon his Eye-lids feem'd to creep, 1 390 And lock him fast in Everlasting Sleep: No Senfe of Pain, no Torment did he know, But funk in Slumbers to the Shades below. Not fwifter Deaths attend the noxious Juice, Which dire Sabean Aconites produce. 1 395 Well may their crafty Priefts divine, and well The Fate which they themfelves can caufe, foretel. Fierce from afar a darting Favelin shot, (For fuch, the Serpent's Name has Africk taught) And thro' unhappy Paulus' Temples flew; 1400 Nor Poison, but a Wound, the Soldier flew. No Flight fo fwift, fo rapid none we know. Stones from the founding Sling, compar'd, are flow And the Shaft loiters from the Scythian Bow. . A Basilisk bold Murrus kill'd in vain. 1405 And nail'd it dying to the fandy Plain; Along the Spear the fliding Venom ran, And fudden, from the Weapon, feiz'd the Man: His Hand first touch'd, e'er it his Arm invade, Soon he divides it with his fhining Blade: 1410

Ver. 3394. Not fwifter Deaths.] The literal Translation runs thus; Nor are those Poisons more fwist to destroy, which the Frophetick Sabarans compose of the Tree refembling Birch, of which last the Sabine (and Roman) Magistrates Rods were made. I have taken very few Liberties of adding or leaving out any thing in this Translation: The last Circumstance, indeed, of this Passage I did not think material enough to be insisted on,

The

The Serpent's Force by fad Example taught, With his loft Hand, his ranfom'd Life he bought.

Who that the Scorpion's Infect Form furveys, Woa'd think that ready Death his Call obeys? 7414 Threat'ning, he rears his knotty Tail on high; The vaft Orion thus he doom'd to die, And fix'd him, his proud Trophy, in the Sky.

Or cou'd we the Salpuga's Anger dread, Or fear upon her little Cell to tread? Yet she the fatal Threads of Life commands, And quickens of the Stygian Sifters' Hands.

Purfu'd by Dangers, thus they país'd away The refiles Night, and thus the chearles Day; Ev'n Earth it felf they fear'd, the common Bed, Where each lay down to reft his weary Head : 1425 There no kind Trees their leafy Couches flrow, The Sands no Turf nor mofiy Beds beflow; But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious Toil, Expos'd they fleep upon the fatal Soil.

Ver. 1416. The vaft Orion.] Concerning this Orion there is a very ridiculous Fable: That he was ingender'd by *Jupiter*, Nepause, and Mercury's pilling in an Ox-hide. He was a Giaat, and a very impudent one, for he would have ravilh'd Diama: But a certain Scorpion took her Part, and ftung him to Death. Afterwards the faid Giant and Scorpion were both translated to the Skies, and made Conftellations.

Ver. 1418. Salpuga,] A little fort of venomous Ant.

L 3

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With vital Heat they brood upon the Ground, And breathe a kind attractive Vapour round. While chill, with colder Night's ungentle Air, To Man's warm Breat his finaky Foes repair, And find, ungrateful Guefts, a Shelter there. Thence frefh Supplies of pois'nous Rage return, And fiercely with recruited Deaths they burn.

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Reftore, thus fadly oft the Soldier faid, Reftore Emathia's Plains, from whence we fled; This Grace, at least, ye cruel Gods afford, That we may fall beneath the hoffile Sword. The Dipla's here in Calar's Triumph fhare, And fell Cersfie wage his Civil War. Or let us hafte away, prefs farther on, Urge our bold Paffage to the Burning Zone, And die by those Ætherial Flames alone. Africk, thy Defarts we accuse no more, Nor blame, oh Nature, thy creating Pow'r: From Man thou wifely didft these Wilds divide. And for thy Monfters here alone provide; A Region walte, and void of all belide. Thy prudent Care forbad the barren Field, 3451 The yellow Harvest's ripe Increase to yield; Man and his Labours well thou didft deny. And badit him from the Land of Poisons fly.

Wer. 1442. Cerafia,] A kind of horned Serpent.

We,

We, Impious we, the bold Irruption made, 1455 We, this the Serpent's World, did first invade; Take then our Lives a Forfeit for the Crime, Whoe'er thou art, that rul's this curied Climes What God forer, that lonely lov'ft to Reign, And do'ft the Commerce of Mankind difdein ; 1469 Who, to fecure thy horrid Empire's Bound, Haft fix'd the Syris, and Torrid Realms around; Here the wild Waves, there the Flames fcorching Breath, And fill'd the dreadful middle Space with Death. Behold, to thy Retreats our Arms we bear, 1465 And with Rome's Civil Rage prophane thee Here; EV'n to thy inmost Seats we strive to go, And feek the Limits of the World to know. Perhaps more dire Events attend us yet; New Deaths, new Monfters, still we go to meet. 1479 Berhaps to those far Seas our Journey bends, Where to the Waves the burning Sun defcende; Where, rushing headlong downsHeav'n's Azure Steep, All red he plunges in the hiffing Deep. Low finks the Pole, declining from its Height, 1475 And feems to yield beneath the rapid Weight. Nor farther Lands from Fame her felf are known,

But Mauritanian Juba's Realms alone. Perhaps, while, rathly daring, on we paid, Fate may difcover fome more dreadful Place; 7480

L 4

'Till

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Till, late repenting, we may with in vain To fee these Serpents, and these Sands again. One Joy, at leaft, do these fad Regions give, Ev'n here we know 'tis possible to Live; That, by the native Plagues, we may perceive. Nor ask we now for Alia's gentler Day, Nor now for Europaan Suns we pray; Thee, Africk, now, thy Absence we deplore, And fadly think we ne'er shall see thee more. Say, in what Part, what Climate art thou loft? Where have we left Cyrene's happy Froft? Cold Skies we felt, and frofty Winter there, While more than Summer Suns are raging here, And break the Laws of the well-order'd Year. Southward, beyond Earth's Limits, are we pass'd. And Rome, at length, beneath our Feet is plac'd. Grant us, ye Gods, one Pleasure e'er we die, Add to our harder Fate this only Joy, That Calar may purfue, and follow where we fly. Impatient, thus the Soldier oft complains, 1 (00 And feems, by telling, to relieve his Pains. But most the Virtues of their matchless Chief Inspire new Strength, to bear with ev'ry Grief;

All Night, with careful Thoughts and watchful Eyes,

Ver. 1485. The native Plagues.] The Serpents.

On the bare Sands expos'd the Hero lyes;

In

In ev'ry Place alike, in ev'ry Hour, Dares his ill Fortune, and defies her Pow'r. Unweary'd still, his common Care attends On ev'ry Fate, and chears his dying Friends: With ready hafte at each fad Call he flies, 1510 And more than Health, or Life it felf, fupplies; With Virtue's nobleft Precepts arms their Souls, And ev'n their Sorrows, like his own, controuls: Where-e'er he comes, no Signs of Grief are flown; Grief, an unmanly Weakness, they difown, And fcorn to figh, or breathe one parting Groan. Still urging on his Pious Cares, he strove The Senfe of outward Evils to remove ; And, by his Prefence, taught 'em to difdain The feeble Rage and Impotence of Pain. 1520

But now, fo many Toils and Dangers paft, Fortune grew kind, and brought Relief at laft. Of all who foorching Africk's Sun endure, None like the fwarthy Pfyllians are fecure. Skill'd in the Lore of pow'rful Herbs and Charms, 1525 Them, nor the Serpent's Tooth, nor Poifon harms:

Ver. 1524. Pfillians.] These People were Neighbours to the Nafamones, and were rather taken by Caso along with him when he began his March, than found out upon the Way.

LS

Nor

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Book IX LUCAN's 410 Nor do they thus in Arts slope excel, But Nature too their Blood has temper'd well, And taught, with vital Force, the Venom to repel. With healing Gifts and Privileges grac'd, 1530 Well in the Land of Scrpents were they plac'd; Truce with the dreadful Tyrant, Death, they have, And border fafely on his Realm, the Grave. Such is their Confidence in true-born Blood, That oft with Afps they prove their doubtful Brood; When wanton Wives their jealous Rage inflome. 1.536 The New-born Infant clears or damas the Dame : If fubject to the wrathful Serpent's Wound, The Mother's Shame is by the Danger found; But if unhurt, the fearles Infant laugh; 1549 The Wife is honeft, and the Husband fafe. So when Four's Bird on fome tall Cedar's Head. Has a new Race of gen'rous Eaglets bred. While yet unplum'd, within the Neft they lye, Wary fhe turns them to the Eastern Sky: 1545 Then, if unequal to the God of Day, Abash'd they shrink, and shun the potent Ray, She fpurns 'em forth, and cafts 'em quite away: But if with daring Eyes unmoy'd they gaze, Withstand the Light, and bear the Golden Blaze ; 1550 Tender the broods 'em, with a Parent's Love, The future Servants of her Mafter Jove.

Nor

Nor fair themselves, alone, the Pfyllium are, But to their Guefts extend their friendly Care .-First, where the Roman Camp is mark'd, around Circling they pais, then Chanting, Charm the Gre And chace the Serpents with the Myflick Sound. Beyond the farthest Tents rich Fires they build, That healthy Medicinal Odours yield; There foreign Galbannan difficiving fries, 1500 And crackling Flames from humble Wall-wors rife; There Tamarisk, which no green Leaf adorns, And there the spicy Syries Ceflos burns. There Centory supplies the wholesom Flame, That from Theffalian Chiron takes its Name ; 3564 The Gummy Larch-Tree, and the Thapfor there, Wound-wort and Maiden-weed, perfume the Air. There the large Branches of the long-liv'd Hart, With Southern-mood, their Odours flrong impart. The Monfters of the Land, the Serpents fell; 1170 Fly far away, and thun the hoftile Smell. Securely thus they pais the Nights away; And if they chance to meet a Wound by Day, The Plyllian Artifts firait their Skill difplay.

Ver. 1560. Foreign Galbanum,] Foreign to Africa, as being found in the Mountain Amamus in Syria.

Ver. 1565. That from Theffalian Chiron.] The Virtues of the Herb Centory were found out by the Centaur Chiron, famous for his Skill in Phyfick, and took its Name from him.

Then

$L U C \varDelta N' Book IX.$

Then strives the Leach the Pow'r of Charms to show, And bravely combats with the deadly Foe: 1576 With Spittle, first, he marks the Part around, And keeps the Poifon Pris'ner in the Wound; Then fudden he begins the Magick Song, And rolls the Numbers hafty o'er his Tongue; 1580 Swift he runs on; nor paufes once for Breath, To stop the Progress of approaching Death: He fears the Cure might fuffer, by Delay, And Life be loft, but for a Moment's Stay. Thus oft, tho' deep within the Veins it lyes, 1585 By Magick Numbers chac'd, the Mischief flies: But if it hear too flow, if still it stay, And fcorn the Potent Charmer to obey; With forceful Lips he fastens on the Wound. Drains out, and fpits the Venom to the Ground. 1590 Thus by long Use and oft Experience taught. He knows from whence his Hurt the Patient got; He proves the Part thro' which the Poifon paft. And knows each various Scrpent, by the Tafte.

The Warriors thus reliev'd, amidif their Pains, 1595 Held on their Paffage thro' the Defart Plains: And now the filver Empress of the Night Had loft, and twice regain'd her borrow'd Light.

Ver. 1598. Had loft, and twice regain'd.] That is, dusing the Space of two Months. The express Time of Cate's

While Caso, wandring o'er the wafteful Field,
Patient in all his Labours, fhe beheld.
At length condens'd in Clods the Sands appear,
And fhew a better Soil and Country near :
Now from afar thin Tufts of Trees arife,
And feattering Cottages delight their Eyes.
But when the Soldier once beheld again
The raging Lion fhake his horrid Mane,
What hopes of better Lands his Soul poffeft!
What Joys he felt, to view the dreadful Beaft!
Leptis at laft they reach'd, that neareft lay,
There free from Storms, and the Sun's parching Ray,
At Eafe they país'd the Wintry Year away.

Case's March is diverfly related by *Plusarch*, Strabo, and *Lucan*; the first allowing but Seven Days for it, the fecond Thirty, and the last, as we fee here, Two Months. This is of no great Confequence, fince they might fix the Beginning of his Journey, and reckon his Departure, from feveral Places.

Ver. 1606. The raging Lion.] Some of the Commentators upon this Verle,

Dui primum favos contra vidêre Leones,

fancy that it refers to a Cuftom which the Natives of this Country had to hang up the Lions, which they had caught or kill'd, upon Croffes, and that they were these crucified Lions which Cato's Soldiers were so glad to meet with: But I can see no Reason for fuch a far-fetch'd Interpretation; the Meaning seems to me to be, that by meeting with those Beasts, who usually prey upon tame Cattle, they found they were come into or near an inhabited Country.

Ver. 1609. Leptis st laft.] Leptis parva, now Lempta in Barbary. When

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When fated with the Joys which Slaughters yield, Retiring Ca/ar left Emathia's Field; His other Cares laid by, he fought alone To trace the Footsteps of his flying Son. 1617 Led by the Guidance of reporting Fame, First to the Thracian Hellefpent he came. Here young Leander perifh'd in the Flood, And here the Tow'r of mournful Here ftood: Here, with a sarrow Stream, the flowing Tide, 1620 Europe, from weathy Afia, does divide. From hence the Curious Victor passing o'er, Admiring, fought the fam'd Sigam Shore. There might he Tombs of Gracian Chiefs behold, Renown'd in Sacred Verse by Bards of Old. 1615 There the long Ruins of the Walls appeard, Once by great Neptome, and Apollo, rear'd:

Ver. 1617. To the Thracian Hellespont.] Cefar very naturally followed Pompey into Afia, where he had so great an Interest.

Ver. 1623. Sigzan Shore.] A Promontory now called Cape Janifari in Alia Minor on the Archipelago, over-against the Island of Tonedos, near the Ruins of the ancient Troy. Here were the Tombs of Achilles and Pasroclus.

Rheetion, or Rheetium, was a Town and Promontory likewife thereabouts, where was the Tomb of Ajax the . Son of Telamon.

Ver. 1626. Runs of the Walls.] Neptone and Apollo agreed with Launedon, King of Troy, to build Walls round his City; which when they had perform'd, and the King refused to pay them according to Agreement, Neptone in Revenge

There flood Old Troy, a venerable Name; For ever Confectate to Deathlefs Fame. Now blafted moffy Trunks with Branches fear, 1610 Brambles and Weeds, a losthform Foreft rear ; Where once in Palaces of Regal State, Old Priam, and the Trojan Princes, fate. Where Temples once, on lofty Columns born. Majestick did the wealthy Town adorn, 1624 All rude, all wafte and defolate is lay'd, And ey'n the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd. Here Cafer did each Story'd Place furvey. Here faw the Rock, where, Neptane to aboy, Hesione was bound the Monster's Prey. Here, in the Covert of a fecret Grove. 1641 The bleft Anchifes clasp'd the Queen of Love: Here fair Oenone play'd, Here stood the Cave Where Paris once the fatal Judgment gave; Here lovely Ganymede to Heav'n was born; 1645 Each Rock, and ev'ry Tree, recording Tales adorn.

wenge fent a Sea-Monfter amongst his People; to appeale whom the *Trojans* were forced to expase their Daughters to be devour'd by him. Among the rest, *Hefjoue*, the King's Daughter, being tied to a Rock for this purpose, was deliver'd by *Herewies*, who kill'd the Monster.

Ver. 1642. Anchifes,] The Father of Amens.

Ver. 1643. Omone,] The first Mistrel's of Paris, while he was a Shepherd, and had not seen Helen. See Ovid's Episitles. The Story of Gammede, and indeed most of the rest here mention'd, are known Fables.

Hare

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Here all that does of Xanthus' Stream remain; Creeps a finall Brook along the dufty Plain. Whilf carelefs and fecurely on they pafs, The Phrygian Guide forbids to prefs the Grafs; rfgo This Place, he faid, for ever facred keep, For here the facred Bones of Hettor fleep. Then warns him to obferve, where, rudely caft, Disjointed Stones lay broken and defac'd: Here his laft Fate, he cries, did Priam prove; 1655 Here, on this Altar of Hercaam Jove.

O Poefie Divine! Oh facred Song! To thee, bright Fame and Length of Days belong; Thou, Goddels! Thou Eternity can'ft give, And bid fecure the Mortal Heroe live. Nor, Cafar, thou difdain, that I rehearfe Thee, and thy Wars, in no ignoble Verfe; Since, if in ought the Latian Mufe excel, My Name, and thine, Immortal I foretel; Eternity our Labours fhall reward, And Lucan flourish, like the Grecian Bard; My Numbers shall to latest Times convey The Tyrant Cafar, and Pharfalia's Day.

Ver. 1056. Hercaan fove.] This Altar of Jupiter Hercans or Penetralis, was confectated to that God as the Keeper of the Houfe and Family. He is called Hercans from the Greek Word $E_{ex}O$, which fignifies an Inclosure, and his Altar was placed accordingly near the Wall.

When

When long the Chief his wond'ring Eyes had caft, On ancient Monuments of Ages paft; 1670 Of living Turf an Altar strait he made, Then on the Fire rich Gums and Incense laid, And thus, fuccefsful in his Vows, he pray'd. Ye Shades Divine! who keep this facred Place, And thou, *Eneas*! Author of my Race, 1678 Ye Pow'rs, whoe'er from burning Troy did come, Domeflick Gods of Alba, and of Rome, Who still preferve your ruin'd Country's Name, And on your Altars guard the Phrygian Flame: 1679 And thou, bright Maid, who art to Men deny'd; Pallas, who do'ft thy facred Pledge confide , To Rome, and in her inmost Temple hide; Hear, and aufpicious to my Vows incline, To me, the greatest of the Fulian Line : Profper my future Ways; and lo ! I vow 1687 Your ancient State and Honours to beflow; Aufonian Hands shall Phrygian Walls reftore, And Rome repay, what Troy conferr'd before.

Ver. 1676. Te Pow'rs.] This Invocation is addrefs'd to those Gods whose Images *Eneas* brought with him from Troy, which were placed at *Alba* by his Son *Afcanius*, and afterwards remov'd to Rome.

Ver. 1679. Phrygian Flame.] The Fire of Vefta.

Ver. 1681. Thy facred Pledge.] The Palladium.

Ver. 1687. Phrygian Walls reftore.] I don't know whether Lucan does not hint is this Paffage at the Defign which

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Book

He faid; and halted to his Fleet away, Swift to repair the Lofs of this Delay. Up fprung the Wind, and with a fresh'aing Gale, The kind North-West fill'd ev'ry fwelling fail; Light o'er the foamy Waves the Navy Sew, "Till Afin's Shores and Rheder no more they view. Six times the Night her Sable Round had made, The feventh now paffing on, the Chief furvey'd High Phares thining through the gloomy Shade; The Coaft defory'd, he waits the rifing Day, Then fafely to the Port directs his Way. There wide with Crouds o'er-foread he fees the Sho And ecchoing hears the loud tumultuous Roar. Wistrufful of his Fate, he gives Command To ftand aloof, ner truk the doubted Land; When lo! a Meffenger appears, to bring A fatal Pledge of Peace from Reyn's King: Hid in a Veil, and closely cover'd o'er, Pompey's pale Visage in his Hand he bore. An impious Orator the Tyrant fends, Who thus, with fitting Words, the monstrous Gift

which Augustus Cafar had to translate the Sext of E from Rame to Troy, and which Monf. Dacier has ob from Mr. Le Feure, gave Occasion for one of the beautiful Odes in Horace.

Ver. 1708. An impious Orator.] This villainous 1 fedor was Theodorns the Rhetorician of Chios, the v Praceptor of fuch a Prince as Prolemy. He was one

LIX. PHARSALIA. 459

!! first and greatest of the Roman Name; 1710 v'r most mighty, most renown'd in Fame: rightly now, the World's unrival'd Lord! 3eacht thy Pharias Friends afford. ing beftows the Prize thy Arms have fought, hich Pharfalia's Field, in vain, was fought. IYES ask remains for future Labours now; livil Wars are finish'd at a Blow. al Theffalia's Ruins, Pompey fled for Succour, and by us lyes Dead. Cafar, with this coffly Pledge we buy, 2720 to our Friendship, with this Victim, tye. 's proud Scepter freely then receive, e'er the fertile flowing Nile can give: x the Treasures which this Deed has four'd; st the Boncht, without Reward. 5725 1, Ca/ar ! deign to think my Reyal Lord hy the Aid of thy Victorious Sword: e first Rank of Greatnels shall be stand; who could Powpey's Definy command.

cil, and had been a principal Advifer of this barba-Marder. Plusarch fays, he was afterwards taken by is in Afia, and by him put to a very cruel Death. is fays, he was crucified by Order of Caffaus. It is r certain that he came to fuch an End as he had dei.

S. 1724. Accept the Transformes.] The Money which O Cefar, wou'dft have given willingly to have this done.

Nor

Book IX LUCAN's 260 Nor frown difdainful on the proffer'd Spoil, Because not dearly bought with Blood and Toil; But think, oh think, what facred Ties were broke, How Friendship pleaded, and how Nature spoke; That Possey, who reftor'd Auletes' Crown, The Father's antient Gueft, was murder'd by the Son, 1737 Then judge thy felf, or ask the World and Fame, 1 If Services, like these, deserve a Name. If Gods and Men the daring Deed abhor, Think, for that Reason, Cafar owes the more; This Blood for thee, tho' not by thee, was fpilt; 1740 Thou hast the Benefit, and we the Guilt. He faid, and ftrait the horrid Gift unveil'd; And ftedfaft to the gazing Victor held. Chang'd was the Face, deform'd with Death all o'er, Pale, ghaftly, wan, and flain'd with clotted Gore, Unlike the Pompey, Cafar knew before. He, nor at first difdain'd the fatal Boon, Nor flarted from the dreadful Sight too foon. Awhile his Eyes the murd'rous Scene endure, Doubting they view; but fhun it, when secure. 119 At length he flood convinc'd, the Deed was done; He faw 'twas fafe to mourn his lifelefs Son:

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Ver. 1734. Auletes.] The Sirname of young: Ptolony's Father.

And

IX. PHARSALIA. 261

ait the ready Tears, that stay'd 'till now, t Command with pious Semblance flow: cteffing, from the Sight he turns, 1755 paning, with a Heart triumphant mourns. s his impious Thought should be defcry'd, eks in Tears the fwelling loy to hide. he curft Pharian Tyrant's Hopes were croft, I the Merit of his Gift was loft; 1760 or the Murder Cafar's Thanks were fpar'd; ife to mourn it. rather than reward. 10, relentless, thro' Phar/alia rode, 1 the Senate's mangled Fathers trode; 10, without one pitying Sigh beheld 1765 ood and Slaughter of that woful Field; murder'd Pompey, could not ruthlefs fee, y'd the Tribute of his Grief to thee. ystery of Fortune, and of Fate! conforted Piety and Hate! 1770 m'ft thou, Cafar, then thy Tears afford, : dire Object of thy vengeful Sword? thou, for this, devote his Hoftile Head, : him Living, to bewail him Dead? not the gentle Ties of Kindred move? 1775 thou not touch'd with thy fad Fulia's Love? veep'st thou now? Dost thou these Tears provide in the Friends of Pompey to thy Side ?

Perhaps.

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Perhaps, with fecret Rage thou do'ft repine, That he should dye by any Hand but thine: Thence fall thy Tears, that Ptolemy has done A Murder, due to Cofer's Hand alone. What fecret Springs foe'er these Currents know, They ne'er, by Piety, were taught to flow. Or didft thou kindly, like a careful Friend, 1785 Purfue him Flying, only to Defend? Well was his Fate deny'd to thy Command! Well was he inatch'd by Fortune from thy Handi · Fortune with-held this Glory from thy Name, Forbad thy Pow'r to Save, and fpar'd the Roman Shame. Still he goes on to vent his Griefs aloud, 1791 And artful, thus, deceives the cafic Crowd. Hence from my Sight, nor let me fee thee more;

Hafte, to thy King his fatal Gift reftore. At Cafar have you aim'd the deadly Blow, 1795 And wounded Cafar worfe than Pompey now; The cruel Hands by which this Deed was done, Have torn away the Wreaths my Sword had won, That nobleft Prize this Civil War cou'd give, The Victor's Right to bid the Vanquifh'd live. Then tell your King, his Gift fhould be repay'd; I would have fent him Cleopatra's Head; But shat he wifters to behold her Dead.

How

4

IX. PHARSALIA. 163

is he dar'd, this Egyps's petty Lord, his Murders to the Roman Sword? for this, in heat of War, diftain obleft Blood Emathia's purple Plain, nce Ptolemy's pernicious Reign? vith Pompey form the World to fhare? a I an Egypsian Partner bear? the warlike Trumpet's dreadful Sound is'd the Universe to Arms around; ras the Shock of Nations, if they own, any Pow'r on Earth but mine alone. er to your Impious Shores I came, to affert, at once, my Power and Fame; te pale Fury Bruy should have faid, Crimes I damn'd not, or your Arms I fled. ink to fawn before me, and deceive; v the Welcome you prepare to give. is's Field preferves me from your Hate, uards the Victor's Head from Pompey's Fate. Ruin, Gods! attended on my Arms, Dangers unforefeen ! What waiting Harms! y, and Rome, and Exile, were my Fear; t a Fourth, See Ptolemy appear! Boy-King's Vengeance loiters in the Rear. re forgive his Youth, and bid him know n and Life's the most we can beftow.

1805

1810

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1820

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For

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For you, the meaner Herd, with Rites divine, I And pious Cares, the Warrior's Head infhrine: Atone with Penitence the injur'd Shade, And let his Ashes in their Urn be laid ; Pleas'd, let his Ghoft lamenting Ca/ar know, And feel my Presence here, ev'n in the Reamls below. 1 Oh, what a Day of Joy was loft to Rome, When haples Pompey did to Egypt come! When, to a Father and a Friend unjust, He rather chose the Pharian Boy to trust. The wretched World that Lofs of Peace shall rue. 1 Of Peace, which from our Friendship might ensue: But thus the Gods their hard Decrees have made; In vain, for Peace, and for Repole I pray'd; In vain implor'd, that Wars and Rage might end, That, Suppliant-like, I might to Pompey bend, Beg him to Live, and once more be my Friend. Then had my Labours met their just Reward, And, Pompey, thou in all my Glories thar'd; Then, Jars and Enmitties all past and gone, In Pleasure had the peaceful Years roll'd on; L All should forgive, to make the Joy compleat; Thou should'st thy harder Fate, and Rome my Wars for

Fast falling still the Tears, thus spoke the Chief, But found no Partner in the specious Grief.

Oh! Glorious Liberty! when all fhall dare **1855** A Face, unlike their mighty Lord, to wear! Each in his Breaft the rifing Sorrow kept, And thought it fafe to laugh, tho' Cafar wept.

Ver. 1855. Oh ! glorious Liberty!] This is a very Satyrical Irony. He means, that the Standers-by durft not flewe any Sign but that of Joy, fince Ce_far , the outwardly he feem'd to grieve, was in his Heart pleas'd with that execrable Action. But this is an Infrance of Lucan's Prejudice againft Ce_far ; a Fault of which I am forry an Author, who feems to have been a Lover of his Country, flould be fo often guilty.



Vol II.





ТНЕ

TENTH BOOK

OF

UCAN'S PHARSALIA.

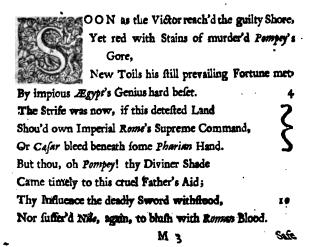
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Czfar, upon bis Arrival in Ægypt, finds P engag'd in a Quarrel with his Sifter Clei whom, at the Instigation of Photinus, a other evil Counsellors, he had depriv'd Share in the Kingdom, and imprison'd: S. means to Escape, comes privately to Cafi puts berself under bis Protection. Cæsar in in the Quarrel, and reconciles them. 2 return entertain him with great Magn. and Luxury at the Royal Palace in Alex At this Feaft Calar, who at his first Arris vifited the Tomb of Alexander the Gree whatever elfe was Curious in that City, e. of the Chief Prieft Achoreus, and is by 1 form'd of the Course of the Nile, its stail crease and Decrease, with the several that had been till that time affign'd for the mean time Photinus writes privately chillas, to draw the Army to Alexandri surprize Cassar; this he immediately pe and besieges the Palace. But Casar, bar the City and many of the Ægyptian Ships escapes to the Island and Tower of Pharo rying the young King and Photinus, wi fill kept in bis Power, with him; there discover'd the Treachery of Photinus, be p. to Death. At the fame time Arfinoë, Ptc youngest Sister, having by the Advice of her the Eunuch Ganymedes, affum'd the Reg thority, orders Achillas to be kill'd likewij renews the War against Cæsar. Upon the between Pharos and Alexandria be isencon by the Enemy, and very near being flain, length breaks thro', leaps into the Sea, and bis usual Courage and good Fortune sw Safety to bis own Fleet.



LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK X.



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Safe in the Pledge of Pompey, flain fo late,			
Proud Cafar enters Alexandria's Gate:			
Enfigns on	high the long Proc	effion lead;	
The Warrio	r and his armed Tr	ain fucc eed .	15
Meanwhile, loud-murmuring, the moody Throng			
Behold his I	Fasces born in State	along :	
Of Innovati	ions fiercely they co	mplain,	
And fcornf	ully reject the Rom	an Reign.	•
Soon faw th	he Chief th' untowa	d Bent they	take, 20
And found	that Pompey fell no	t for his lake	
Wifely, how	we'er, he hid his f	ecret Fear, .	
And held hi	s Way, with well-o	lissembled C	hear.
Careless, he	runs their Gods a	nd Temples	o' cr,
The Monu	nents of Macedonia	Pow'r;	25
But neither	God, nor Shrine,	nor myftick	Rite,
Their City,	nor her Walls, his	Soul delight	:
Their Caves	beneath his Fancy	chiefly led,	
To fearch th	ne gloomy Manfio	ns of the Do	ad :
Thither wit	h fecret Pleafure he	descends,	. 30
And to the Guide's recording Tale attends.			
When the sain Wouth sub- made the Would bit Dates			

There the vain Youth who made the World his Prize, That profp'rous Robber, *Alexander*, lyes.

Ver. 25. Macedonian Power.] Alexandria was built by Alexander the Great.

Ver. 28. Their Caves beneath.] The *Ægyptians* embalming their Dead, and burying them in theie large Caves in great Numbers together, is very well known. They are what are now called *Catacombs*, and are to frequenty vilited by Travellers.

When

When pitying Death, at length, had freed Mankind, To facred Reft his Bones were here confign'd: 35 His Bones, that better had been tofs'd and hurl'd; With just Contempt, around the injur'd World. But Fortune fpar'd the Dead; and partial Fate, For Ages, fix'd his Pharian Empire's Date. If e'er our long-loft Liberty return, 40 That Carcafs is referv'd for publick Scorn :--Now, it remains a Monument confest, How one proud Man cou'd lord it o'er the reft. To Macedon, a Corner of the Earth, The vaft ambitious Spoiler ow'd his Birth : 45 There, foon, he fcorn'd his Father's humbler Reign, And view'd his vanquish'd Ashens with Disdain. Driv'n headlong on, by Fate's reliftles Force, Thto' Alia's Realms he took his dreadful Courfe: His ruthless Sword lay'd Human Nature waste, f0 And Defolation follow'd where he pais'd. Red Ganges blufh'd, and fam'd Emphrates' Flood, With Persian this, and that with Indian Blood. Such is the Bolt which angry Fove employs, When, undiftinguishing, his Wrath deftroys: 55

Ver. 39. For Ages fix'd.] From the first Ptolemy who fucceeded Alexander, to this worthless Prince, who murder'd Pompey, about 280 Years.

Ver. 47. Varquifb'd Athens.] Not only Athens, but a good Part of Greece had been fubdued by his Father Philip, partly by Force, and partly by Fraud.

Such

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Such to Mankind, portentous Meteors rife, Trouble the gazing Earth, and blaft the Skies. Nor Flame, nor Flood, his reftlefs Rage withftand, Nor Syrts unfaithful, nor the Libyan Sand: O'er Wayes unknown he meditates his Way, And feeks the boundless Empire of the Sea; Ev'n to the utmost West he wou'd have gone, Where Tethys' Lap receives the fetting Sun; Around each Pole his Circuit wou'd have made, And drunk from fecret Nile's remoteft Head, When Nature's Hand his wild Ambition stay'd, With him, that Pow'r his Pride had lov'd fo well, His monfrous Universal Empire, fell: No Heir, no just Successor left behind, Eternal Wars he to his Friends affign'd, To tear the World, and fcramble for Mankind. Yet still he dy'd the Master of his Fame, And Parthia to the laft rever'd his Name: The haughty East from Greece receiv'd her Doom. With lower Homage than the pays to Rome. Tho' from the frozen Pole our Empire run, Far as the Journeys of the Southern Sun;

Ver. 61. Empire of the Sea.] In this he hints at Alexander's Defign of discovering the Indian Ocean, mention'd by Q. Curtius.

Vcr. 72. Maßer of bis Fame.] Alexander died in Poffelfion of the Empire he had acquir'd, and Partoia, with the reft of the Eaft, acknowledged his Power.

In

In Triumph the' our conqu'ring Eagles fly, Where-e'er foft Zephyrs fan the Weftern Sky; Still to the haughty Parshian muft we yield, 89 And mourn the Lois of Carra's dreadful Field: Still fhall the Race untam'd their Pride avow, And lift these Heads shoft which Pella tangint to bow.

From Gafum now the beardless Monarch came, To quench the kindling Alexandrian's Flame. 83 Th' unwarlike Rabble foon the Tumult ceafe. And he, their King, remains the Pledge of Peace ; When veil'd in Secrefie, and dark Difguife, To mighty Cafar, Cleopatri flics. 85 Won by perfusive Gold, and rich Reward, Z Her Keeper's Hand her Prifon Gates unbarr'd, And a light Galley for her Flight prepar'd. Oh fatal Form! thy Native Egypt's Shame! Thou lewd Perdition of the Latian Name! How wert thou doom'd our Furies to increase. 9°Ŝ And be what Helen was to Troy and Greece !

Ver. 83. Pella,] A City in Macedon where Alexander was born, from whence he is often call'd Pellaan.

Ver. 87. Their King remains the Pledge of Peace.] Cefar had good Reason to doubt the Defigns of the Alexandrians, and therefore kept their King within his Power.

Ver. 88. When veil d in Secrecy.] Cleopatra having brib'd thole Guards who had the Cuftody of her Perfon, was brought by Apollodorus, her Tutor, wrapt up in a kind of Quilt or Flock-Bed by Night to Cafar.

When

274 LUCAN's Book X.

When with an Hoft, from vile Canopus led, Thy Vengeance aim'd at great Angustus' Head ; . When thy fhrill Timbrels Sound was heard from far, And Rome her felf shook at the coming War; 100 When doubtful Fortune, near Leucadia's Strand, Sufpended long the World's fupream Command, And almost gave it to a Woman's Hand. Such daring Courage fwells her wanton Heart, While Roman Lovers Roman Fires impart: 105 Glowing alike with Greatness and Delight, She role still bolder from each guilty Night. Then blame we haplefs Anthony no more, Loft and undone by fatal Beauty's Pow'r; If Cafar, long inur'd to Rage and Arms, 110 Submits his stubborn Heart to those foft Charms; If recking from Emathia's dreadful Plain, And horrid with the Blood of thousands flain. He finks lascivious in a lewd Embrace, While Pompey's ghaftly Spectre haunts the Place. 115 If Fulia's chafteft Name he can forget, And raife her, Brethren of a Bastard Set;

Ver. 97. When with an Hoff.] When the join'd with M. Antony against Augustus. The Loves of Antony and Cleopatra, the Battel of Attium, and the Consequences of it, are too well known to need any Explanation.

Canopus is a City of Ægypt, now called Bochir, with a Port at the Mouth of the Welt Arm of the Nile upon the Mediterranean. In this Place it is taken for Ægypt it felf.

If

If indolently he permits, from far, Bold *Cato* to revive the fainting War; If he can give-away the Fruits of Blood, And fight to make a Strumpet's Title good.

To him, difdaining or to feign a Tear, Or fpread her artfully difhevell'd Hair, In comely Sorrow's decent Garb array'd, And trufting to her Beauty's certain Aid, In Words like thefe began the *Pharian* Maid.

If Royal Birth and the Lagean Name, Thy faviring Pity, greateft Cafar, claim, Redrefs my Wrongs, thus humbly I implore, And to her State an injur'd Queen reftore. 13 Here fhed thy jufter Influence, and rife A Star aufpicious to Ægyptian Skies. Nor is it ftrange for Pharos to behold A Woman's Temples bound with Regal Gold: No Laws our fofter Sex's Pow'rs reftrain, 135 But undiftinguifh'd equally we Reign. Vouchfafe my Royal Father's Will to read, And learn what dying Ptolemy decreed:

Ver. 119. Bold Cato to revive.] While Cafar was in Zgypt, Cato and Scipio were drawing together the Remains ot Pompey's Forces, and forming a new Army in Africa.

Ver. 122. Difdaming or to feign.] Cleopatra was fo fecure of the Power of her Beauty, that the took no Pains to fet off her Affliction, or appear more forrowful than the really was.

Мy

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Book K.

My just Pretentions stand recorded there, My Brother's Empire and his Bed to thare. · 349 Nor wou'd the gentle Boy his Love refuse, Did curs'd Pothinus leave him free to chufe ; But now in Vaffalage he holds his Crown. 'And acts by Pow'r and Paffions not his own. Nor is my Soul on Empire fondly fet, 145 But cou'd with Eafe my Royal Rights forget; } So thou the Throne from vile Difference fave. Reftore the Mafter, and depose the Slave, What Scorn, what Pride his haughty Bolom fwell, Since, at his bidding, Roman Pompey fell ! 150 («Ev'n now, which oh! ye righteous Gods avert, His Sword is levell'd at thy noble Heart) Thou and Mankind are wrong'd, when he shall dare, Or in thy Prize, or in thy Crime to share.

In vain her Words the Warrior's Ears affail'd, 155 Had not her Face beyond her Tongue prevail'd; From thence refiftlefs Eloquence the draws, And with the fweet Perfurition gains her Caufe. His flubborn Heart diffolves in loofe Delight, And grants her Suit, for one lafeivious Night. Egypt and Cafar, now, in Peace agreed, Riot and Feafting to the War fucceed:

Ver. 161. Algypt and Coefar.] Cafar had, to all outward Appearance, reconcild Profemy and his Sifter.

The

The wanton Queen difplays her wealthy Store Excels unknown to frugal Rome before. Rich, as fome Fane by lavish Zealots rear'd, For the proud Banquet, flood the Hall prepard: Thick golden Plates the latent Beams infold. And the high Roof was fretted o'er with Gold : Of folid Marble all, the Walls were made, And Onyx ev'n the meaner Floor inlay'd; While Porphyry and Agat, round the Court, In maffy Columns, role a proud Support. Of folid Ebony each Poft was wrought, From fwarthy Meroë profulely brought: With Iv'ry was the Entrance crufted o'er, And polifh'd Tortoife hid each fhining Door; While on the cloudy Spots enchas'd was feen The lively Em'ralds never-fading Green. Within, the Royal Beds and Couches shone, Reamy and bright with many a coffly Stone,

Twice had they drank the nobleft Tyrins Dye:

In glowing Purple rich the Cov'rings lye;

Ver. 173. Of folid Ebony.] The Wood-work used only to be cover'd over with thin Picces of Ebony: Here it was entirely made of that costly Tree.

Ver. 174. From fwarthy Merce.] An Island form'd by the Nile in *Æthiopia*, from whence Ebony was brought. Some Editions read *Ebenus Mareotica* in this Place, but erroncoully, for there is no Ebony grows near Mareotis in Ægypt.

Others

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\$75

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LUCAN's 278 Book X Others, as Pharian Artifts have the Skill To mix the party-colour'd Web at Will. With winding Trails of various Silks were made, 185 Where branching Gold fet off the rich Baccade. Around, of ev'ry Age, and choicer Form, Huge Crowds, whole Nations of Attendants fwarm: Some wait in yellow Rings of golden Hair, The vanquish'd Rhime shew'd Casar none to fair : 190 Others were feen with fwarthy Woolly Heads. Black as eternal Night's unchanging Shades, Here foucaling Eunuchs, a difmember'd Train, Lament the Lois of genial Joys in vain : There Nature's nobleft Work, a youthful Band, 195 In the full Pride of blooming Manhood fland, All duteous on the Pharian Princes wait.

The Princes round the Board recline in State, With mighty Cafar, more than Princes great: On Iv'ry Feet the Citron Board was wrought, Richer than those with Captive Juba brought. With ev'ry Wile Ambitious Beauty tries To fix the daring Roman's Heart her Prize.

) 200

Ver. 201. With Captive Juba.] It should rather be from vanquified Juba: The Original is

Nec capto venére Jubâ.

Tho' it is certain, that after Juba was vanquish'd he kill'd himself, and so was never Cafar's Priloner.

Ha

Her Brother's meaner Bed and Crown the fcorns. And with fierce Hopes for nobler Empire burns; 205 Collects the Mischiefs of her wanton Eyes, And her faint Cheeks with deeper Rofes dies; Amidit the Braidings of her flowing Hair, The Spoils of orient Rocks and Shells appear; Like midnight Stars, ten thousand Diamonds deck 210 The comely Rifing of her graceful Neck. Of wondrous Work, a thin transparent Lawn O'er each foft Breast in Decency was drawn; Where still by turns the parting Threads withdrew, And all the panting Bofem role to view. 215 Her Robe, her ev'ry Part, her Air, confeis The Pow'r of Female Skill exhausted in her Drefs. Fantaffick Madnels of unthinking Pride. To boast that Wealth, which Prudence strives to hide! In Civil Wars fuch Treasures to difplay, 220 And tempt a Soldier with the Hopes of Prey ! Had Cafar not been Cafar, impious, bold, And ready to lay wafte the World for Gold, But just as all our frugal Names of old; This Wealth cou'd Curius or Fabricius know. Or ruder Cincinnatus from the Plow.

Ver. 226. Ruder Cincinnatus.] Quindius Cincinnatus was faluted Dictator as he was following the Plow in his own Field.

As

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As Calar, they had feiz'd the mighty Spoil, And to inrich their Tiber robb'd the Nile. Now, by a Train of Slaves, the various Feaft In maffy Gold magnificent was plac'd: 22 Whatever Earth, or Air, or Seas afford, In vaft Profusion crowns the lab'ring Board. For Dainties, Egypt ev'ry Land explores, Nor fpares those very Gods her Zeal adores. The Nile's fweet Wave capacious Crystals pour, 23 And Gems of Price the Grapes delicious Store; No Growth of Mareetis' marthy Fields, But fuch as Meroë maturer yields; Where the warm Sun the racy Juice refines, And mellows into Age the Infant Wines. 14 With Wreaths of Nard the Guefts their Temples bind, And blooming Rofes of immortal Kind; Their dropping Locks with Oily Odours flow, Recent from near Arabia, where they grow:

Ver. 234. Nor frares those very Gods.] The Ægyptian worshipp'd not only several Sorts of Beasts and Birds, bu even Plants, as Leeks and Onyons.

Ver. 236. And Gems of Price.] Drinking Vessels mai of Precious Stones. The Spanish Translator renders Gen ma Capaces in this Place Perlas, Pearls; but that is firetel ing the Ægyptian Magnificence a little too far.

Ver. 241. Nard.] Nardum is an odoriferous Shrub bea ing Leaves, and a kind of Ear call'd Spica Nardi. Hen comes our Word Spikenard.

Ver. 242. Roles of immortal.] Roles that were in Bloos all the Year.

T

The vig'rous Spices breathe their ftrong Perfume, 245 And the rich Vapour fills the fpacious Room. Here Cafar, Pompey's Poverty difdain'd, And learn'd to wafte that World his Arms had gain'd. He faw th' Egyptian Wealth with greedy Eyes, And wish'd some fair Pretence to feize the Prize. 250 Sated at length with the prodigious Feaft, Their weary Appetites from Riot ceas'd; When Cafar, curious of some new Delight, In Conversation fought to wear the Night: - Then gently thus addrest the good old Prieft, 255 "Reclining decent in his Linnen Veft. O wife Achorens! venerable Seer! Whole Age befpeaks thee Heav'n's peculiar Care, Say from what Origin thy Nation forung, What Boundaries to Egypt's Land belong? 260 What are thy Peoples Cuftoms, and their Modes, What Rites they teach, what Forms they give their Gods' Each antient facred Mystery explain, Which monumental Sculptures yet retain. Divinity difdains to be confin'd, 265 Fain wou'd be known, and rev'renc'd by Mankind. 'Tis faid, thy holy Predece flors thought Cecropian Plate worthy to be thight;

Ver. 264. Monumental Sculptures.] Hieroglyphicks carv'd upon Pillars.

Vcr. 268. Cecropian.] Athenian, from Cecrops King of Ashens.

Book X. LUCAN's 282 And fure the Sages of your Schools have known No Soul more form'd for Science than my own. 270 Fame of my Potent Rival's Flight, 'tis true, To this your Pharian Shore my Journey drew; Yet know, the Love of Learning led me too. In all the Hurries of tumultuous War. The Stars, the Gods, and Heav'ns were still my Care. Nor shall my Skill to fix the rowling Year 276 Inferior to Eudoxus' Art appear. Long has my curious Soul, from early Youth, Toil'd in the noble Search of facred Truth : Yet still no Views have urg'd my Ardor more, 180 Than Nile's remotest Fountain to explore, Then fay what Source the famous Stream Supplies, And bids it at revolving Periods rife; Shew me that Head from whence, fince Time begun, The long Succession of his Waves has run ; 285 This let me know, and all my Toils shall cease, The Sword be fheath'd, and Earth be bleft with Peace.

Plate.] This Philosopher was, according to Strate, a confiderable time in *Egypt*, where he was inftructed by the Priefts in their most facred Mysteries.

Ver. 276. Nor *fall my Skill.*] Cefar's Regulation of the Calendar, which we now call the *Julian* Period, is well known.

Ver. 277. Eudoxus,] A Mathematician of Cuides in Caria. He was the first who regulated the Year according to the Revolutions of the Moon in Greece. He had been with Plato in Egypt.

The

•

The Warrior spoke; and thus the Seer reply'd: Nor fhalt thou, mighty Ca/ar, be deny'd. Our Sires forbad all, but them felves, to know, 290 And kept with Care profaner Laymen low: My Soul, I own, more gen'roufly inclin'd, Wou'd let in Daylight to inform the Blind. Nor would I Truth in Mysteries restrain, But make the Gods, their Pow'r, and Precepts, plain; 295 Wou'd teach their Miracles, wou'd fpread their Praise, And well-taught Minds to just Devotion raife. Know then, to all those Stars, by Nature driv'n In Opposition to revolving Heav'n, Some one peculiar Influence was giv'n. The Sun the Seafons of the Year fupplies, 201 And bids the Evining and the Morning rife; Commands the Planets with fuperior Force, And keeps each wand'ring Light to his appointed Courfe. The filver Moon o'er briny Seas prefides, 305 And heaves huge Ocean with alternate Tides.

Ver. 298. To all those Stars.] The Planets, which according to the Astronomy of the Romans at that Time, were carried round in every 24 Hours by the Eighth Sphere, or Primum Mobile.

Ver. 304. And keeps each wand'ring Light.] That is, drives them back, and makes em become Retrograde when they come to their neareft Diffance to the Sun. The other Offices which he gives to the reft of the Planets, were according to their Alironomy at that Time.

Saturne

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Saturn's cold Rays in Icy Climes prevail; ? AMars rules the Winds, the Storm, and rattling Hail: Where Fove afcends, the Skies are still ferene; And fruitful Penne is the genial Queen: 310 While ev'ry limpid Spring, and falling Stream, Submits to radiant Hermes' reigning Beam. When in the Crab the humid Ruler thines. And to the fultry Lion near inclines, There fix'd immediate o'er Nik's latent Source. 215 He strikes the watry Stores with pondrous Force ; Nor can the Flood bright Main's Son withfland, But heaves, like Ocean at the Moon's Command: His Waves afcend, obedient as the Seas. And reach their deflined Height by just Degrees. 320 Nor to its Bank returns th' Enormous Tide. Till Libra's equal Scales the Days and Nights divide. Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd, In Dreams of Ethiopian Snows believ'd: From Hills they taught, how melting Corrents ran, 325 When the first fwelling of the Flood began,

Ver. 313. When in the Crab.] Upon this Occasion Luem enumerates the feveral different Opinions that were then held concerning the Increase and Decrease of the Nile.

The first he gives is the Preffure of the Planet Mercary upon the Fountains of Nile, which he fuppoles to lye under the Sign of Cancer. The Fact is, that the River begins to fwell after Midfummer, comes to its Height in Anguft, and falls again about the Autuinnal Equinor in Sepsement.

Bat

But ah how vain the Thought! No Bornes these In icy Bonds confirming the wintry Year, But fultry Southern Winds eternal reign, And forching Suns the fwarthy Natives flain. 330 Yet more, whatever Flood the Frost congeals, Melts as the genial Spring's Return he teels. While Nils's redundant Waters never rife, 'Till the hot Dog inflames the Summer Skies; Nor to his Banks his fhrinking Stream confines, 335 'Till high in Heav'n th' Autumnal Ballance fhines. Unlike his watry Brethren ho prefides, And by new Laws his liquid Empire guides. From dropping Seafons no Increase he knows, Nor feels the fleecy Show'rs of melting Snows. 240 His River fwells not idly, e'er the Land The timely Office of his Waves demand; But knows his Lot, by Providence affign'd, To cool the Scafon, and refized Manhind. When-e'er the Lion frieds his Fires around, 345 And Cancer burns Syene's parching Ground; Then, at the Pray'r of Nations, comes the Nile, And kindly tempers up the mouldring Soil. Nor from the Plains the cov'ring God retreate 'Till the rude Fervour of the Skies abates ; 350 Vor. 334: 'Till the hot Bog.] In July.

Ver. 346. Syene's.] See Notes on Book 2. Per. 903.

'Till

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286 $L U C \Lambda N$'s Book X."

"Till Pheebus into milder Autumn fades, And Meroë projects her length'ning Shades. Nor let inquiring Scepticks ask the Caule, "Tis Fove's Command, and these are Nature's Laws.

Others of old, as vainly too, have thought 355 By Weftern Winds the spreading Deluge brought; While at fix'd Times, for many a Day, they laft, Posses the Skies, and drive a constant Blast: Collected Clouds united Zephyrs bring, And thed huge Raiss from many a dropping Wing, To heave the Flood, and fwell th' abounding Spring. Or when the airy Brethren's stedfast Force Refifts the rufhing Current's downward Course, Backward he rolls indignant, to his Head: While o'er the Plains his heapy Waves are fpread. 365) Some have believ'd, that fpacious Channels go Thro' the dark Entrails of the Earth below; Thro' thefe, by turns, revolving Rivers pais, And fecretly pervade the mighty Mafs;

Ver. 352. Meroë projetts.] When the Sun is no longer Vertical over Meroë.

Ver. 355. Others of old.] This Opinion arttibutes the Caufe to the Weftern Winds two Ways; either by their blowing conftantly against the Stream for many Days together, and keeping it from running into the Sea as usual; or elfe by bringing a great Quantity of Rain from other Parts of the World towards the Source of the Nile, and fo causing it to overshow.

Thro'

PHARSALIA. 287 -۲.

fe the Sun, when from the North he flies, 379 the glowing Æthiopick Skies, lant Streams attracts their Liquid Stores, Nile's Spring th' affembled Waters pours: o'er-burthen'd, difembogues the Load, rs the foamy Deluge all abroad. 375 there have been too, who long maintain'd, an's Waves thro' porous Earth are drain'd; e their Saltaefs they no longer keep, degrees still freshning as they creep : Period, Nile receives 'em all, 's 'em loofly fpreading, as they fall.' tars, and Sun himfelf, as fome have faid, lations from the Deep are fed; en the golden Ruler of the Day ancer's fiery Sign purfues his Way, ms attract too largely from the Sea; use of his Draughts the Nights return, re than fill the Nile's capacious Urn. I the Dictates of my Soul to tell, ak the Reafons of the wat'ry Swell, ridence the Task I should affign, d the Caufe in Workmanship Divine. eams we trace, unerring, to their Birth, ow the Parent Earth which brought 'em forth:

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While

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While this, as early as the World begun, Ran thus, and muft continue thus to ran; And ftill, unfathom'd by our Search, fhall own No Caufe, but Four's commanding Will alone.

2.88

Nor, Ca/ar, is thy Search of Knowledge ftrange; Well may thy boundlefs Soul defire to Range, Well may the frive Nile's Fountain to explore; Since mighty Kings have fought the fame before; Each for the first Discovrer wou'd be known. And hand, to future Times, the Secret down; But still their Pow'rs were exercis'd in vain, While latent Nature mock'd their fruitles Pain. Philip's great Son, whom Memphis still records, The Chief of her Illustrious scepter'd Lords, Sent, of his own, a chofen Number forth, To trace the wondrous Stream's mysterious Birth. Thro' Æthiopia's Plains they journey'd on, 'Till the hot Sun oppos'd the burning Zone: There, by the God's refiftlefs Beams repell'd, An unbeginning Stream they still beheld. Fierce came Seloffris from the Eastern Dawn, On his proud Car by Captive Monarchs drawn;

Ver. 415. Fierce came Sefoftris.] This Prince is fai Tretzes, and other asscient Historians, to have been 1 of Allyria, as well as Egypt. He had his Chariot dr

His lawles Will, impatient of a Bound, Commanded Nile's hid Fountain to be found : But fooner much the Tyrant might have known Thy fam'd Hefperian Po, or Gallick Rhone. 420 Cambyfes too, his daring Perfians led, Where hoary Age makes white the Ethiop's Head; "Till fore diffrefs'd and deftitute of Food, He fizin'd his hungry Jaws with human Blood; "Till half his Hoft the other half devour'd, 425 And left the Nile behind 'em unexplor'd.

Of thy forbidden Head, Thou facred Stream, Nor Fiction dares to speak, nor Poets dream. Thro' various Nations roll thy Waters down, By many feen, tho' ftill by all unknown; No Land prefumes to claim thee for her own. For me, my humble Tale no more shall tell, Than what our just Records demonstrate well;

by Kings whom he had conquer'd. He likewife fent to discover the Head of Nile, but in vain.

Ver. 420. Thy famid.] Speaking to Cafar. Ver. 421. Cambyfes] The Story of his Conquest of Egyps, his Invation of Ethiopia, and the Miseries that he and his Army underwent in that Expedition by Famine, may be found at large in Herodotus. The Ethiopians, into whole Country he penetrated, were call'd ManeyBios, or long-liv'd.

Vol. II.

N

Then

. 1

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Than God, who had thee thus my flexious flow, Permits the narrow Mind of Man to know. 415 Far in the South the daring Waters rife, As in Difdain of *Cancer's* burning Skies; Thence, with a downward Course, they seek the Main. Direct against the lass Northern Wain; Unless when, partially, thy winding Tide 440 Turns to the Libyan or Arabian Side. The diffant Seres first behold thee flows Nor yet thy Spring the diftent Seres know. 'Midft footy Eships, next, thy Current rooms; The footy Ethiops wonder whence it comes: Nature conceals thy infant Stream with Care, Nor lets thee, but in Majefty, appear. Upon thy Banks aftonish'd Nations stand, Nor dare affign thy Rife, to one peculiar Land. Exempt from vulgar Laws thy Waters run. 40 Nor take their various Seafons from the Sun: Tho' high in Heav'n the fiery Solflice stand, Obedient Winter comes, at thy Command,

Ver. 436. Far in the South.] After giving the Reasons that were then affign'd for the Swell of the Nils, the Poet goes on to give an Account of its Course, as far as was then known. The Seres, whom he mentions as the fartheft Peeple from whence this River can be traced, may be supposed to have been a Nation of Ethiopia Inferior, tho' I do not find them in Cellarius.

1

From

DOKX. PHARSALIA. 201

om Pole to Pole thy boundiels Waves extend; ie never knows thy Rife, nor one thy End. 455 · Meroë thy Stream divided roves, id winds encireling round her Ebon Groves; f fable Hue the costly Timbers stand, ark as the fwarthy Natives of the Land: et, tho' tall Woods in wide abundance spread, heir leafy Tops afford no friendly Shade;) vertically thine the folar Rays. ad from the Lyon dart the downward Blaze. tom thence, theo' Deflets dry, then journey'ft on, for fhrink'ft, diminish'd by the torrid Zone, rong in thy felf, collected, full, and one. non, thy Streams are parcoll'd o'er the Plain, non the fcatter'd Currents meet again; vintly they flow, where Phile's Gates divide ur fertile Egypt from Arabia's Side;

Ver. 455. One never knows.] That is, the Northern Part f the World knows not from whence it comes, nor the outhern whither it goes.

Ver. 469. Where Philze's Gases.] The Original is hus,

Quà dirimum, Arabum populis, Ægypsia rura Regui clauftra Phile.

and I have translated it literally: The' Phile, which is an fland in the Nile, and at a good Diffance from the Red-N 2

LUCAN's

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Book L

Thence, with a peaceful, fost Defcent, they creep, And feek, infenfibly, the Diftant deep; .Till thro' fey'n Mouths the famous Flood is loft. On the laft Limits of our Pharian Coaft; Where Gaza's Kihmus rifes, to reftrain 475 The Erythrans from the Midland Main. Who that beholds thee, Nile ! thus gently flow, With fcarce a Wrinkle on thy glaffy Brow, Can guess thy Rage, when Rocks result thy Force, And hurl thee headlong in thy downward Courfe; 480 When spouring Cataracts thy Torrent pour, And Nations sremble at the deaf'ning Roar; When thy proud Waves with Indignation rife, And dash their foamy Fury to the Skies? These Wonders reedy Abatos can tell, 485 And the tall Cliffs that first declare thy Swell; The Cliffs, with Ignorance of old believ'd Thy Parent Veins, and for thy Spring receiv'd.

Sea, or Gulf of Arabia, is much rather to be look'd upon as a Boundary between Egypt and Ethiopia, than between Egypt and Arabia. It lyes a little above the leffer Cataracts.

Ver. 485. *Abatos.*] This is a Rock, or little inacceffible Island, in the Nile, over-grown with Reeds and Bushes. It lyes between *Phila* and *Elephantine*, very near to the before-mention'd Cataracts.

From

From thence huge Mountains Nature's Hand provides, To bank thy too luxurious River's Sides; 49° As in a Vale thy Current fhe reftrains, Nor fuffers there to fpread the Libyan Plains: At Memphis, first, free Liberty she yields, And lets thee loose to float the thirsty Fields.

In unfufpected Peace fecurely laid, Thus wafte they filent Night's declining Shade.

Mean while accustom'd Furies still infest-With usual Rage, Pothinus' horrid Breaft; Nor can the Ruffian's Hand from Slaughter reft. Well may the Wretch, diftain'd with Pompeys' Blood, 500 Think ev'ry other dreadful Action good. Within him still the faaky Sisters dwell, And urge his Soul with all the Pow'rs of Hell. Can Fortune to fuch Hands fuch Milchief doom. And let a Slave revenge the Wrongs of Rome ! 505 Prevent th' Example, pre-ordain'd to ftand The great Renown of Brutus' righteous Hand! Forbid it, Gods! that Cafar's hallow'd Blood, To Liberty by Fate a Victim yow'd, Shou'd on a lefs Occasion e'er be spilt, 510 And prove a vile Egyptian Eunuch's Guilt. Harden'd by Crimes, the bolder Villain, now, Avows his Purpole with a daring Brow;

N 3

Scorns

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Scorns the mean Aids of Falshood and Surprize, And openly the Victor Chief defies. 515 Vain in his Hopes, nor doubting to fucceed, He trufts that Celar muft, like Pompey, bickd. The feeble Boy to curs'd Achilles' Hand Had, with his Army, giv'n his Crown's Command; To him, by wicked Sympathy of Mind, 520 By Leagues and Brotherhood of Murder join'd, To him, the first and fitteft of his Friends, Thus, by a trufty Slave, Pothimus fends. While firetch'd at Eafe the great Achillus iyes, And Sleep fits heavy on his flothful Eyes, 527 The Bargain for our Native Land is made, And the diffioneft Price already paid. The former Rule no longer now we own, Usurping Cleopatra wears the Crown. Doft thou alone withdraw thee from her State. f30 Nor on the Bridals of thy Mittrels wait? To Night at large fhe lavishes her Charma, And riots in luxurious Cafw's Arms. E'er long her Brother may the Wanton wed, And reap the Refuse of the Roman's Bed; 535

Ver. 528. The former Rule.] The King's Authority. Ver. 530. Doft thom alone.] This is meant formfully and ironically.

Doubly

Doubly a Bride, then doubly thall the Reign, While Rome and Egypt wear, by turns, her Chain. Nor truft thou to thy Credit with the Boy, When Arts and Eyes, like hers, their Pow'rs employ. Mark with what Ease her fatal Charms can mould 540 The Heart of Cafar, ruthless, hard, and old? Were the foft King his thoughtlefs Head to reft, But for a Night, on her inectuous Breatt; His Crown and Friends he'd barter for the Blifs. And give thy Head and mine for one lewd Kils; 545 On Croffes, or in Flames, we shou'd deplore Her Beauty's terrible refutiels Pow'r. On both, her Sentence is already pais'd, She dooms us Dead, because we kept her Chast. What potent Hand shall then Affistance bring? \$50 Cafar's her Lover, and her Husband King, Hafte, I adjure thee by our common Guilt, By that great Blood which we in vain have fpilt, Hafte, and let War, let Death with thee return, And the Funereal Torch for Hymen's burn. \$55 Whate'er Embrace the Hoftile Charmer hold, Find, and transfix her in the luscious Fold. Nor let the Fortune of this Latian Lord Abash thy Courage, or restrain thy Sword; In the fame glorious guilty Paths we tread, 560 That mis'd him up, the World's imperious Head.

N 4

Like

LUCAN's

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Book L

Like him, we feek Dominion for our Prize, And hope, like him, by Pompey's Fall to rife. Witness the Stains of yonder blushing Wave, Yon bloody Shore, and yon inglorious Grave. 56c Why fear we then to bring our Wifh to pais? This Celer is not more than Pompey was. What the' we boaft nor Birth, nor noble Name, Nor Kindred with fome purple Monarch claim? Confcious of Fate's Decree, fuch Aid we fcorn, \$70 And know we were for mighty Mischief born. See, how kind Fortune, by this offer'd Prey, Finds Means to purge all past Offence away: With grateful Thanks Rome shall the Deed approve, And this last Merit the first Crime remove. 575 Strip'd of his Titles, and the Pomp of Pow'r, Cafar's a fingle Soldier, and no more. Think then how eafly the Task were done, How foon we may an injur'd World atonc: Finish all Wars, appeale each Roman Shale. c80 By Sacrificing one devoted Head. Fearlefs, ye dread united Legions, go; Rufh all, undaunted, on your common Foe: This Right, ye Romans! to your Country do; Ye Pharians ! this your King expects from you. 585

Ver. 584. This Right, ye Romans!] The Army under the

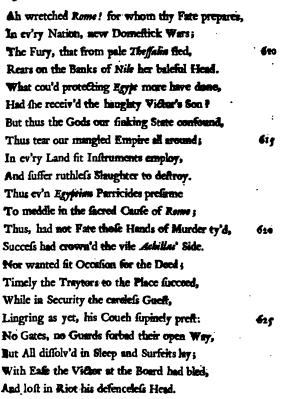
chief, Achillas! may the Praise be thine; te thou, and find him on his Bed supine, ry with toiling Luft, and gorg'd with Wine. in firike, and what their Cato's Pray'rs demand, : Gods shall give to thy more favour'd Hand. 59 for fail'd the Mellage, fitted to perfuade; , preac to Blood, the willing Chief obey'd. noifie Trumpets found the loud Alarm, filently the moving Legions arm; unperceiv'd, for Battle they prepare, 595 I buffle thro' the Night with bufie Care. : mingled Bands, who form'd this mungrel Hoft, the Difgrace of Rome, were Romans moft; Herd, who, had they not been loft to Shame, i long forgetful of their Country's Name, l blush'd to own ev'n Ptelemy their Head; : now were by his meaner Vaffal led. ! Mercenary War, thou Slave of Gold! w is thy faithless Courage bought and fold! 602 · base Reward thy hireling Haads obey; knowing Right or Wrong, they fight for Pay, d give their Country's great Revenge away.

Command of Achillas was compos'd, as appears a litfurther, the greatest Part, of Renegado Romans, and reft of Egyptians. Ver. 607. And give their Country's.] That is, they do Nr

DOt

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not kill Cafar for the Wrongs he had done Rome, but at the Command of that *Egyptian* Matter whom they obey and forve for Hire.

But

· Book I.

But pious Caution now their Rage withflands, 630 And Care for Prolemy with-holds their Hands: With Rev'rence and Remorfe, unknown before, They dread to fpill their Royal Maker's Gore; Left in the Tumult of the murd'rous Night. Some erring Mifchief on his Youth may light. 655 Sway'd by this Thought, nor doubting to fucceed. They hold it fitting to defer the Deed. Gods ! that fuch Wretches thou'd to proudly dare ! Can fuch a Life be theirs to take, or foare? "Till Dawn of Day the Warrier flood reprice'd, And Cafar at Achillas' Bidding in'd. Now o'er afpiring Colum's Raftern Hend The rolie Light by Lasifer was led; Swift thro' the Land the piercing Beams were born, And glowing Egger filt the kindling Morn : 645 When from proud Alexandrin's Wells, efer, The Citizens behold the coming War. The dreadful Legions thine in just Array, And firm, as to the Battle, hold their Way. Confcious, mean-while, of his unequal Force, 660 Strait to the Palace Cafar bends his Courfe : Nor in the lofty Bulwarks dares confide, Their ample Circuit firebohing for too wide: Ver. 639. Can (uch a Life,] As Cafar's.

Tho'

300 LUCAN's



To one fix'd Part his little Band retreats. There mann's the Walls and Tow'rs, and bars the Gates. There Fear, there Wrath, by turns, his Bosom tears; He fears, but still with Indignation fears. His daring Soul reftrain'd, more fiercely burns, And proudly the ignoble Refuge fcorns, The Captive Lion thus, with gen'rous Rage, 660 Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his Cage. Thus, if fome Pow'r cou'd Mulciber enflave, And bind him down in *Ætna's* finoaky Cave, With Fires more herce th' imprison'd God would glow. And bellow in the dreadful Deeps below. 665 He who fo lately, with undaunted Pride, The Pow'r of mighty Pompey's Arms defy'd, With Juffice and the Senate on his Side; Who with a Canfe, which Gods and Men must have. Stood up, and firuggled for Success with Fate; 670 Now abject Foes and Slaves infulting fears, And thrinks beneath a Show'r of Phavian Spears. The Warrior who difdain'd to be confin'd By Tyrian Gades, or the Eastern Inde, 674

Ver. 674. Eaftern Inde.] The River Indus. Tyrian Gades.] The prefent Island and City of Cadiz. This is faid to have been a Colony of the Tyrians.

Now

Now in a narrow House conceals that Head, From which the fierceft Soythians once had fled, And horrid Means beheld with awful Dread. From Room to Room irrefolute he flies. And on fome Guardian Bar, or Door relies. So Boys and helplefs Maids, when Towns are won, 680 To fecret Corners for Protection run. Still by his Side the beardless King he bears, Ordain'd to fhare in ev'ry Ill he fears: If he must die, he dooms the Boy to go, Alike devoted to the Shades below : 685 Refolves his Head a Victim first shall fall. Hurl'd at his Slaves from off the lofry Wall. So from Eitas fierce Medes fled. Her Sword still aim'd at young Abfyrtes' Head ;

Ver. 677. And borrid Moors.] The Original is,

Non Scytha, non fixo qui ludit in hofpite Maurus;

Alluding to a Piece of Cruelty practified among those Barbarians, to take Strangers and set 'em up for Marks to dart their Javelins at. I can't think the Omiffion of this Circumstance in the Translation of any great Confequence. Ver. 688. So from Actas.] When Medes, after betraying the Golden Fleece to her Lover \mathcal{F}_{alon} , fied sway with him, the is faid to have carry'd her young Brother Ablyrtos with her, and killing him to have featter'd his Limbs up and down, to retard the Pursuit and Revenge of her Father Zeras.

When-

goz LUCAN's Book L

Whene'er the fires har vergeful Size draw nigh,690Ruthlefs the downs the wretched Boy should din.Yet e'er thefe cruel last Extremes he proves,By gentler Steps of Peace the Remain unoves:He fends an Envey, in the Royal Name,To chide their Fury, and the War difetion.But impious they, nor Gods nor Kings regard,Nor univerfal Laws, by all rever'd;No Right of facred Characters they know,But tear the Olive from the hallow'd BrowsTo Death the Meffenger of Peace purfile,700And in his Blood their horrid Hands embrew.

Such are the Palma which curs'd Egyptians claim, Such Prodigies exalt their Nation's Name. Nor purple Theffair's defluctive Shore, Nor dire Pharmaces, nor the Libyan Moor, 705 Nor ev'ry barb'rous Land, in ev'ry Age, Equal a foft Egyptian Ennuch's Rage.

Inceffant fail the Roar of War prevails, While the wild Heft the Royal Pile affails.

Ver. 703. Such Prodigies,] As the Murder of Ambeffadors; whole Persons and Characters are facred amongst the most barbarous Nations.

Ver. 705. Nor dire Pharnaces.] Alluding to the Wars which Cafar waged, after the Death of Paupay, with Juba in Africk, and with Pharnaces, the Son of Mithridates, in Afric.

Void

Void of Device, no thund'ring Rams they bring,	710
Nor kindling Flames with forceding Mifchief fling:	
Bell'wing, around they run with fruitlefs Pain,	
Heave at the Doors, and thruft and strive in vain:	
More than a Wall, great Cafar's Fortune flands,	
And mocks the Madness of their feeble Hands.	715
On one proved Side, the lofty Fabrick flood	• #
Projected bold into th'adjoining Fleod;	
There, fill'd with armed Bends, their Barks draw nea	ſ,
But find the fame defending Cafar there:	
To ev'ry Part the ready Warrior flies,	720
And with new Rage the fainting Fight fupplies;	•
Headlong he drives 'em with his deadly Blade,	
Nor fcems to be invaded, but e invade.	
Against the Ships Phalaric Darts he aims;	
Each Dart with Pitch and livid Sulphur flames.	725
The fpreading Fire o'er-runs their uncluous Sides,	•••
And, nimbly mounting, on the Top-mail rides:	
Planks, Yards, and Cordage feed the dreadful Blazes	•
The drowning Vefici hiffes in the Seas;	•
While floating Arms and Men, promifcuous frow'd,	730
Hide the whole Surface of the Azure Flood.	••
Nor dwells Destruction on their Flore alone,	
But, driv'n by Winds, invades the neighb'ring Town	:
On rapid Wings the fheety Flasses they bear,	
In wavy Lengths, along the red'ning Air;	735
	Nor

•

LUCAN'S Book I.

304

Not much unlike, the fhooting Meteors fly, In gleamy Trails, athwart the midnight Sky. Soon as the Crowd behold their City burn, Thither, all headlong, from the Siege they turn. But Calar, prone to Vigilance and Hafte, To fnatch the just Occasion e'er it pass'd, Hid in the friendly Night's involving Shade. A fafe Retreat to Phares timely made. In elder Times of holy Protens' Reign. An Ifle it flood, encompais'd by the Main: Now by a mighty Mole the Town it joins, And from wide Seas the fafer Port confines. Of high Importance to the Chief it lyes, To him brings Aid, and to the Foe denies: In Close Reftraint the Captive Town is held, While free behind he views the watry Field. There fafe, with curs'd Pothinus in his Pow'r. Cafar defers the Villain's Doom no more,

Ver. 738. Their City burn.] In this Fire was burnt the famous Library of Ptolenny Philadelphus.

Ver. 744. Holy Proteus.] This Prophetical Prince reign'd in Egyps in the Time of the Trejan War.

Ver. 753. Czelar defers.] Cafar, as is observ'd before, kept not only the King, but Pothimus in his Power, and transported them into the Island of Pharos; where finding, by intercepting fome Mcslengers of Pothimus, that he kept Correspondence with Achillas, and press'd him still to attack Cafar, he put him to Death.

Ya

744

745

Yet ah! by Means too gentle he expires; No gashing Knives he feels, no fcorching Fires; 755 Nor were his Limbs by grianing Tygers torn, Nor pendent on the horrid Crofs are born: Beneath the Sword the Wretch refigns his Breath, And dies too glorioufly by *Pompey*'s Death.

Meanwhile, by wily Ganymede convey'd, 760 Arfinoë, the younger Royal Maid, Fled to the Camp; and with a daring Hand Affumes the Scepter of furreme Command: And, for her feeble Brother was not there. She calls her felf the fole Lagaan Heir. 765 Then, fince he dares difpute her Right to reign, She dooms the fierce Achillas to be flain. With just Remorfe, repenting Fortune paid This fecond Victim to her Pompey's Shade. But oh ! nor this, nor Ptolemy, nor All 770 The Race of Lagos doom'd at once to fall. Not Hecatombs of Tyrants flall fuffice. "Till Bratus firikes, and haughty Cefar dies.

Ver. 960. By wily Ganymede.] This was likewife an Eunuch, and Tutor to Arfinoë, Ptolenny's younger Sifter, whom, in the Absence of Ptolenny and Cleopatra, he fet up for Queen of Egypt; and after he had kill'd Achillas, made himself General, and continued the Siege against Cafar.

Nor

305 LUCAN's Books

Nor yet the Rage of War was hufh'd in Pence, Nor wou'd that Storm, with him who rais'd it, cash. A fecond Eunuch to the Task fucceds, And Gamymede the Pow'r of Egypt leads: He chears the drooping Pharians with Saccels, And urg'd the Roman Chief with new Diffres. Such Dangers did one dreadful Day afford, As Annals might to lateft Times record, And Confectate to Fame the Warrior's Sword.

While to their Barks his faithful Band defeends, Cafar the Molo's contracted Space defends. Part from the crowded Key abourd ware pafs'd, The careful Chief remain'd among the laft; When fudden, Byyps's farious Pow'rs units, And fix on him alone th' unequal Fight. By Land the num'rous Foot, by Sea the Fleet, At once furround him, and prevent Retreat.

77

Ver. 775. With him who rais & it.] Ashillas.

Ver. 78. While so their Barks.] This famous Action of Cafar's is not very clearly related. To me the Fatt feems to have been thus; that while Cafar was imbarking those few Forces that were with him, in order probably to quit Fluros, and rejoin his own Fleet, the Egyptime, under the Command of Gamyments, faily'd by the way of the Mole, and attack'd him with the Fury here mution'd.

Ne

kX. PHARSALIA. 307

neans for Safety, or Escape, remain, ight, or Fly, were equally in vain: gar Period on his Wars attends. is ambitious Life obscurely cads. cas of Gore, no Mountains of the Slain, 795 wn the Fight on some distinguish'd Plain: acanly in a Tumult must he die, wer-born by Crowds, inglorious lye: .oom was left to fall as Cafer shou'd, le were the Hupes, his Foes and Fate allow'd. 600 ce the Place and Danger he furveys, ifing Mound, and the near neighb'ring Seast fainting ftraggling Doubts as yet remain : ie, perhaps, his Navy fill regain? all he die, and end th' uncertain Pais? igth, while madly thus perplex'd he burns, wn brave Secon to his Thought returns ; , who in the Breach undemnted field, ingly made the decadful Battle good; e Arm advancing Pompey's Hoft repell'd, 810 coop'd within a Wall, the Captive Leader hold.

: 807. His own brave Sczva.] See this Story in the Book.

. 311. And coap's within a Wall.] This is the laft of the Translation; the Death of Lucan having left ork thus abrupt and imperfect here. What follows End of this Book is a Supplement of my own, in which

308 LUCAN's Book X.

Strong in his Soul the glorious Image rofe, And taught him, fudden, to difdain his Foes; The Force oppos'd in equal Scales to weigh, Himfelf was Cafar, and Egyptians they; 816 To truft that Fortune, and those Gods, once more, That never fail'd his daring Hopes before. Threat ning, aloft his flaming Blade he fhook, And thro' the Throng his Course refiftless took : Hands, Arms, and helmed Heads before him fly, 810 While mingling Screams and Groans afcend the Sky. So Winds, imprison'd, force their furious Way, Tear up the Earth, and drive the foamy Sea. Just on the Margin of the Mound he stay'd, And for a Moment, thence, the Flood furvey'd: 815 Fortune divine! be prefent now, he cry'd; And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy Tide. Th' Obedient deep, at Fortune's high Command, Receiv'd the mighty Mafter of the Land; Her fervile Waves officious Terbys fpread, 830 To raile with proud Support, his awful Head, And, for he form'd th' inglorious Race of Nile, Shou'd pride themfelves in ought of Celar's Spoil.

which I have only endeavour'd to finish the Relation of this very remarkable Action, with bringing *Cafar* in Safety 10 his own Fleet, with the Circumstances in which all Authors who have writ on this Subject agree.

Ia

In his left Hand, above the Water's Pow'r, Papers and Scrols of high Import he bore; 835 Where his own Labours faithfully record The Battles of Ambition's ruthless Sword : Safe, in his Right, the deadly Steel he held, And plow'd, with many a Stroke, the liquid Field; While his fix'd Teeth tenaciously retain 840 His ample Tyrian Robe's Imperial Train: Th' incumber'd Folds the curling Surface fweep, Come flow behind, and drag along the Deep. From the high Mole, from ev'ry Pharian Prow, A thousand Hands a thousand Jav'lins throw; 845 The thrilling Points dip bloodlefs in the Wayes. While he their idle Wrath fecurely braves. So when fome mighty Scrpent of the Main Rolls his huge Length athwart the liquid Plain, Whether he range voracious for the Prey, 8**7e** Or to the funny Shore directs his Way, Him if by Chance the Fishers view from far, With flying Darts they wage a diftant War: But the fell Monster, unappall'd with Dread, Above the Seas exerts his pois'nous Head; 855 He rears his livid Creft, and kindling Eyes, And, terrible, the feeble Foe defies; His swelling Breast a foamy Path divides. And, carelefs, o'er the murm'ring Flood he glides.

Some

310 LUCAN. BookX.

Some loofer Musie, perhaps, who lightly treads 86 The devices Paths where wanton Fancy leads, In Heav'n's high Court, wou'd feign the Queen of Love, Kneeling in Tears, before the Throne of Foue, Imploring, fad, th' Almighty Father's Grace, For the dear Offspring of her Julian Race. 865 While to the Just recording Romans Eyes, Far other Forms, and other Gods arife; The Guardian Fories round him rear their Heads. And Neme/is the Shield of Safety forcads; Juffice and Fate the floating Chief convey, 870 And Rome's glad Genius wafts him on his Way ; Freedom and Laws the Pharian Darts withfrand. And fave him for avenging Bratas' Hand. His Friends, unknowing what the Gods decree, With Joy receive him from the fwelling Sea: 875 In Peals on Peals their Shouts triumphant rife, Roll o'er the diftant Flood, and thunder to the Skies.

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